Hero's Son A Great Football Story **By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan**

December 8, 1934

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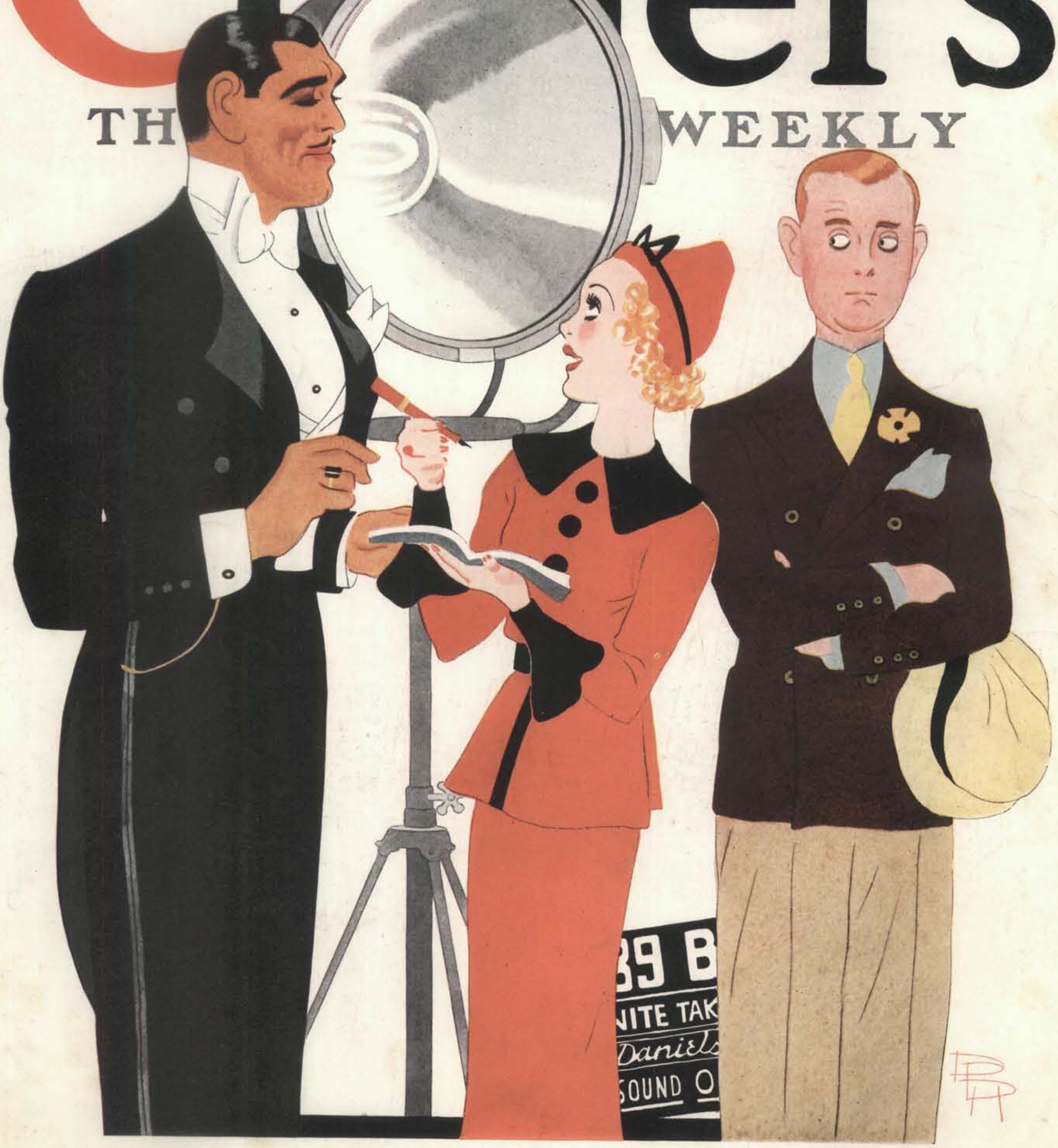
Collier's

TH WEEKLY



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Dec. 8, 1934

Remember last winter

FIND YOUR CAR ON THIS CHART

IMPORTANT! The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze—you don't know how many gallons you will need. But you *can* get it for Eveready Prestone . . . and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust with *one shot* of Eveready Prestone—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps. First cost is last cost—no trips back for more.

MODEL	10° above	Zero	20° below
	No. of Gallons		
Auburn			
6-80,'29; 6-85,'30; 6-52,'34	1	1½	2
8-100,'32; 8-101, 8-105,'33	1¼	1½	2¼
8-50,'34	1¼	1¾	2½
Austin			
1930,'31,'32,'33,'34	½	½	¾
Buick			
8-50,'31; 32-50,'32	¾	1	1½
34-40,'34	1	1¼	1½
60,'32; 50,'33; 50,'34	1	1¼	1¾
80, 90,'32; 60,'33; 60,'34	1¼	1½	2¼
80, 90,'33; 90,'34	1½	2	2½
Cadillac			
341-B,'29; 355-A,'31; 370-C,'33	1½	2	2¾
370-A,'31; 355-C,'33; 452-B,'32	1¾	2¼	3
355-D,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
370-D,'34	1¼	1½	2
Chevrolet			
'29; '30; Stand.'33; '34	¾	1	1¼
'31; '32	¾	1	1½
Master,'33; '34	¾	1	1¼
Chrysler			
75,'29; 70,'30	1¼	1½	2
66,'30; 66,'31	1	1¼	1½
6,'31; '32; '33; '34	1	1¼	1¾
Royal 8; Imp. 8,'33	1¼	1¾	2¼
8; Imp. 8,'34	1½	2	2½
Continental			
40, 60,'33; 41,'34	¾	1	1¼
De Soto			
6,'31; '32; 8, '31, '33	1	1¼	1¾
6,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Dodge			
6,'29; 6,'30; 8,'31	1	1¼	1¾
8,'32; 8,'33; 6,'34	1¼	1½	2¼
Essex-Terraplane			
'29,'30,'31,'32	1¼	1½	2¼
6,'33	¾	1	1½
8,'33	1	1¼	1¾
6,'34	1¼	1½	2
Ford			
A,'29,'30,'31; B,'32,'33	¾	1	1½
V-8,'32,'33,'34	1½	1¾	2½
Graham			
827, 837,'29; Cust. 8,'30	1¾	2¼	3
6, 8, Cust. 8,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Hudson			
8,'30; 8,'31,'32,'33	1	1½	2
8 '34	1½	2	2½
Hupmobile			
L8,'31; Cent. 8,'32; 417, 421,'34	1	1¼	1¾

MODEL	10° above	Zero	20° below
	No. of Gallons		
Hupmobile			
M'29; 222,'32; 422,'34	1¼	1¾	2½
226,'32; 326,'33; 426,'34	1½	2	2½
La Salle			
345-B,'32; 345-C,'33	1¾	2¼	3
350,'34	1¼	1½	2¼
Lincoln			
8,'31,'32; 12-136, 145,'34	2	2½	3¼
Nash			
6,'29; 8,'32; 1070,'33; 1220,'34	1	1½	2
6,'30; 6-60,'31; 960,'32	¾	1	1½
8-80,'31; 980,'32; 1130,'33	1	1¼	1¾
1090, 1190,'33; 1290,'34	1½	1¾	2½
8,'32; 1080, 1180,'33; 1280,'34	1¼	1¾	2½
Oldsmobile			
F29-6,'29; F30-6,'30	1	1¼	1½
L-33-8,'33; L-34-8,'34	1¼	1½	2¼
F34-6,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Packard			
633,'29; 726,'30; 826,'31	1¼	1¾	2¼
8v Sup. 8,'33; '34	1¼	1¾	2½
745,'30; 845,'31; DeL '32	1¾	2¼	3
Pierce-Arrow			
125, 126,'29; A, B, C,'30	1¾	2¼	3
41, 42, 43,'31; 54,'32	1¾	2¼	3
840-A,'34	1¾	2¼	3
836,'33	1½	2	2¾
Plymouth			
U,'29; '30; PF, PG,'34	1	1¼	1½
PA,'31; PB,'32	1	1¼	1¾
PC, PD,'33	1	1¼	1½
PE,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Pontiac			
'29,'30,'31; 6,'32	1	1¼	1½
V-8,'32	1½	2	2¾
8,'33,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Reo			
Mate '29; 15, B-2,'30	1	1¼	1½
F.C. 6,'31; F.C. 6-21, 6-25,'32	1¼	1½	2¼
8-21, 8-25,'32; S-6,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Roy. N-2,'33; Roy. 8,'34	1½	2	2¾
Studebaker			
Com. 6, 8,'30	1	1¼	1½
Dict. 8,'32; 6,'33	1	1¼	1½
6,'30; 6,'31	1	1¼	1½
Com. 8,'31, 32,'33; Dict. 6,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Pres. 8,'33; Com. 8, Pres. 8,'34	1¼	1½	2
Pres. 8,'29,'30,'31,'32	1¼	1¾	2½
Willys			
77,'33	¾	¾	1
99,'33	¾	1	1½

IF YOUR CAR IS NOT ON THIS CHART, *see your dealer. Space here does not permit the listing of all cars but he has a chart showing the cost of Eveready Prestone all-winter protection against freezing and rust for all makes and models of cars, down to 60° below zero.*

Put
EVEREADY PRESTONE
THE GUARANTEED ANTI-FREEZE
in your radiator and be safe!

Don't take chances with *your* car this year! Give it *one shot* of Eveready Prestone and it will be safe until Spring. Eveready Prestone at $2.95 a gallon, is ALL ANTI-FREEZE . . . no water . . . no dilution of any kind. Do not confuse Eveready Prestone with any anti-freeze containing alcohol or glycerine. *Guaranteed* protection against freeze-up and rust.

Make the *Nose Test:* From the standpoint of evaporation there are only two kinds of anti-freeze—the kind that boils away ("treated" or not "treated") and the kind that does not boil away. There is no middle ground.

An easy way to make sure that you get an all-Winter one-shot product is by the lack of odor. Eveready Prestone is absolutely odorless and *does not boil away* even when the engine is running at high speed.

Get the question of "freeze-up" off your mind. Put Eveready Prestone in now. Even if you run into a spell of hot weather no harm will be done. Your car won't over-heat. Your Eveready Prestone won't "boil off."

A Specific Guarantee

National Carbon Company, Inc., specifically guarantees that Eveready Prestone, used according to directions, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a whole Winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause any damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling-system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water. National Carbon Company, Inc., General Offices: New York, N.Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon UCC Corporation.

EVEREADY PRESTONE
THE PERFECT ANTI-FREEZE
Does Not Boil Off
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC and Carbon Corporation
NEW YORK, N.Y.

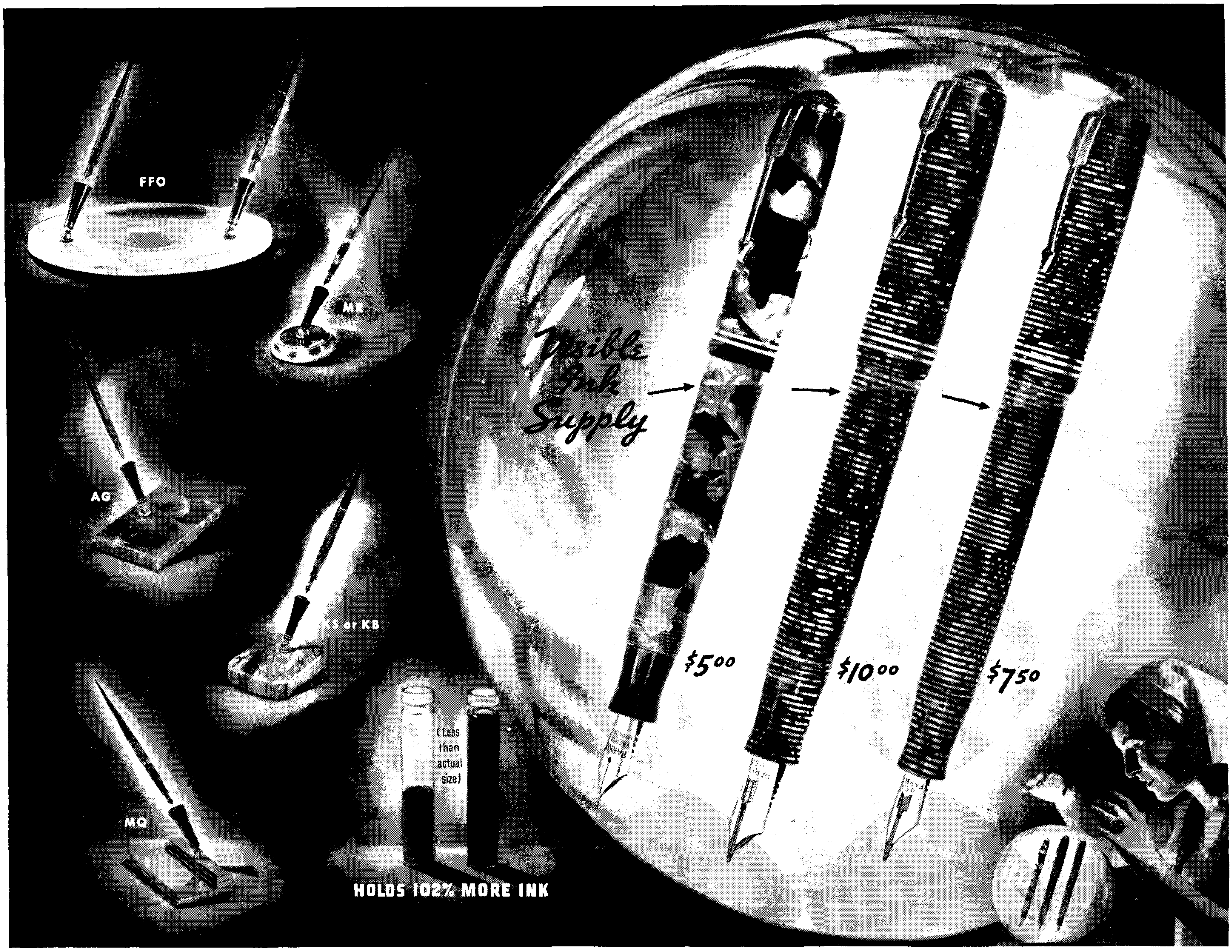
SAME LOW PRICE! $2.95 Per gallon

See pages 38 and 46

TO DISCOVER THE WISHED-FOR GIFT

Gaze into the Magic Crystal!

♠ ♠ —Any Friend or Loved One Will Confirm What It Now Foretells ♠ ♠



♠ Millions have Waited for Christmas to Bring Them This Rare and Exclusive Beauty— ♠

THIS REVOLUTIONARY PARKER VACUMATIC

—the Sacless, Pistonless Pen that won't run dry because it holds 102% more ink, and shows when it's running low!

No matter what anyone may tell you to the contrary, there never has been a pen like the sacless Parker Vacumatic—there is no other now. That's why this marvelous invention has been granted both U. S. and foreign patents.

It eliminates 14 old-time parts, including not only the rubber ink sac and the lever filler found in sac-type pens, but also the squirt-gun piston pump found in other sacless pens.

This new and lovely style-creation has all the velvety shimmer of laminated Pearl and Jet. Yet when held to the light, the "Jet" becomes transparent—reveals the column of ink inside—shows when to refill, like the gas gauge on a motor car.

It's the only transparent barrel that doesn't LOOK transparent—that has the same smart pattern and the radiant beauty of its solid Pearl and Jet cap.

Its miracle Two-way Writing Point of Platinum, Gold and Iridium actually transforms writing from a chore into work you love. For this super-smooth point is slightly turned up at the tip so it cannot possibly scratch or drag—even under pressure.

Just as the Point takes a big load off the hand, the *Visible* ink supply takes a bigger load off the mind, because it shows days ahead when the pen needs refilling.

There's only one nicer Christmas Gift in this price-range—a Parker Desk Base to go with the pen and hold it; or a matched Pencil to complete the Parker Vacumatic Pen and Pencil Set.

New Christmas styles are now arrayed at all good pen shops, department stores, jewelers, stationers, and druggists. Make selections early—and receive autograph engraving certificate, free. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Prices of Desk Bases Only (Pens Extra)

- FFO—Pedrara Onyx . . $10.00
- KS or KB—Matched Stone, $5.00
- MR—Chromium, Round, $1.75
- AG—Green Brazilian Onyx, $7.00
- MQ—Chromium, Rectangular, $2.25
- Others, $1.25 to $12.50

Owner's Signature Engraved
WITHOUT COST

Parker's innovation of reproducing on the barrel the exact autograph of those to whom you give these lovely Pens and Pencils makes them doubly prized—prevents theft—aids return if lost—identifies owner at banks, hotels, etc.—PERSONALIZES your Gift for all time. Ask for free engraving certificate when you make your selections. Offer good until Dec. 25.

Parker
VACUMATIC
REG. T. M.

Over-Size, $10; Pencil, $2.50
$7.50
Other Vacumatic Styles, $5

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN Horace G. Plank's secretary, Jane Wingate, politely refused to marry Horace G. Plank's son, Johnny, the old gentleman almost had a stroke. Why, he wanted to know when he had recovered from the shock, didn't she want him? Well, Miss Wingate, it seemed, was engaged to someone else. Mr. Plank was not accustomed to being stopped by trifles. He was a man of influence; he had the other fellow sent to South America.

What chance has romance so powerfully and efficiently supported? Peter B. Kyne shows you in "Prophet and Loss," a brilliant story in which love and business become hopefully entangled.

NOT far from Las Vegas, Nevada, the biggest dam in the world is being rushed toward completion. On the Columbia River the Grand Coulee project is taking shape. Hydroelectric power is pouring out of the Tennessee Valley. We see pictures of dams, read about their size, marvel at the skill of the engineers who designed them; but we fail to see them in their proper context. They are not isolated giants, marking our landscape like the pyramids of Egypt. They are part of a comprehensive scheme for controlling and distributing the water power of the country. Next week George Creel, gathering the scattered pieces together, shows you the whole picture.

IT IS an alphabetical accident that the word following *curaçao* in the encyclopedia is *curare*, the name of a celebrated arrow poison used by some tribes of South American Indians. It was a lucky accident for James Lee Wong. Never was that quick-witted Chinese-American in greater need of luck than the night he met Amano Kimura and dined with him at the home of Egan Rylett. You'll be pleased to know that Mr. Wong scores again in "Long Chance," by Hugh Wiley.

HERMAN was a carrier pigeon attached to the U. S. Army post at France Field, Canal Zone. He was an independent sort of bird, with ideas of his own, and he was by no means popular with Lieutenant Jeff Turner, whose job it was to fly after him and bring him home. The time came, however, when Jeff bestowed a double blessing on the little airman, as Richard Thruelsen tells you in a diverting love story called "Wings of Glory."

GRANTLAND RICE writes about "Good Football." Arthur Somers Roche, Kyle Crichton, George Agnew Chamberlain, Burnham Carter, Ray Tucker and others help to establish a new high in stories and articles. Keep up with the world!

This Week

●

December 8, 1934

Cover by D. B. Holcomb

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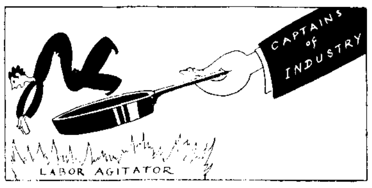
●

Any Week

FOR a long time Mr. Lewis O. Silter of Des Moines, Iowa, was in a receptive mood for opinion-gatherers. If anybody had asked him what he thought of the general situation he was prepared to let them have it unabridged, with bibliography and everything. But nobody did and, able to stand it no longer, he lets us have it. "Let us be on our guard," says he in microscopic part, "lest we find ourselves out of the frying pan and in the fire. We have emerged from the dark era when captains of industry held the worker in bondage. Let us not surrender to a new taskmaster, the professional labor agitator, whose rule would be even more despotic and cruel."



WE'D like to say something about a communication we've received from Miss Margaret Frazier of Wyandotte, Michigan, but try as we will we can't overcome our natural and widely discussed modesty. Miss Frazier is the Inquiring Reporter for the Down-River Daily Record of Wyandotte. She sallied forth the other day asking citizens what their favorite magazine was, and why. They— But no. We just can't do it. Sorry.

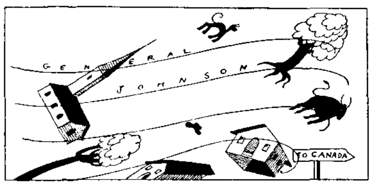
MR. JOE WILL TEAS is an Arapahoe Indian. From Tulsa, Oklahoma, he asks us to have pity. He says that he is sick and tired of hearing and reading so much about the dirty deals our omnivorous forefathers gave the noble red man. "Too much talk about giving the country back to the Indian," complains Mr. Teas. "Please do not bother. We knew what we were doing."

AND if we're not pretty careful, thinks Mr. Arthur Korn of Memphis, Tennessee, we're going to have a lot of trouble giving business back to the business man. "The federal administration," says Mr. Korn, "has been playing at socialism. Now it is getting tired of the game and gazes wistfully to the right, thinking to sneak back while no one notices. We can't be Socialists on Monday and capitalists on Tuesday. We ought to make up our minds to take our socialism or leave it alone. It's like the farmer who found his children about to take a dynamite stick out of a box to play with. But he thought they were too young to have a whole stick, so he gave them a half stick each. And he was the first to admit it was a mistake."

DR. LAURENCE C. JONES, principal of the Piney Ridge Country Life School at Piney Ridge, Mississippi, tells us that his chest bulges. His abdomen is indrawn. His shoulders are squared and his chin is precisely where a healthy chin should be. Nothing like having a healthy chin. And he admits it's due largely to having read Marie Beynon Ray's "Cutting a Fine Figure," which reminded him that our common deformities usually have but one cause and one cure—bad posture for the former and "pull in the abdomen" for the latter. And you ought to see our chest, Doctor!

MR. SIG LAUBENSTEIN of Omaha, Nebraska, too becomes philosophical as he shades his eyes with his hand and takes a deliberate view of the federal administration. Mr. Laubenstein is a locomotive engineer. "Some day," says he, "I'm going to write a letter to President Roosevelt and tell him a story I know about an engineer who got run over by his own engine. In a nice, friendly way, of course."

"WE HAD quite a nasty storm up this way the other day," reports Mr. James McCardle of Buffalo, New York. "It was mostly wind, but it was loud, confusing and pretty destructive. I asked the man I buy Collier's from every week what he thought of the disturbance and he said: 'It sure was a humdinger, Mr. McCardle. Somebody was saying that General Johnson was passing through on his way to Canada.' "



"FUNNY, ain't it," thinks Mr. O. W. Nielsen of Ephraim, Utah, "how danged poor a fellow can get when he knows that he can get relief by just being poor."

AND Mr. Samuel S. Amster of Chicago, Illinois, thinks he has completed the economic cycle. "Some time ago," says he, "you were saying something about needing a new pair of pants. Well, when I was a young man my wife used to cut down my pants for my son. But now I am busted and as my son is grown up I am wearing his old pants cut down to fit me. I let you know because you said something about your pants. Maybe you got a child too."

YES. And did she laugh?

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The Man Who Wanted To Be His Own "Beneficiary"

SOMETIMES the story of an ordinary individual trying to get all he can out of life is more interesting than the exploits of genius.

About twenty years ago a young man secured a modest life insurance policy. An agency representative had suggested that any thinking person would arrange early in life for *some* insurance.

A few years later this man married and was transferred to another city. Here another life insurance man expressed surprise that he had not purchased more insurance upon marrying, whereupon he did so.

Some time afterwards when he had taken a better position with another firm and his first child was born, a life insurance representative suggested his taking a *third* policy.

And as this man's life unfolded, there appeared to be controlling reasons for him to increase his insurance until today he has policies aggregating $40,000. His action in each case resulted from convincing representations made by life insurance salesmen.

Grateful for the fact that today he has a valuable life insurance estate, this policyholder, a very real person, recently decided to make the next move *himself*. To The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York (in which he has most of his policies), he put this question:—

"If I live and continue to pay all my premiums, now amounting to nearly $1,000 a year, until I am 65, how much *life* income from the fund I have been accumulating can I expect to receive?"

The representative who called on him did some calculating. "Approximately one hundred and twenty dollars a month," he replied. His questioner was delighted. "That will make *me* the beneficiary!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied his friend, "but there is one point you may wish to consider. When you are 65 your wife will be 60. It can be arranged so that in the event of your death this income would be paid to *her* as long as she lives!"

"I would like that," was the reply of this policyholder, and the agreement was signed.

As the company representative left, his questioner made this observation: "I am very much indebted to you, but I am a little disappointed that the only life insurance plan I ever really originated *myself* should have been so quickly improved upon by you."

If *you* are discussing life insurance with a Mutual Life representative who demonstrates that *he* knows more about what it can do for you than you do, yourself, you will perhaps not hold it against him. After all, *you* may be the beneficiary!

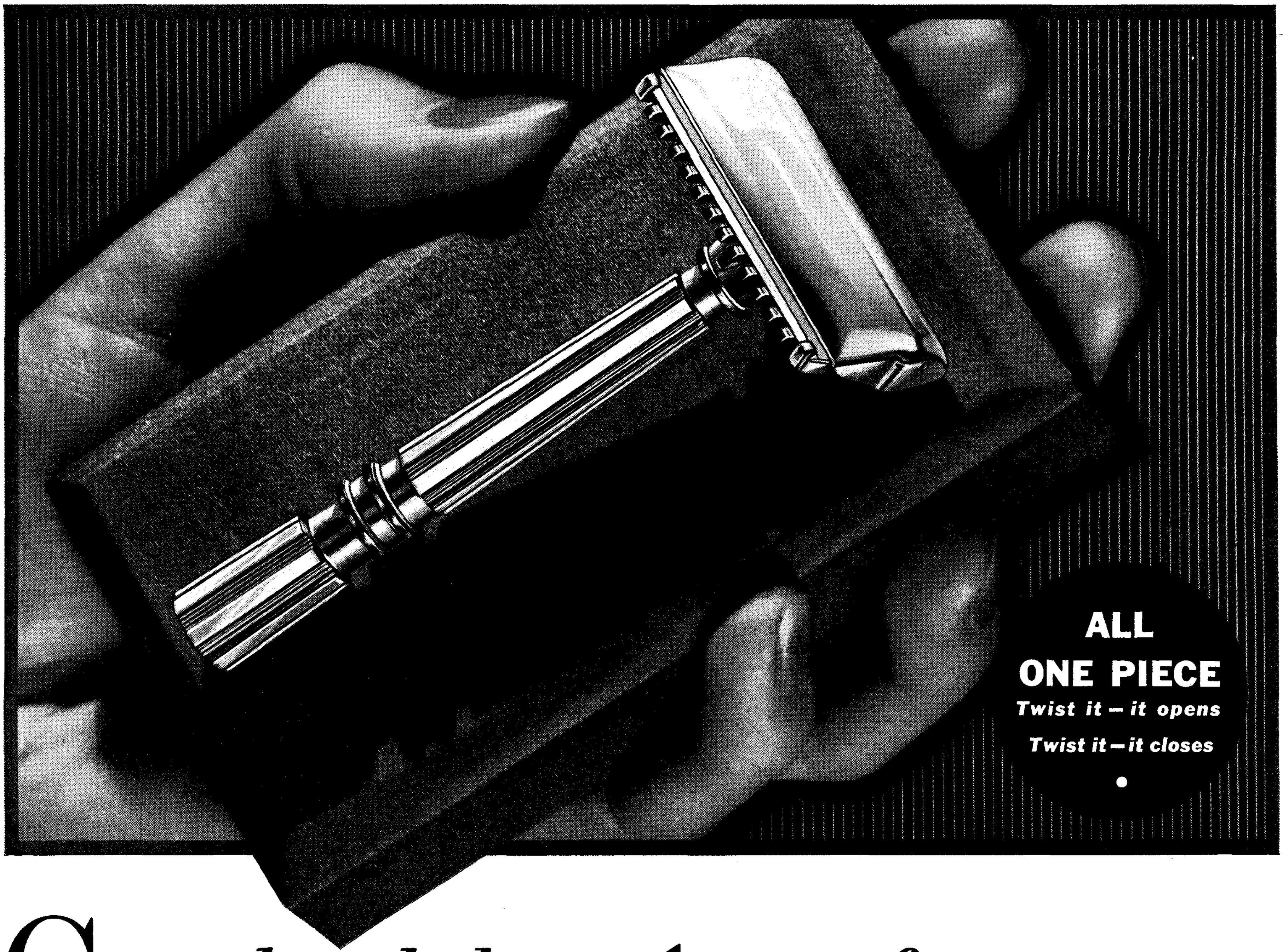
★ ★ ★

May we tell you more of how ordinary life insurance is constantly taking on new meaning and importance in the life of today? Send for the booklet "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing," which you may have simply by asking a representative or writing for it.

The Mutual Life
Insurance Company of New York

DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*
34 Nassau Street New York

FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843



Gem *handed you* the perfect razor...

. . . . when it introduced this latest micromatic model: the first simple, *one-piece* razor with *no take-down parts* — the first razor *shaped* to duplicate the barber's *natural*, tugless stroke — the first razor with no exposed mechanism — and the *first* razor guaranteed to last *forever*.

The new Gem assured you cleaner, closer, smoother shaves and twenty-four hour beard control with a *once-over*.

Gem presented the sharpest blades ever produced, and safeguarded their use with Dual Alignment (Gem's great exclusive patent). Dual Alignment sets the edge so precisely, and automatically locks it so tightly at *five* points that it simply *can't* slip, skip or scuff.

Gem's flat, sloped frame reproduces the action of the barber's stretching fingers, takes up all facial slacks and gets every bristle in the *deepest* wrinkles, dimples and neck folds.

Gem's remarkable performance has been *verified* by ten million new users. National experience proves *everything* that experimental tests had established.

Gem's features are now so widely copied that we must remind you there can be no satisfactory substitute for Gem Micromatic Razors or Blades because no *other* maker is licensed to utilize Gem's basic patents.

Every individual shaving problem, from thick, unruly beards to thin, sensitive skins is solved by Gem's *exclusive* method.

Handsomely boxed Gem outfits with heavily gold-plated holder, at any dealer's for $1.

Or if you'd rather *try* before you *buy*, the same dollar razor with one *single-* and one *double-edged* Gem Blade, in a smartly boxed trial kit, sent for your quarter with our coupon.

© G. S. R. C. 1934

Gem Safety Razor Corp., Dept. C21,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

PRINT NAME ____________________

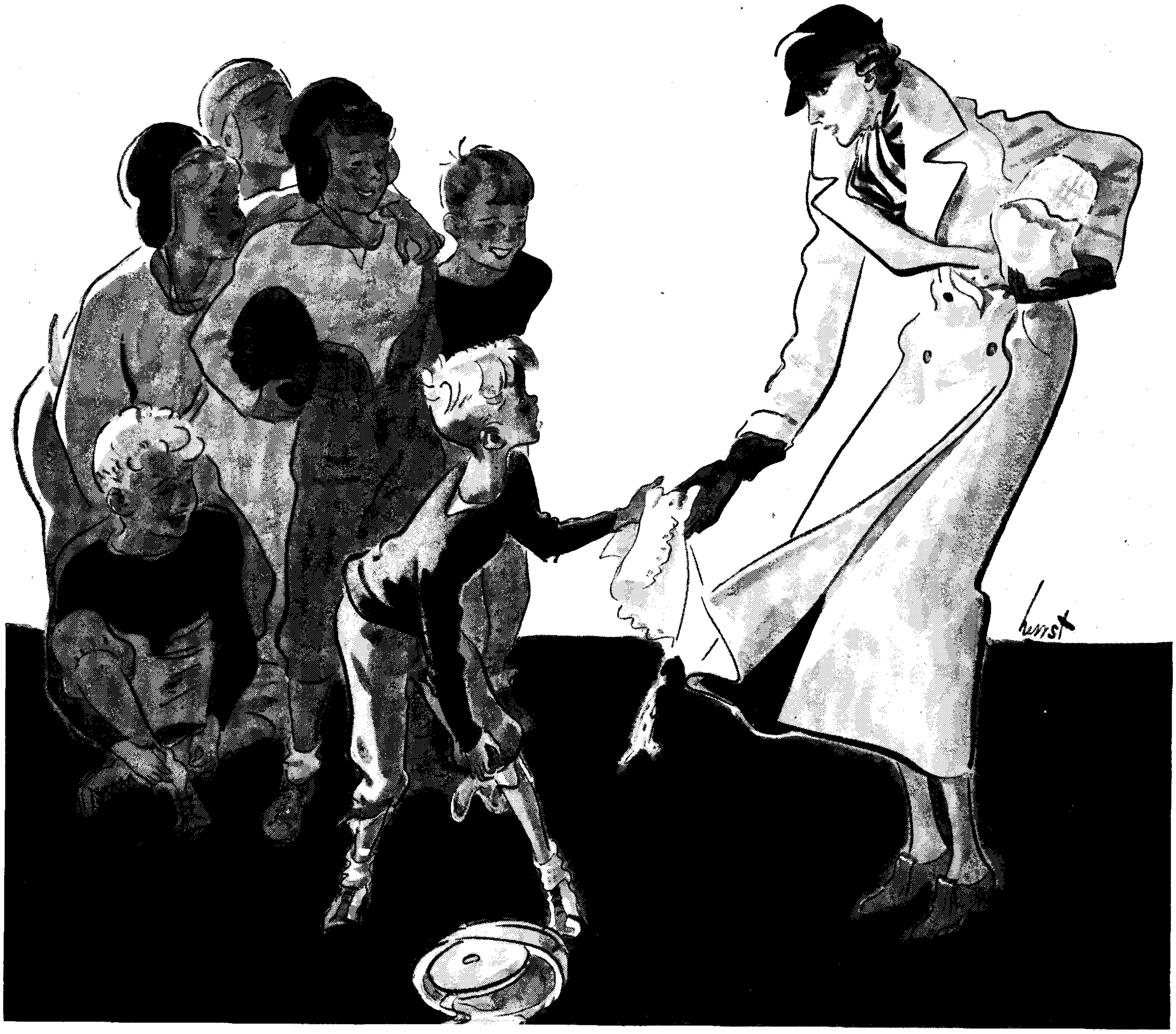
ADDRESS ______ (STREET) ______ (CITY) ______ (STATE)

GEM
MICROMATIC BLADES
SINGLEDGE
GEM
MICROMATIC BLADES
DOUBLEDGE

GEM
MICROMATIC
Razor and Blades

Collier's

The National Weekly for December 8, 1934



"Mercy, aren't those my guest towels?" Archie pulled the towels out of his knickers. They were pretty raggedy

Hero's Son

About a game called football, which is taken very seriously by such people as Spunkie Westlake and son. You'd better be prepared to take it seriously too

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

US GUYS voted to let the new kid be on the team. He was a big talker for such a skinny, ugly little kid but I guess most of what he said was the truth, all right. He told Johnny Martin that his dad had played quarterback for Michigan and would be our coach. I didn't believe it at first but the next day, Archie—that was the new kid's name—brought a real college headguard to school.

It was a kind of old-fashioned headguard with open straps across the top. You could tell, though, it was a real college headguard. The chin strap was torn at one side and had been sewed up. Archie said: "That's where Walter Eckersall of Chicago tackled Pop high. Pop got through him and gained seventeen yards." Leonard McGee said he still didn't believe it.

Archie pulled out an old football guide and showed us his dad's picture. The guy Archie said was his dad was standing in the front row of the Michigan team and the name said A. B. Westlake, Q. B. Archie said the newspapers had called his dad Spunkie Westlake because he had so much spunk and guts. Archie sure bragged on his dad.

"Pop's still got his sweater with a big M on it, only the moths ate one sleeve; and he's got a whole scrapbook full of clippings," Archie said.

The fellows had elected me captain of the team and I didn't know what to do with Archie. Most of us guys were a lot bigger than Archie. I weigh a hundred and fifteen in my school clothes without my windbreaker on and Fat Fulton, our heaviest man, weighs a hundred and twenty-one stripped. Archie only weighed about eighty pounds.

"Where do you think you could play?" I said.

"I'm a swell quarter," Archie said. "I'm light but fast and active. My pop only weighed a hundred and thirty-eight when he played with Michigan."

I had to think that over.

Then Archie sent me a note in school, saying: "If you let me play quarter my pop will coach us and will referee too." I sent a note back saying how could his dad coach us if he had to be at the office. Archie sent me a note saying: "My pop is taking a vacation and has plenty of time. If you let me be quarter I can get him to let us use the ball Michigan beat Minnesota with." I tried to send Archie another note but Miss Byers, the study hall teacher, caught us and made Archie stay in after school.

Us guys had a meeting on Lyons' lot after school and I put it up to the men. They thought it would be a swell idea to have a real college coach and referee for the team. We decided to call it the Claverach Park Bearcats. When Archie came from being kept in we told him it was all set. He could be quarterback.

"I'll be the making of this team," Archie said, "and Pop will give you real college signals and slick plays that will mop up. But Bearcats is a terrible name. We're the Crimson Tornado. That's a lot better name."

WE HAD a big argument about the name. Pete Zohner said: "We'd all have to have red sweaters for a name like Crimson Tornado."

Archie just screwed up his face and acted wise guy.

"I've got a red sweater," he said, "and Pop will buy you all red sweaters. We're the Crimson Tornado."

So we sent Archie home to get his dad. Archie did not live in the subdivision where most of us guys live. He lived in an apartment across the boulevard somewhere.

We were practicing signals when Archie came back.

"Where's your dad?" I said. "Thought he was going to coach us?"

"Pop went downtown," Archie said, "but he'll report for duty tomorrow afternoon."

"Where's your uniform?" Gilbert said.

Archie had on an old sweater, not a real football sweater, and a pair of khaki knickers. He had stuffed rags or something in the knees. He did not have any cleated shoes or anything.

"My mother put my uniform where I can't find it," he said, "but I'll have it tomorrow."

Archie tried to get the guys to run a regular signal drill like a big team, but they wouldn't. They wanted to choose up sides and play football.

"Pop won't stand for this," Archie said. "We should rig up a tackling dummy and have a blackboard for skull practice and we should harden up to get into condition. How we going to call ourselves the Crimson Tornado when we're just fooling around with scrub football?"

"Kick the ball off," I said, "or let me. You'll get plenty of practice."

Archie was a pretty good little football player. But I could tell he was apt to get hurt. He wouldn't stay on his side of the line when he knew Fat Fulton was going to take the ball. He kept crossing over and butting in so he could tackle Fat. He was so light Fat dragged him five yards every time.

"Pop will think you guys are terrible," he kept saying. "You don't run interference and you don't show much fighting spirit. Pop's strong on fighting spirit. That's what made Michigan."

"Yay-y-y, is that so?" Gilbert said. "Michigan isn't so hot this year."

"Michigan was plenty hot when Pop was quarter," said Archie.

THEY kicked off to us and kicked it straight at Archie. Guys on school-kid teams are not so good at running interference. You are supposed to block the other guys by falling down in front of them, but most kids just try to bump into them. Fat and Gilbert and Sammy Dent came through and piled onto Archie. His headguard was too big for him and it rolled off and somebody accidentally kicked Archie in the forehead.

"Tank-town stuff," said Archie and he was crying mad. "Why didn't you spill them? I was going to reverse the field and go for a touchdown. I'm fast and shifty and I can run a broken field like nobody's business. But I got to have a little interference."

We all razzed him and wise-cracked him for acting so wise-head and in the middle of it we heard a lady say: "Archer! Archer!"

Archie got up out of the grass.

"It's my mother," he said, "oh, golly."

His mother was a young lady and pretty. She did not look like Archie. She was mad. She looked thin and worried.

"I have forbidden you to play football with such big boys, Archer," she said. "Thank the boys and tell them you will see them at school. Mercy, aren't those my guest towels?"

Archie pulled the towels out of his knickers. They had lace on them. They were pretty raggedy.

"Well, I had to have some padding, Mom," he said. "Pop wanted to buy me some new football pants but you said he couldn't."

His mother did not say anything and we did not say anything. Archie said under his breath: "Pop and I will report for duty tomorrow afternoon. S'long."

We didn't believe him.

The next morning at recess, I kidded Archie about lying to us.

"Pop is going to coach us," he said. "Pop promised to be on Lyons' lot right after school."

A rich kid named Robert Withmore came by and looked at Archie's pants. He looked at them two or three times.

"Those look like the pants I used to have," he said. "Turn around and let me see."

Archie got red in the face and would not turn around. He said: "I've had this suit two years."

THE rich kid said: "Let's see if the leg is patched. I ripped 'em on a fence and I spilled some red paint on 'em." A lot of guys came around to hear the argument.

"There's a whole lot of suits with the same kind of cloth," Archie said. "You're a big sis and I can lick you, any day."

"You can lick me," the kid said, "but I know my own pants. My mother gave 'em to the Charity Box."

Archie shoved him, but the big sis wouldn't fight. The recess bell rang and Mr. Henderson, the principal, told Archie to go to the office. I got near enough in line to give Robert Withmore a swift kick.

We still didn't believe Archie's dad would coach us. We sat around on the lot after school making bets of bubble gum cards on whether Mr. Westlake would show up. Archie had to stay in after school.

All of a sudden, we saw them. Archie and his dad.

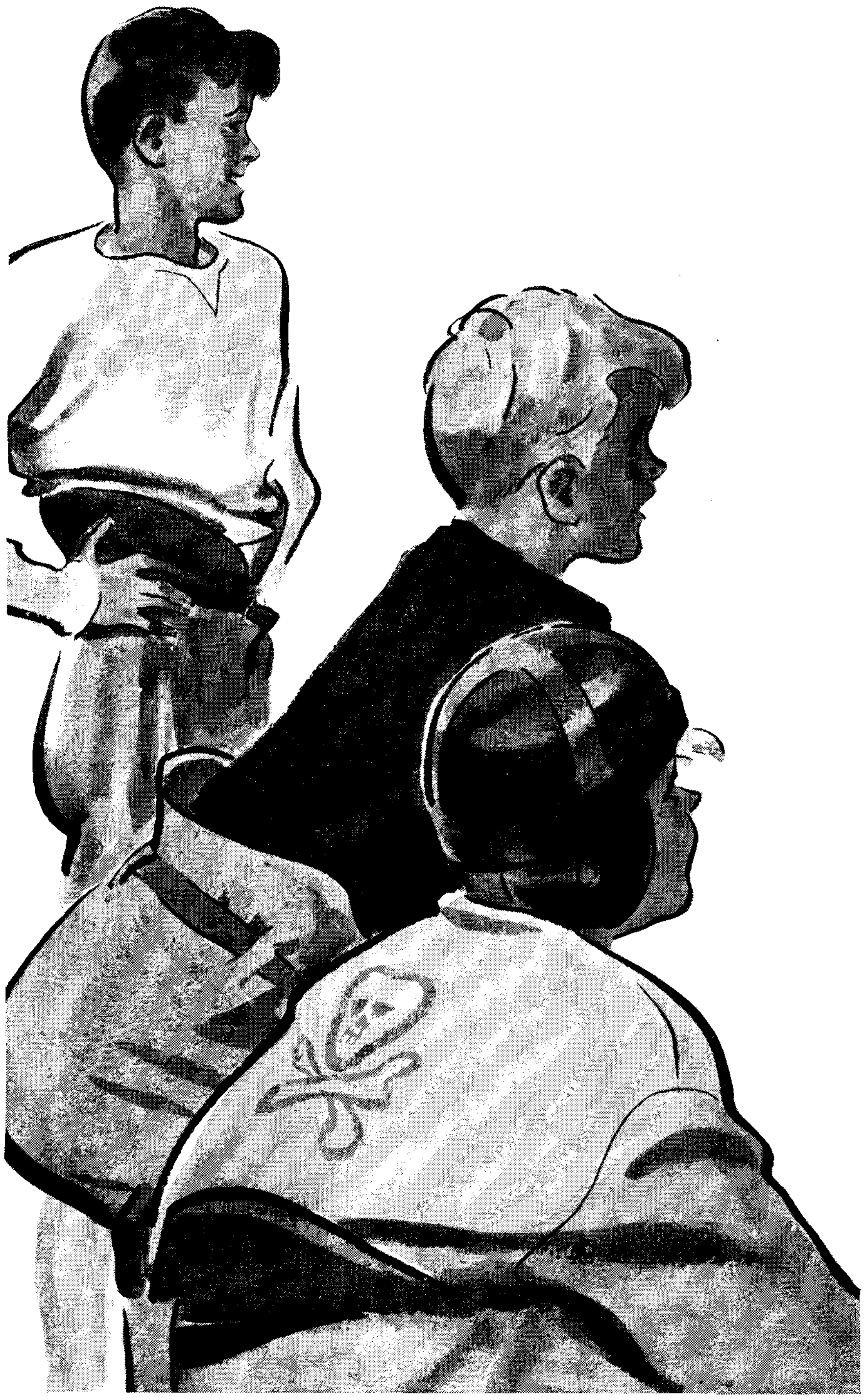
"Here's the squad, Coach," Archie said, awful excited. "This is Dan Thomas, our captain. Fellows, this is my pop."

Archie's dad sure was an awful disappointment. I didn't think he looked like any Michigan quarterback. He was a little guy and pretty fat and his hair was thin on the top of his head and his eyes were kind of watery. I was close enough to smell his breath and it sure smelled like he had been drinking.

"How are you, boys?" he said, kind of weak.

"Say, Pop," Archie said, "show 'em your M sweater."

"I just wore it to please Archie," Mr. Westlake said. "I'm a little heavier than I was in those days."



He started fumbling with the buttons on his topcoat. Archie couldn't wait. He unbuttoned his dad's coat and showed us the big M on the sweater. Even Gilbert took that big. It proved Archie hadn't been lying and we had a real college coach.

"So you're the Crimson Tornado, eh?" Mr. Westlake said. "Well, line up in your usual formation and I'll look you over."

Archie lined up with us at quarterback.

Mr. Westlake said: "You're a little light for a backfield man, son. A little light. Yes. A little light."

"I'm light but awful fast like you are, Pop," Archie said.

"You're a little light, son," Mr. Westlake said. That was the way he talked. He kept saying the same thing several times.

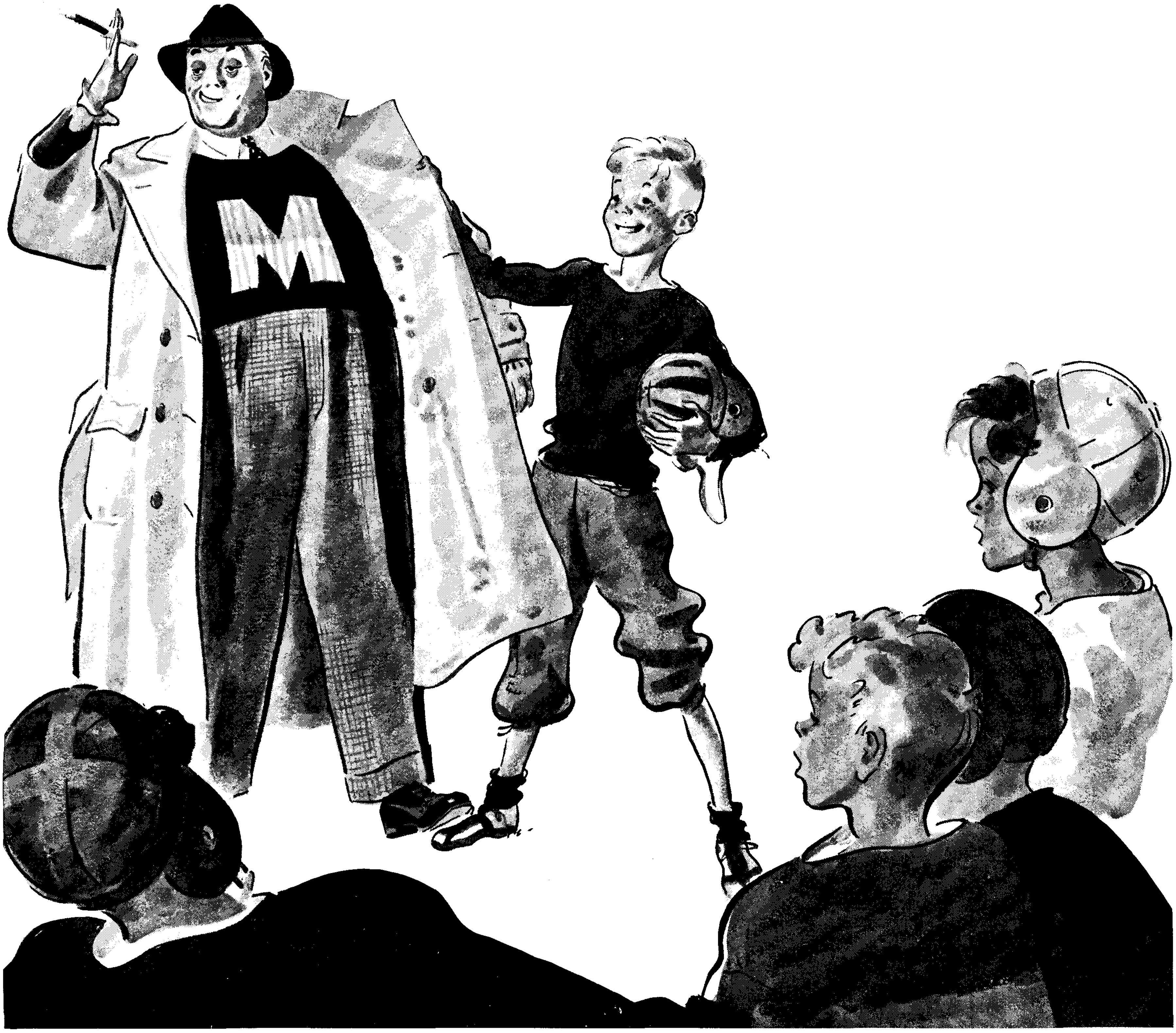
I said: "Archie has the makings of a good quarterback, Mr. Westlake."

So Archie's dad kind of forgot about Archie. He started telling us about a play. He showed us where to stand. It wasn't like any formation we had ever seen the big teams use. It had a "hep" to it and a shift and ended in a straight buck at the line. We practiced it with Archie trying to copy his dad's voice calling signals. We went across the lot and turned to come back. Mr. Westlake was trotting behind us. He was all out of breath and panting.

"That's good," he said. "Now, let's try some drop-kicks. I'll show you boys how we used to kick at Michigan."

HE TRIED a kick, but it didn't go up in the air. Archie said: "You slipped on the grass, Pop." Mr. Westlake tried another kick and missed the ball and almost fell over. He laughed and said: "My timing's rotten." He forgot about the drop-kicking and said we had better scrimmage. He said he would referee for us. He got out an old rusty whistle.

I chose Archie on my side and he begged us to let him carry the ball on the kick-off. We knew he wanted to show off in front of his dad. Archie took the ball and got smothered before he had gone ten yards.



Archie hadn't been lying, and we had a real college coach. "So you're the Crimson Tornado, eh?" Mr. Westlake said. "Well, line up in your usual formation and I'll look you over"

We lined up and Archie tried the shift his dad had taught us. But we got mixed up and I ran into Sammy Dent and he kind of knocked the ball out of my hands.

Leonard McGee fell on it for their side.

"That was bad, very bad," Mr. Westlake said to Leonard. "Why didn't you pick it up and run with it? You had a clear field."

"You aren't allowed to run with a fumble, Mr. Westlake," Leonard said.

Mr. Westlake laughed. "I may not be good for anything else, but I know football. Not run with a fumble? Who told you kids that?"

Gilbert Parsons had a rule book and he knew all the rules. His brother played on the Missouri Varsity besides.

"You aren't allowed to run with a fumble," he said, "and I can prove it. Besides, that shift play you taught us isn't any good. It calls for the backfield to be in motion before the ball is snapped. That's not allowed. You get five yards for that."

Mr. Westlake just stood there and blinked at us. He reached for the new rule book and read where Gilbert showed him.

"That's not an official rule book, Pop," Archie said. "Don't pay any attention to Gilbert. He's just sore because I beat him out for quarter."

"Oh, is that so?" Gilbert said. "Your father's ten years behind the times."

"You're a liar," Archie said. "Come on, gang, let's play football!"

We lined up again and by the time the play was finished we didn't hear any whistle. I looked around and there was Mr. Westlake walking off the lot.

"You've gone and got him sore at us," Pete said to Gilbert, "and now he won't coach us."

Archie didn't say anything. He scrambled up and ran after his dad. Mr. Westlake was walking kind of slow and unsteady like he was sick or something. Archie pulled him by the arm, but we couldn't make out what Archie said or what his dad said. Mr. Westlake kept shaking his head and he finally walked on up the street.

WHEN Archie came back, he said: "Pop had to go to the dentist. His tooth started hurting him all of a sudden."

"Tooth nothing," Gilbert said. "Your dad's had too much liquor, if you ask me."

"That's a lie," Archie said, "and you take it back or I'll fight you. Pop has to use a special mouth wash with alcohol in it on account of his teeth."

Gilbert wanted to argue and maybe fight, but I told them to pipe down. I was captain of the team and I said we shouldn't have bad blood right at the start of the season.

"Try to get your dad to come back and coach us some more, Archie," I said.

"I'll try," Archie said, "but us guys have got to show more fight or my pop will get off us for good. He's got no use for a football team that won't fight."

That night something awful darn' funny happened. I was trying to do my arithmetic home work in the dining-room and I heard my mother talking to my father in the living-room.

"Do you suppose Dan knows the boy?" my mother said.

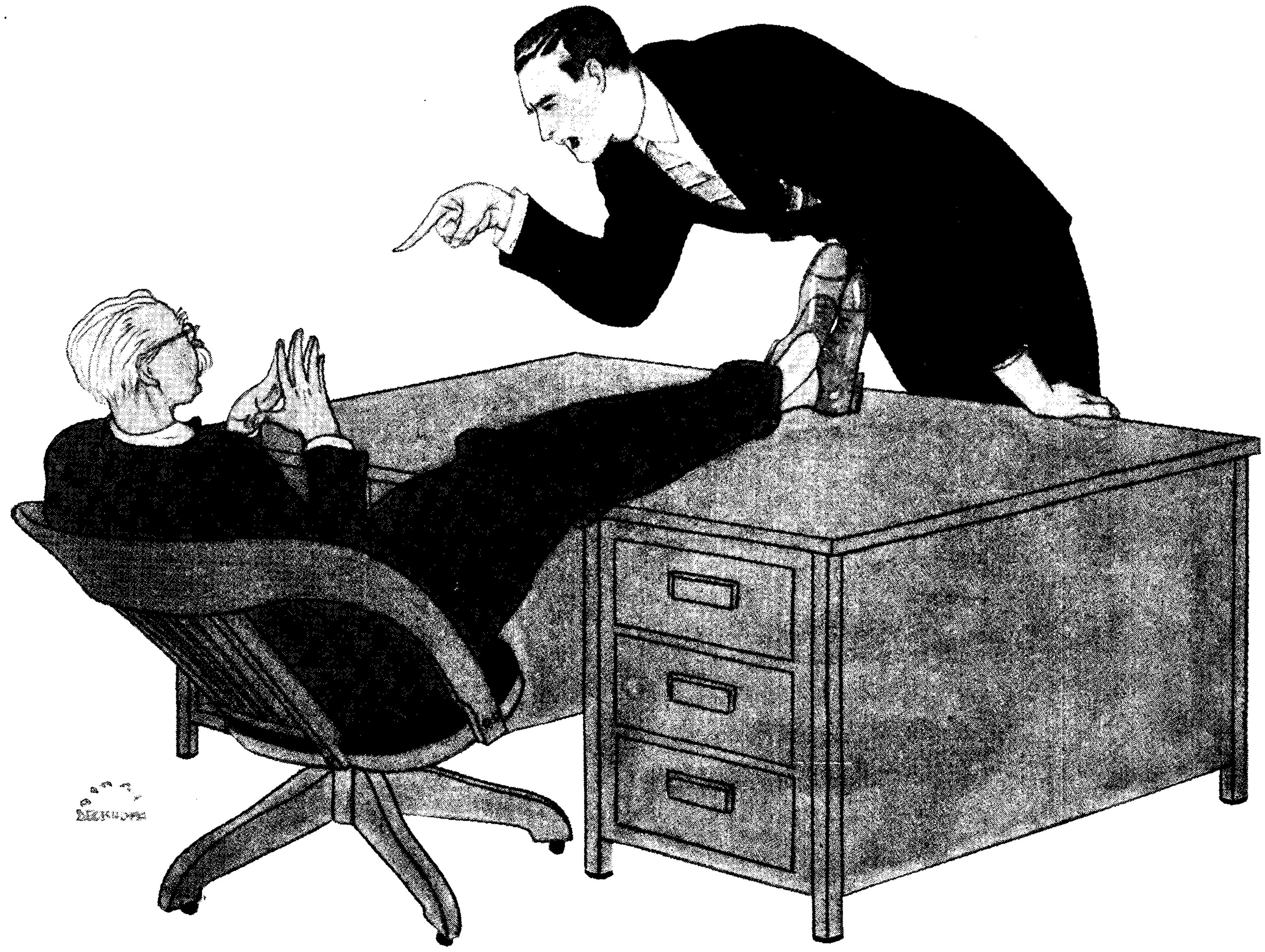
"I'll ask him," my father said.

"Sh-h-h . . . just your usual tact, Jim," my mother said. "You know how Dan tells everything he knows. But it is a shame that something can't be done. The school nurse says the child is suffering from malnutrition. Imagine, a child suffering from malnutrition in a school in our neighborhood!"

My father said: "Is this Westlake out of work?"

"He's been out of work for a year. Mrs. Mahaffey talked to the mother. Such a nice little woman, she says. It's really tragic. He was a big football star at Indiana or Ohio or some school

(Continued on page 51)



"Listen!" Ed yelped, "if you make one crack to me about theory, I'm leaving, see?"

Take it Easy

One of those romances which you're likely to encounter almost any time, anywhere—if there's a garage handy

By Francis M. Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

WHAT gallery there had been was gone and he stood there glaring down at his ball, which lay off the edge of the green. Getting beat eight up and seven to play was bad enough, but that wasn't the worst. It was the *way* he had played—scared stiff, as though he'd never seen a golf ball before. That's what made him hot. He yanked the brassie from his bag.

Ed Hamm was a husky kid, about twenty-two, with broad shoulders and big wrists. He lashed savagely at the ball with all his power. It stopped rolling two hundred and seventy perfectly straight yards away. That was great!

"They go nice in practice, don't they?"

He turned to see the little sandy-haired man who was smiling at him. Ed grinned. Then he frowned.

"I sure did freeze up," he said.

"Forget it," the little man told him. "Just practice till you groove that swing—just like it was then. Then when you're in a match don't try to kill 'em. Just play 'em safe. Take it easy."

"Yeah, I tried that today," Ed said gloomily. But he knew the little man was right. He had to be. The little man was Tom Kirby, pro here at Twenty Hills. One of the best in the business. That was it. Take it easy. Play safe and sensible.

"Got trimmed, huh?" Joe Hamm, Ed's uncle, said a couple of hours later. "Well, it's a fool game, anyhow." He spat emphatically at a fly which nosed its way across the floor of his "Twenty-Four-Hour-Garage."

Ed simply nodded. "What's on?" he said.

"Valve job there on the flivver you can finish up," Joe told him. "I need a beer." He sauntered out, beerwards.

HIS clothes changed, Ed got to work glumly. But before long he was whistling. He couldn't help it. After all, golf was just a game. And motors—well, they were *motors*, which as far as Ed was concerned left nothing more to say.

Motors were people to him; they would talk to him. They would complain of their ills. He would nod sympathetically; then he would diagnose and relieve the ills. He never missed.

Being the twenty-four-hour part of the garage, Ed slept on a cot in the corner, near a motor mounted on a frame and near his workbench. In the division of his spare time between those three the cot got shamefully cheated; for the motor was a Welsh Eight. He had got it in a salvage shop in Cleveland, from a car that had been burned, for twenty dollars. Those cars cost four thousand new; and while you can pay more than that, Ed was certain you'd be silly if you did—you couldn't beat a Welsh.

Since he'd got this motor he'd saved five out of the fifteen Joe paid him. Every week. It went for tools and metal stock. You could make a watch with those tools, if you knew how to make a watch. Ed didn't; but he had other ideas.

He had seen a Suavelta and what the super-charger did to it; he had seen what individual carburetors did to a racing motor. He had ideas. He worked on them.

All that summer and all that fall. When he would get stuck he would hit golf balls, for a while, into a canvas hung at one end of the garage. Then when he went back to work things wouldn't seem so hopeless.

All that fall and all that winter, Joe kidded him; said he couldn't beat that feed. Joe was wrong.

Joe came in one March morning to find Ed making curious noises and waving his arms in a way that was indeed alarming. That he hadn't been to bed was clearly evident.

JOE walked over into the corner and then he understood. The motor was running. Ed had just installed model Number Nine. Ed touched the throttle. The deep-throated roar was quick and savage and Joe just looked at him. Joe was no dunce about motors. He went over and sat down on the cot.

"Well, I'll be darned. Kid . . . well, I'll be darned."

This thing was no improvement; this was an invention. It looked a bit odd, but it was simple enough; and it made the motor run something like it had individual carburetors for each cylinder and something like it had a super-charger.

Ed wanted to dash right up to Welshville, just twelve miles out of Cleveland, with it. Joe shook his head.

"You can't do that way, kid," he said. "Them guys don't work that way. Take it easy. Be businesslike."

"I guess so," Ed sighed. "What do I do?"

"Well . . . you better write a letter, I guess. Yeah, that's it. . . . You got to get some blueprints too. First."

"What do I say in the letter?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah." Joe considered this development. "Well," he said, "well, you say you want an appointment with one of their engineerin' staff to explain this idea you got."

"What's the matter with old J. D. Welsh?"

"Aw, no, you can't do that. The president don't bother with this stuff. He's a business man. Engineers do this."

"Well," Ed said, "okay." He never had made any blueprints. It would probably take him a long time. He sighed.

"That's it," Joe said. "Take it easy. Be businesslike."

IT WAS over a month before Ed got the drawings made and turned them over to the local photographer to be converted into blueprints.

That afternoon there was nothing to do in the garage. Joe was out beering and Ed had got the doormat he used in lieu of turf and was socking mid-irons off it into the canvas. He felt pretty good about the blueprints and was hitting well.

He heard those steps behind him and turned around and saw this girl. She was tall and slender and regal-looking but not *too* regal-looking. She was frowning a little.

"No, no—I mean, hit another. There's something. . . ."

Ed turned around and hit another. It wasn't so hot.

"No, that's not it. That's not the way you did the—"

Ed nodded solemnly. "It's always that way. Every time beautiful women come in to watch it upsets me." He sighed. "It's my high-strung, artistic temperament."

She smiled, then, and looked at him as if she saw him. When she smiled it made him feel like his feet were leaving the ground. She had black hair and deep blue eyes, with a look in them that—that—

"It was something about your hips," she explained. "Er—something you did with them," she added hastily. "I've been having trouble and I thought—"

"Oh, yeah," Ed said. "It's a little twist to the left at first and it makes you start your back-swing with them."

He got his feet back under control and hit another.

She nodded emphatically. "That's it! I bet I'll be all right now. Yes. . . . I'm sure that's what it was."

"I'm glad it's cleared up," Ed said. "Was there—anything else? Or just—"

"Oh, yes. Of course. Can you go bring my car in? It's out on the highway. You'll have to tow it."

"If you'll stay here while I'm gone. The boss is out."

"All right," she agreed. "It won't take you long."

Ed got in the service truck. "How far is it?"

"Not far. You can't miss it. It's the one in the tree."

When Ed got back, towing the roadster with its mangled front end hanging from the crane, she was hitting balls into the canvas. She dropped the club and came over.

"I think I've got it."

"That's good," he said absently. He was looking at her curiously. "You ran into that tree on purpose," he stated. There had been wide black ribbons where her brakes had slid the tires, but the car had been under control.

She looked away. "There—there was a truck coming on the other side," she said diffidently, "and he was such a—sort of silly-looking little dog. I—don't think he was very old."

Ed said nothing for a moment. Then he coughed too loudly. "Probably a very fine dog," he said.

She looked at him quickly. "Thanks." She looked back at the car. "Er—how long do you think it will take?"

"Three weeks, probably. I'll have to take it to Cleveland for that body work. Pretty fancy wreck," he added.

She nodded.

"My name's Anne Jervis," she said. "My father's Weldon Kent Jervis. We are in the Cleveland phone book—if anything unexpected shows up or anything. You'll bring it as soon as you can, won't you? Here's my address." She scribbled on a card and handed it to him.

"Yes," Ed said. "I'll bring it." He tried to think of something else to say, but he couldn't. She was leaving.

"Thanks for the golf tip," she added. She was outside.

"Don't mention it," Ed called, still numb.

She got into the town's one taxi, which she had kept waiting, waved to Ed and was gone.

Ed walked over to the cot and sat down. There could be but one Weldon Kent Jervis—the one that was president of the soundest bank in Cleveland. That was great!

THE day he mailed his patent applications he wrote the Welsh Motor Co., saying he'd call Monday to arrange an appointment with a member of their engineering staff to discuss an improved fuel feed for their motor.

He drove up to Cleveland with his blueprints and his golf clubs on the seat beside him. The Twenty Hills Country Club, scene of his fizzle the last year, was staging an open tournament, and since he was going to be in Cleveland anyhow he had thought he might as well enter. He'd kind of like to prove to himself that he could shoot as good golf in a tournament as he did just playing for fun. Qualifying, say, would be all right, in the field that would play this tournament.

He drove his own Welsh Eight. During the past year he had pieced together a Welsh chassis with parts gleaned from salvage shops. And while this was a somewhat accidental-looking conveyance, he had completely overhauled the motor and it had his own fuel feed installed. Run? It ran like it was going downhill all the time.

As soon as he got to his hotel room he got the Welsh Motor Co. on the phone. A girl answered.

Ed Hamm? . . . She didn't seem to remember . . . Oh . . . Well, did he have an appointment? . . .

"Listen," Ed broke in. "I'll come out there."

FROM the street he came into a big room with an elevator on one side and some chairs and things around, almost like a hotel lobby. There was a blond number behind a large desk that said "Information." Ed eyed this sign rather sourly.

He leaned on the rail. "Now then, it's this way. I—"

"Do you have an appointment?" the girl asked.

"No, I—I'm Ed Hamm, and—"

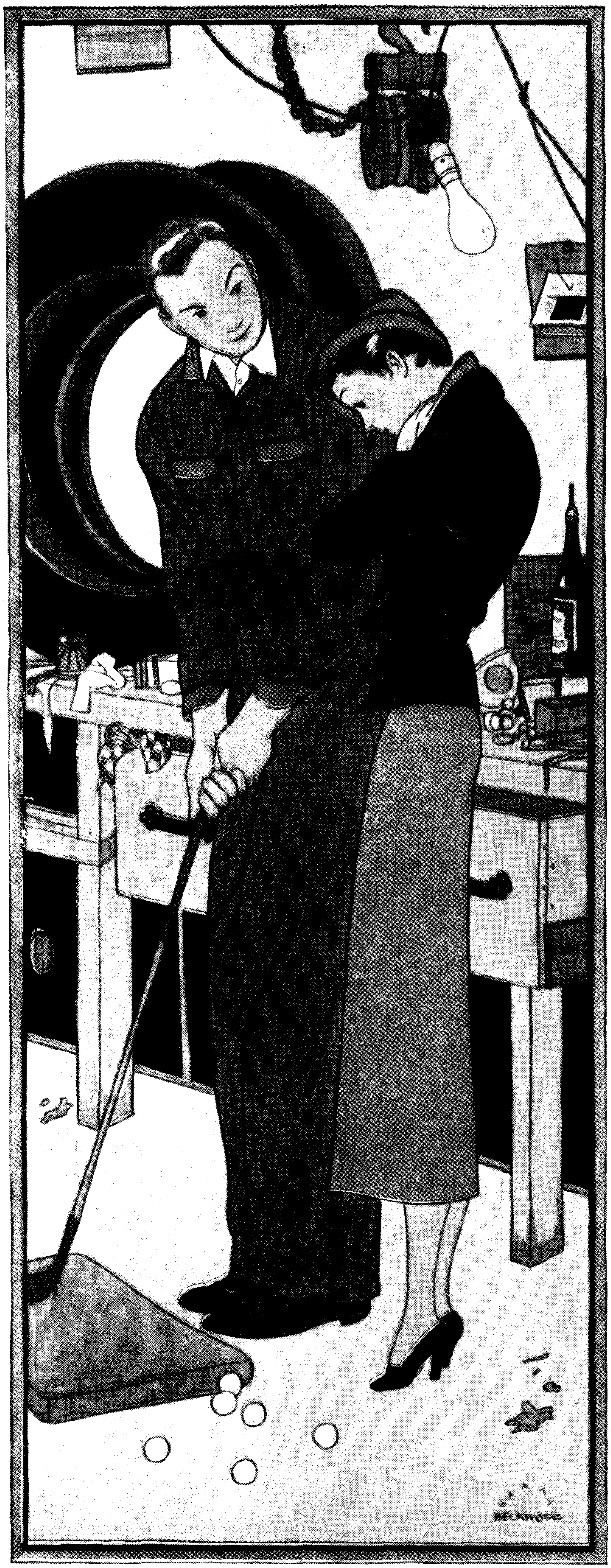
"Oh-h-h-h! *You're* the man on the phone, aren't you?"

He was nearly sure he saw a gleam in her eye. It might be intelligence. He stifled a cheer.

"Yes. I've got a fuel feed system. I want to talk to the right—"

It was eleven then. At noon Ed came limply from the building. He had an

(*Continued on page 47*)



"It was something about your hips," she explained. "Something you did with them. I've been having trouble and I thought—"

Re-Deal in Canada

By Walter Davenport

Signs of unrest in Canada. Boisterous persons making political speeches—and being applauded. Brazen Liberals suggesting departures from tradition. What, oh what, does all this portend? Well, Canada wants a change. Not a New Deal or anything else too offensively American. But anyhow a redistribution of the cards

THERE are people in Canada—and cultured, proper-minded people they are, too—who apologize for such as the Honorable Mitch Hepburn. You are told, for example, that it is not so much that Mr. Hepburn, a bouncing personality who happens to be Premier of Ontario, the Dominion's most populous and perhaps richest province, is a prophet of the New Deal, but that it is not at all necessary for any Canadian, in or out of office, to be so noticeably American about it. He does not, they add, represent the graver thought of Canada—to which his friends reply that if he did he would not now be Premier of Ontario.

These deprecating people—not all of them Conservatives, either—will go further. In the interests of your personal safety they will caution you against heedlessly approaching the government buildings in Toronto lest you be struck in the face by the flying person of some erstwhile public servant whom the Honorable Mr. Hepburn is in the act of hurling out of office, accumulated dust and all, in the interests of economy, liberalism and drama. This, of itself, is bad enough. But was it necessary for the Premier of Ontario to make speeches about it—about how he intended to establish new Olympic records in the job-holder hurling events as fast as he found material to work on?

The real trouble seems to be that Mr. Hepburn is a precedent-buster, a tradition-blaster. The right-wing element in his own party, the Liberal, regards him as a borer from within, although he would be quick to deny it. The Conservative party regards him as a portent of what is to come to Canada—a new deal with festoons of codes, garlands of licensings and all the rest of the American furbelows of minimum wage scales, maximum working hours and fair competition agreements. All of which the conservatives in both parties regard as wholly unnecessary and entirely too American. And so they deplore Mr. Hepburn, who is far from being a radical man, saying with assurances that no offense is meant, that it seems to them to be too bad that the Honorable Mitch did not happen somewhere in the States where a lack of political dignity and a consistent disregard for precedent was not so noticeable.

This does not happen to be a story of Mr. Hepburn, although less interesting matter might readily be offered you. We are concerned here with what Mr. Hepburn represents. Within the past year Canada has served notice upon herself and incidentally upon all interested outsiders that, call it a parcel of Yankee notions or what you will, she is in a high mood for economic experiment.

By way of setting up the scenery and clearing the stage, she now has eight Liberals as premiers of her nine provinces. Before next summer, unless all current signs deceive, Canada will go to the polls and hurl the Conservative party out of power—out of its present national control. And then the large-scale battle will be fought. The Liberal party will take over the government just as our own Democratic party was given what we lightly call a mandate in 1932. And almost immediately the Liberal party will be asked by Canada's farmers, labor unions, unorganized wage earners, shopkeepers, miners and the small-salaried clerk class to depart from its traditional standards much as our Democratic party has. As in the United States, there is in Canada a definite movement toward political realignment—the conservatives of both parties huddling together beneath the banner of the right, and the liberal-minded, whatever their former party affiliation, moving over.

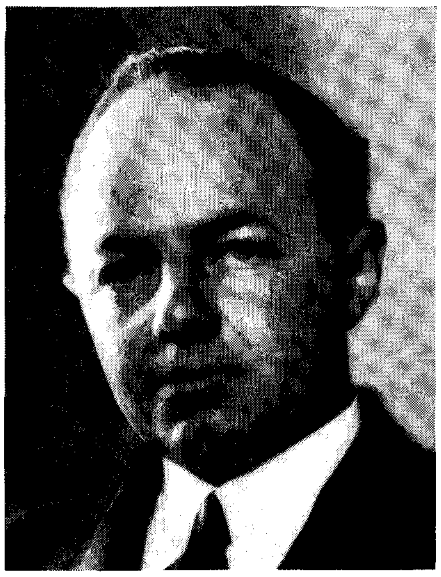
Therefore the Honorable Mr. Hepburn, who is by no means the Leftist many of his fellow Liberals are, but who stands out symbol-like because he is spectacular, is offered to you by the more somber Canadians as the reason for their doldrums. Mr. Hepburn is for a new deal for Canada.

A Canadian Messiah

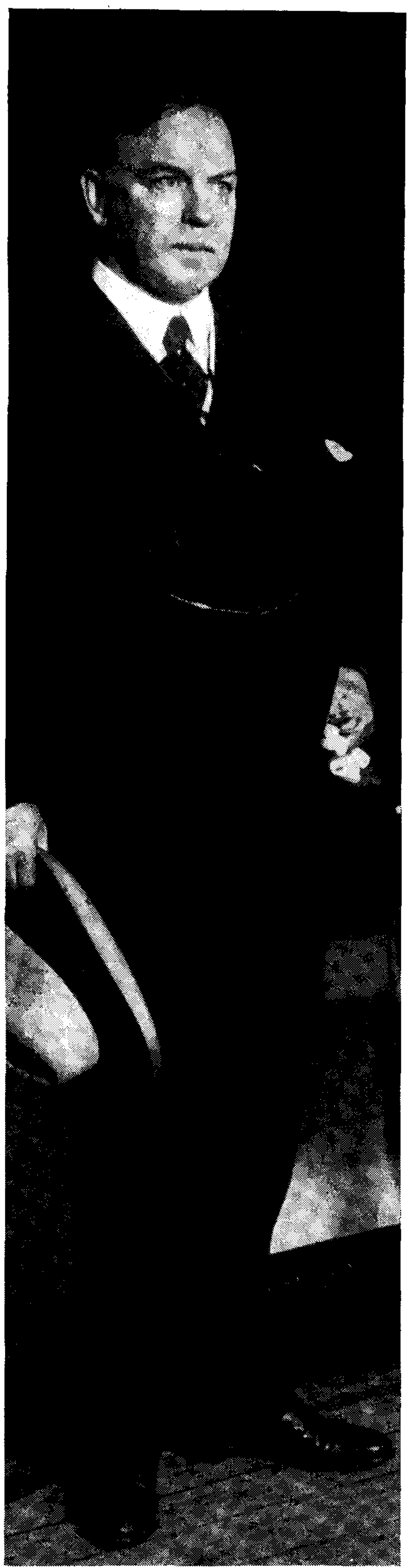
Like ten thousand office-holding and office-seeking patriots on both sides of the border he would put an end to unemployment. Just like that. He would shorten the grapevine bridge between the haves and the have-nots—if there is a bridge any more. And that's something to find out. He would rescue the farmer from that problem-man's ageless dilemma and, perhaps, discover wherein the plight of agriculture differs from that of shopkeeping, shoemaking, steel manufacturing and coal mining. Still a mystery, you see. There is nothing new in what the young line-bucking Premier of Ontario would do. The ears of the electorate ache with such declarations and manifestoes from Calgary to Capetown. From Mr. Hepburn in Toronto to Mr. Bilbo in Mississippi, they insist upon succoring the unhappy—if somebody will be so good as to show them how.

Approach the seats of the socially and financially mighty in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto and you are coldly informed that you are wasting time in a most sinful way if you seek or await an adoption or acceptance of the American New Deal in Canada. Canadian tradition, a transplanted wraith, is irreconcilable. Or so they say. This tradition is a hybrid—English and French at its roots, with American foliage. One hears a great deal about it but is apt to have some trouble convincing oneself that it is an effective dam against the universal flood of change. You leave Canada convinced that she is due for a general revision of her old standards just as the United States is in the process of leveling ancient landmarks. But she is likely to empty and refill her applecart without upsetting it. In Canada they destroy slowly.

One of the best reasons why Canada is not enthusiastic about following forthrightly in the steps of the American New Deal is because it is American. She prefers to call it "a readjustment born of a careful consideration of the Roosevelt experiments and profiting by his mistakes." And, wonderful country that Canada is, she may be able to benefit by the mistakes of others. The world today is full of surprises. But due to whatever it may be—climate, family trouble or the repressions of ancient respectability—Canada, less mercurial than we, will celebrate with fewer fireworks, drum-thumpings and midnight gallopings. And this in spite of Mr. Hepburn and his shocking handsprings.


WIDE WORLD

Mitchell Hepburn, left-wing Liberal Premier of Ontario, is Canada's American-plan precedent-buster and tradition-blaster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Liberal Leader W. L. Mackenzie King, whose social and economic ideas sound more familiar to Americans than to Canadians

Those who pish-tush the New Deal idea for Canada assure you that the Dominion is coming along nicely without partaking of the Roosevelt medicine chest. Canada, say they, is on the upgrade, actual business transactions being thirty-eight or forty per cent more numerous today than they were a year ago. Newsprint production, largely for American consumption, is up about forty per cent. The gold mining industry, to say nothing of nickel and asbestos, is doing nicely. Twice as much lumber is being exported as in 1933. Wheat prices have doubled and wholesalers of general merchandise are getting from twelve to fifteen per cent more for what they sell. The Dominion's latest bond issue for refunding old flotations has been oversubscribed—although they will admit that there was not that spontaneity of acceptance that Washington has become so used to. The government's income from taxation during the first six months of the current fiscal year exceeds that of the same months in the preceding year by $20,000,000. Sounds like the Hallelujah chorus.

These things you hear in the spacious offices of the conservative gentlemen to whom such facts spell progress and to whom the name of Mitchell Hepburn and new deals of all varieties are not pleasant sounds. You have to go elsewhere to hear the story that the Liberals—the aggressive Liberals of the Hepburn brand—tell. They tell you that

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Richard Bennett, Canada's Conservative Premier, stands for the old order in the Dominion's struggle out of the depression

construction work, just as a sample of the major or heavy industries, is all but dormant. One contractor who, five years ago, was calling all dissenters from the Conservative party creed rebels, told me that it is quite a sensation in some parts of Canada to see a citizen reshingling a roof or patching a cow shed. At any rate, construction work is less than a quarter of the 1930 volume.

Wheat, Canada's most important crop, is selling scarcely at all when one considers the amount the Dominion should dispose of if the farmers are to get anywhere worth while. Two hundred million bushels of Canadian wheat lie in storage, emulating John Brown's body. In various other ways the farmers are suffering all the woes their American brothers groaned under before Franklin Roosevelt went to their rescue with cash bounties and mortgage deliveries. The Canadian farmer thinks Mr. Roosevelt quite a personable statesman. In Ottawa one hears him called "a smiling amateur whom a distraught people took unfortunately at his word." The Canadian Conservative does not care for Mr. Roosevelt because he has, indirectly of course, caused the Canadian farmer and Canadian organized labor to revolt. Even certain of the Canadian Liberals profess to see no need for Roosevelt policies in Canada because, say they, the Dominion's peculiar problems are almost entirely soluble in a tariff emulsion. Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie King, leader of their party and at one distant day regarded by Canadians as a pretty gory radical, proposes to placate them, if and when the government is turned over to him, by razing the top-heavy tariff walls built almost overnight by the Conservatives, and seeking a few smooth trade treaties, particularly with Washington. To get along in anything approximating unity, peace and concord, Canada, with her enormous productivity and her relatively small consuming ability, must export much more than she imports.

Capitalism versus Democracy

What other remedies for its wide variety of pains Mr. Mackenzie King will offer the Canadian electorate—voluntarily or in the name of political expediency—is not clear at the moment. However, he speaks feelingly of "a nation-wide unemployment insurance scheme" and told the revolting voters in Kenora, Ontario, not long ago, that "the great masses of the people must no longer be allowed to carry the burden of unemployment, sickness and accidents. No longer should they have to worry and be oppressed by fears of what will happen to themselves or their families if through no fault of their own they are taken down with accident or disease." In this general way he speaks too of "fair wage laws" and "just working conditions," indicating that he is not above listening to the demands of the radicals whose support he must have if he hopes to control Parliament. The Conservatives have decided to get along or bog down with the program they have, their leaders telling you that the New Deal is "bunk" and that "Canada, to retain its position as an exporting nation in competition with Oriental nations, cannot experiment with shorter hours of work and higher pay." And that is grand news for Mr. Mackenzie King. Says he:

"Unless a system of industry comes where the man with a life interest has an equal say in the operation of the industry, I say the capitalistic system is doomed. Any system of industry that will have to be controlled by the capital investors is doomed. You can't have capital dictatorship and public democracy."

Whereat the Conservatives wrung their hands, pointed to Russia and cried in deep anguish that this was nothing but vile Socialism.

"If I thought," said Mr. Mackenzie King, shaking his head, "that Socialism was going to give the people far greater advantages than can be achieved under our system I would be a Socialist. But when I study Socialism in other lands I think it is well for us to look about us and see if some other party can't bring about even better conditions."

But the radicals are not easy to convince. They accuse the aging Liberal leader of a lack of action. They scoff at his firm belief in the curative effects of tariff tinkering, regarding his trade policies as atrophied echoes of Cobden and John Stuart Mill, dry hangovers from the century-old Manchester school of economics. They, and the Honorable Mr. Hepburn with them, want it thoroughly understood that they cannot stave off starvation with a theory—particularly a theory with whiskers to its knees. Flatly they tell Mr. Mackenzie King that it is much too late to mend matters with such antiquated implements as free trade and that the Liberal party must be made worthy of its name or suffer the penalty of strangulation with its own accumulated cobwebs.

Those who point to the financial sheet and ask you to accept treasury reports as proof that Canada is emerging from her doldrums without the aid of new deals do not tell you that more than a million of the Dominion's ten million people are on relief. That's twice as many as last year. And it costs Canada $80,000,000 or so a year to feed them. They forget to tell you that, for all their refinancing, trick bookkeeping and the like, the Dominion's public debt exceeds ten billion dollars—a thousand dollars for every inhabitant whether he governs a bank in Montreal or cries for food in a cradle in Alberta. That debt means more than $4,500 a family.

ACME

Harry Stevens, Bennett stalwart, became "the man who could stand his own kind no longer." His resignation complicates Dominion politics

It is from the Liberals—the American-gazing Liberals who regard Mr. Mackenzie King as a mere misnamed Conservative—that you hear that among Canada's burdens is her national railway, the Canadian National, which is costing the government, and therefore the taxpayer, $80,000,000 or so every year in deficits. It's a perfectly good railway. No responsible person has come forward with charges of mismanagement. But it has the same relation to Canada of today as the world's largest steamboat whistle had to the Mississippi River stern-wheeler which stopped every time the whistle blew. The Canadian National Railways system, running now in direct competition and parallel with the Canadian Pacific, was built by a government which "foresaw" a Dominion population of fifty millions. It is going to be a long time before Canada has fifty million people. She is taking a grain of comfort now out of the fact that she has only ten. In the meantime the C. N. R. is costing the government the same old million and a half a week to maintain. To abandon it is out of the question. To continue to support it is equally embarrassing. To merge it with the Canadian Pacific doesn't answer the question. The tail still wags the dog.

Time to Do Something

All told, it is pretty apparent to these Canadians who have neither political office to protect nor commercial privilege to maintain that something drastic is going to have to be done. They aren't putting a name to it just yet, but there are plenty of responsible people in the Dominion who will assure you that as Canada has been influenced by the United States in fair weather so must she follow her neighbor's lead in foul. Therefore all this talk about a New Deal.

Anyone harboring doubts might look to Western Canada. While the Ottawa government is assuring you that the Dominion has nothing to gain in adopting any of the American experiments, Manitoba, Alberta, British Columbia, and Saskatchewan are setting up provincial agencies that look so much like our own AAA and NRA that one suspects that Ottawa spends too much time looking eastward to the sea and listening too much to the clipped voice of Mother England.

Manitoba is drafting her own legislation for codes regulating trade practices, establishing minimum wages, maximum hours of work and fixing minimum price levels.

Similar laws are being written by Alberta and Saskatchewan. British Columbia is about to regulate wages and hours of work through a Board of Industrial Relations, although this board will have no authority to set up codes and establish a licensing system.

And even Ontario, where the Honorable Mitch Hepburn holds forth amid a fine clangor. When first Mr. Hepburn threatened to jam code and licensing legislation through the legislature at Toronto, large numbers of the more important industrialists of the province told him that they would move to Quebec the moment he succeeded. The reply of Mr. Hepburn and his Attorney-General, Mr. Arthur Roebuck, was to write a few tentative bills aimed at the discomfort and, they devoutly hoped, the extermination of a species they spoke feelingly of as "wolves of industry." Just what the Ontario legislature will be asked to pass is still a bit vague, but a bill to establish uniform wage scales is reasonably certain. This among other New Deal ideas for conservative Ontario. Several Ontario industries—service industries such as the bakers—promise to get together on code bases with or without legislation. Yet Ottawa persists in emulating the gentleman who couldn't see the forest for the trees.

At the moment in Canada, the Conservative party rules the Dominion

(Continued on page 38)

Flower of Chance

A glowing romance of South America—which dog-lovers may regard as a dog story, if they feel so inclined, because of a little hero named Hamish, who does everything a dog can do to steal the honors

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

THE firing in the Plaza below had stopped.

The girl, Ancha, lay on the floor beside the window. The Indian woman with her braids and her turquoise ring sat on the floor in a corner. The dog, Hamish, had hidden under the bed. Eight years ago when Hamish was a puppy he had lived in the United States during the short year Ancha went to school there, and throughout the Fourth of July he had stayed under Ancha's bed. He was a Scotch terrier and the Scotch, although brave, are reticent and remembering, and when machine guns were drilling rows of holes from moving trucks into citizens and buildings all about the Plaza it seemed to him wise to stay beneath a bed. Not that this was Ancha's bed. It was merely a starched hotel bed, but the dog Hamish looking out from beneath the bed with a Scotch eye beheld Ancha on the floor and he crept across the floor to her on his stomach.

The girl wore a boy's dirty white linen suit and around her neck she wore a bandanna, and she was so tired that she could hardly lift her hand to drop it on the dog's head, but she did lift her hand as Hamish had known securely that she would. Ancha had been near death this day, as had Hamish and the Indian woman.

There had been an overturn of government, a revolution. The populace had pulled down the statue of El Presidente which stood in the middle of the Plaza and had danced upon it. All the tourists had fled at once from the hotel, and when the soldiers of three regiments went over to the mob, the hotel had promptly closed and its staff spread away in all directions.

This morning there had been panic at home at the villa when the crowd of people came shaking the gates and trying to mount the wall. The chauffeur Voldi had brought the station wagon in haste to the kitchen courtyard and had held it chugging there. The old señora was well in and sitting there with her white face looking out at them, before the Señorita Ancha, looking like a tall boy in Juan's best suit of linen but looking also as unsubstantial and cold as usual, came running. But when she saw her grandmother sitting there and her distant relative, Luis Maritornes-Rul, standing by the step awaiting her as usual, she had stood still. And Rul had laughed.

"You do look a guy in that outfit," he had said with his English accent. "What's the idea of dressing up? Afraid?"

The Señorita Ancha had scorned to reply. She and Maritornes-Rul had been betrothed from childhood since they were to be joint heirs but their marriage had been put off from time to time because they did not get along. Everyone in the household had agreed that the señorita, what with being so beneath the old señora's thumb and with no other prospect ahead of her but an arranged marriage with no love on either side, was hardly to be envied. And getting along in years now, too, the señorita. Twenty-six on her next birthday and with some lines of thought across her forehead. And still unmarried.

"The dog! Where is Hamish?" the señorita had said. And indeed the dog was not there. Speaking to the chauffeur Voldi she said, "I cannot go without my dog and you cannot wait or return for me here. I shall go to the church—or to the hotel. Perhaps you can come back for me there." For the señorita was a cool customer on any occasion, and one thought in her head followed another thought in as orderly a procession as one bead follows another bead in a necklace.

The old señora cried out at such independence and folly and Luis Rul had advanced to take the girl by the arm but she had run back into the house and been lost to view. Rul had gone white and he had stepped into the station wagon and closed the door, and Voldi, in order not to spend the life of the señora by waiting for a dog, had driven off without her. And the dog all the time had been shut up safely in the señorita's bathroom, as all the servants knew.

THERE is in this world and for everyone a flower of chance to be plucked, a high tide of events which comes rolling and surging over everyone's beach and this was the señorita's flower of chance. It was her high and only tide. It took a revolution to grow such a flower for her, to create such a tide. Many girls as excluded from life as the Señorita Ancha had been would have been afraid, but she had plucked the flower and flung herself into the tide. In her boy's clothes and with the Indian woman who had been with her always, and with her dog, somewhat elderly, trotting soberly beside her attached to his leash, she had walked boldly out through the kitchen courtyard and down the sunlit street.

On her way to the hotel she had seen and gone through more strangeness than in all her life before, for there were barricades thrown up across El Camino with soldiers behind them, and crazy crowds of students marching with drums. The Señorita Ancha Francesca Teresita Maritornes joined these students and marched with them arm-in-arm, and sang with them in her husky, beautiful, shy voice and the Indian woman and the dog trotted everywhere with her to the delight of the embattled and friendly students. In spite of her joy, she never forgot that she was aiming at the hotel, although it lay in the center of the city and within the barricades. For she must have a foothold or be swept away by her tide; she must have a few minutes in which to rest and breathe.

LATE in the afternoon after siesta when the soldiers behind one barricade refused to fire and the people poured over that barricade into the Plaza in a wave, Ancha Maritornes reached the hotel, for she and her entourage of dog and Indian woman were in that wave. She walked more boldly into that hotel through the Plaza entrance which was unlocked than she had ever walked into it before and she turned the latch behind her and locked the great door. And for hours they were unmolested.

It was easy for Ancha to choose a room for herself in a hotel where all rooms appeared to be empty. The Indian woman at once drew a bath for her mistress, but Ancha refused her bath and lay down on the floor.

"I want to be dirty," she said, and she stretched, for she was dog-tired. "I have never been dirty in my life. Tomorrow they will get me again. I will take a bath tomorrow."

Hamish drank water in great laps from a bowl, and then fell down flat on the floor and slept. The Indian woman slept sitting on the floor in a corner. But Ancha did not sleep. All the rest of her life she might sleep but today she was alive, unmarried, dirty and tingling and she must think, feel, hurry to plan so that every hour left to her of this day and every instant of the night which lay ahead would be so full of freedom, so bursting, so crammed that there would be enough of it given to her now to make up for all her life. Even in her one short year in the United States at school she had not really been free. Not like this. And at the villa, at the hacienda, there were always Luis and her grandmother, or her grandmother and Luis, except when Luis went away from them "to confer," as her grandmother called it.

"With whom do you confer?" Ancha had asked Luis idly once, for they spoke to each other now and then.

"With the representative men," Luis had said briefly.

"What do you confer about with the representative men?" she had asked contemptuously.

"The sale of our coffee. . . . By the way, that is an ugly dress you have on and your hair needs brushing."

"It will do," she said. "There is no one to see me here."

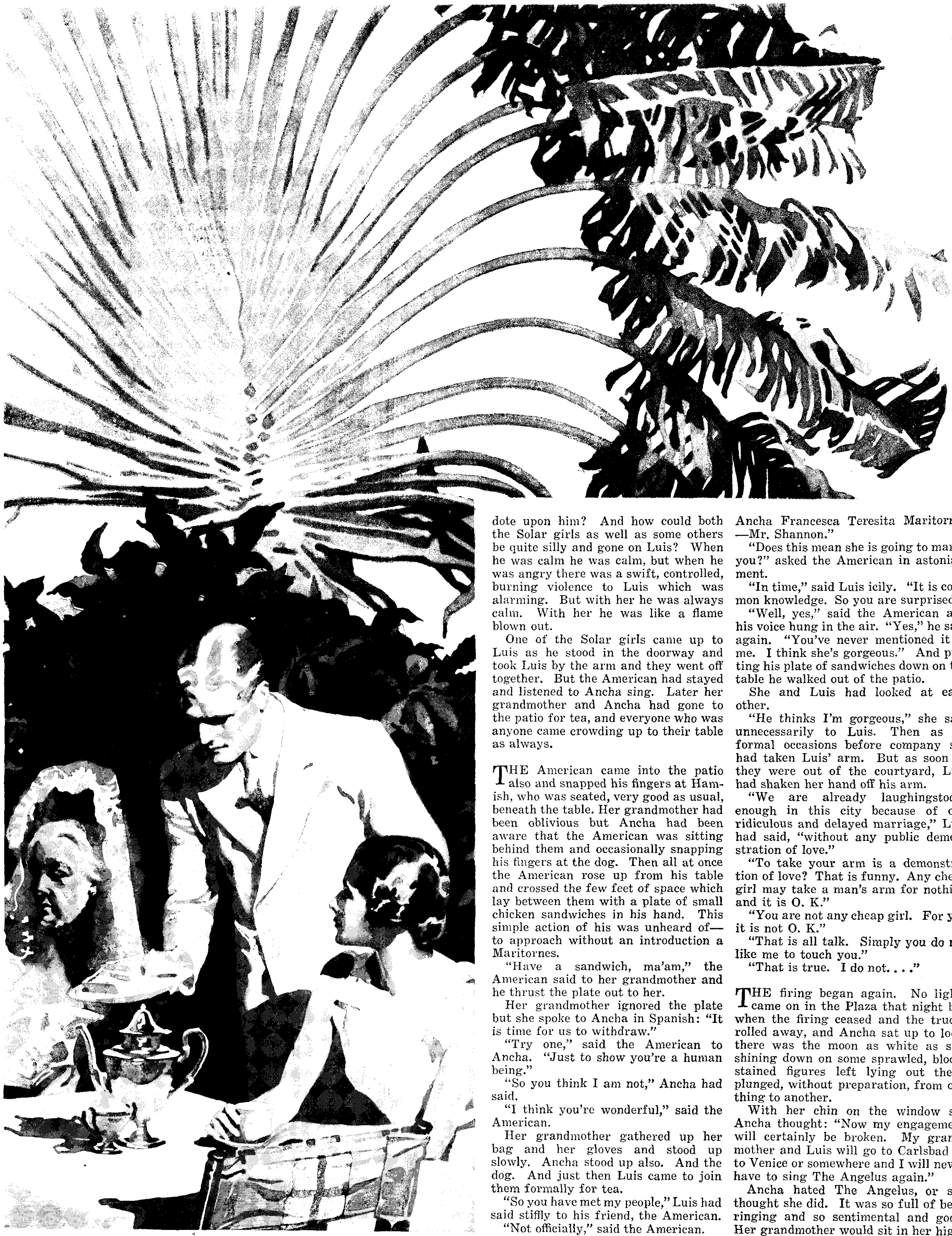
"The Solar girls wear thin white dresses with patterns of flowers on the white and they color their lips red. They look enchanting," said Luis.

"Do you confer with them?" she had said.

ON THE occasion of the Charity Benefit for the Orphans in this very hotel a month ago she had seen the Solar girls among others. She had wanted to sing a husky-voiced, hot, beautiful American jazz song at the Orphans' Benefit but they had made her sing The Angelus. Luis had come to the doorway as she was singing The Angelus and an American, taller than Luis, stood with Luis and listened also. The American was big and yellow-haired and blundering. He looked like a young American battleship in his white linen suit.

Luis did not resemble a battleship. In a country where all men were good-looking, Luis was rather on the plain side. He was an inch less tall than herself for one thing, which made a difficulty, and all one could say for his thin, brown face was that his light gray eyes, inherited from some Irish ancestress, were rather distinctive and amusing.

But Luis made nothing of his light gray eyes or of himself. He moved swiftly and was active, while everyone else was languid and placid, but whenever he came upon Ancha anywhere unexpectedly, or even expectedly as there at the Orphans' Benefit, he seemed at once to lose motion and even any interest in living. He seemed to go dead, and what was there about her, in God's name, that he should so freeze up at the sight of her? And what was there about Luis to make her grandmother



Her grandmother ignored the plate but she spoke to Ancha in Spanish: "It is time for us to withdraw"

dote upon him? And how could both the Solar girls as well as some others be quite silly and gone on Luis? When he was calm he was calm, but when he was angry there was a swift, controlled, burning violence to Luis which was alarming. But with her he was always calm. With her he was like a flame blown out.

One of the Solar girls came up to Luis as he stood in the doorway and took Luis by the arm and they went off together. But the American had stayed and listened to Ancha sing. Later her grandmother and Ancha had gone to the patio for tea, and everyone who was anyone came crowding up to their table as always.

THE American came into the patio also and snapped his fingers at Hamish, who was seated, very good as usual, beneath the table. Her grandmother had been oblivious but Ancha had been aware that the American was sitting behind them and occasionally snapping his fingers at the dog. Then all at once the American rose up from his table and crossed the few feet of space which lay between them with a plate of small chicken sandwiches in his hand. This simple action of his was unheard of—to approach without an introduction a Maritornes.

"Have a sandwich, ma'am," the American said to her grandmother and he thrust the plate out to her.

Her grandmother ignored the plate but she spoke to Ancha in Spanish: "It is time for us to withdraw."

"Try one," said the American to Ancha. "Just to show you're a human being."

"So you think I am not," Ancha had said.

"I think you're wonderful," said the American.

Her grandmother gathered up her bag and her gloves and stood up slowly. Ancha stood up also. And the dog. And just then Luis came to join them formally for tea.

"So you have met my people," Luis had said stiffly to his friend, the American.

"Not officially," said the American.

So Luis presented the American to the señora, who did not seem to observe, and then to "My fiancée, the Señorita Ancha Francesca Teresita Maritornes—Mr. Shannon."

"Does this mean she is going to marry you?" asked the American in astonishment.

"In time," said Luis icily. "It is common knowledge. So you are surprised?"

"Well, yes," said the American and his voice hung in the air. "Yes," he said again. "You've never mentioned it to me. I think she's gorgeous." And putting his plate of sandwiches down on the table he walked out of the patio.

She and Luis had looked at each other.

"He thinks I'm gorgeous," she said unnecessarily to Luis. Then as on formal occasions before company she had taken Luis' arm. But as soon as they were out of the courtyard, Luis had shaken her hand off his arm.

"We are already laughingstocks enough in this city because of our ridiculous and delayed marriage," Luis had said, "without any public demonstration of love."

"To take your arm is a demonstration of love? That is funny. Any cheap girl may take a man's arm for nothing and it is O. K."

"You are not any cheap girl. For you it is not O. K."

"That is all talk. Simply you do not like me to touch you."

"That is true. I do not. . . ."

THE firing began again. No lights came on in the Plaza that night but when the firing ceased and the trucks rolled away, and Ancha sat up to look, there was the moon as white as salt shining down on some sprawled, bloodstained figures left lying out there, plunged, without preparation, from one thing to another.

With her chin on the window sill Ancha thought: "Now my engagement will certainly be broken. My grandmother and Luis will go to Carlsbad or to Venice or somewhere and I will never have to sing The Angelus again."

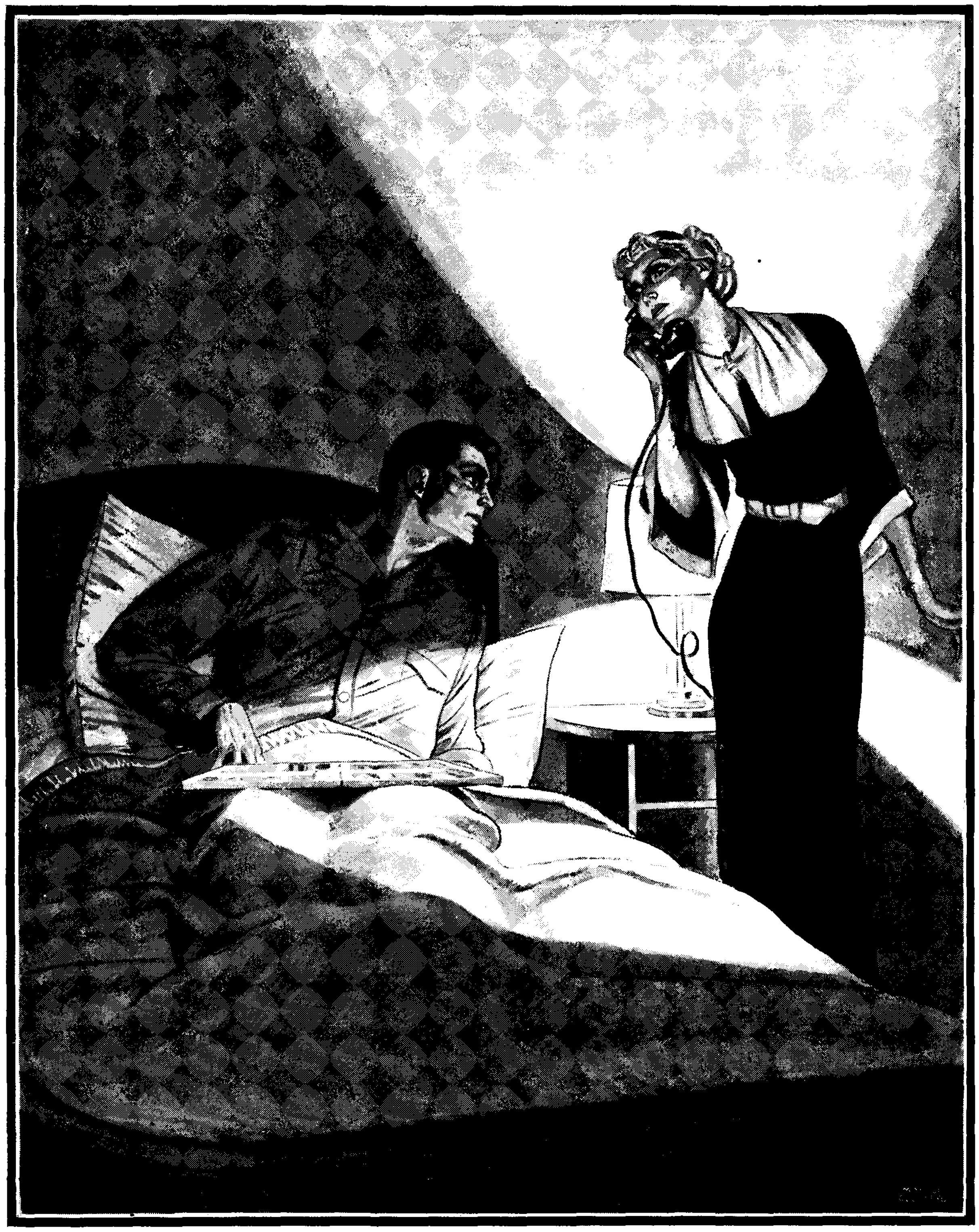
Ancha hated The Angelus, or she thought she did. It was so full of bells ringing and so sentimental and good. Her grandmother would sit in her high-backed chair with her eyes closed and her hands folded over her stomach and

(Continued on page 34)

Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



She picked up the instrument. "Is that you, Miss Plaice?" she heard Inez Johnson ask

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with Trenna Plaice, a motion-picture actress who is engaged to Len Haworth, New York's wealthiest playboy, Sim Sturdevant, a noted advertising man, goes to the Merrygoround, a night club. While chatting with the star of the revue, pretty Inez Johnson, Haworth, intoxicated and accompanied by Lisa Bellwood, a daring débutante, suddenly appears, strides over to his table, and insults him. Whereupon Sturdevant knocks him down.

A few hours later Murdoch, Haworth's valet, finds his employer dead—shot to death with a .38-caliber revolver—in his luxurious apartment. Sturdevant, Trenna Plaice and Lisa Bellwood (who, like the actress, had been in Haworth's apartment a short time before the tragedy) are questioned by the police, directed by the dapper Sergeant Wilcox. Professing their innocence, all three tell credible stories. But the police keep a watchful eye on them. . . . That Trenna Plaice loves him, Sturdevant soon learns. But he has many serious worries. Trenna, it develops, had once owned a revolver—a .38-caliber revolver which, *according to her story*, she had lost in Los Angeles. And Lisa Bellwood, angered by his indifference to her brazen advances to him, is threatening to "expose" him to the police—to state that she had seen him slipping furtively into Haworth's apartment house a few minutes before the shooting!

Inez Johnson, also, gives him a surprise. She confesses to him that she had followed Haworth and Lisa Bellwood, when they left the Merrygoround. "I did it," she says, "to protect you, Mr. Sturdevant—I thought Haworth might try to kill you. But if Reed Ryan"—a well-known newspaper-man whom Sturdevant knows—"only knew, there'd be trouble. He's my sweetie; and he's *terribly* jealous. Please don't tell him!"

Following a fall, Sturdevant, suffering from concussion, is confined to his apartment. There Trenna Plaice and Reed Ryan, looking for new angles on the case, meet. And there Trenna receives a frantic phone call from Murdoch, Haworth's valet, who implores her to meet him at 9 P. M. But she does not meet him. For at ten minutes to nine, Murdoch is shot to death on the street—*by someone using a .38-caliber revolver!*

Sergeant Wilcox calls on Trenna. She greets him courteously. He replies; then—"We've found the gun that killed Murdoch. Miss Plaice, *its number is the same as the gun you say you lost in Los Angeles.*"

IX

TRENNA didn't know the habits of detective sergeants of the New York police force, or of any other force, for that matter. Last night Wilcox had made it clear to her that he no longer suspected her of the murder of Haworth. Why a detective would do a thing like that she didn't know. Subconsciously she attributed it to the innate decency of Wilcox: he didn't want her to worry needlessly. He was not at all the bullying type that fiction and the theater had led her to believe was all too common in police departments. A pleasant little man, gay and debonair, he was the last person in the world she would have picked as a member of his profession. Not that he didn't seem clever, but there was about him nothing of the relentless quality she somehow associated with detectives. But now, staring at him in surprise, she saw something in his hard, light eyes that terrified her. There was an eager quality about him, something cat-like.

"My revolver?" she asked.

"The gun you say was lost or stolen, Miss Plaice," said Wilcox. "Now, how do you account for that wandering weapon having crossed the continent and having killed Haworth and Murdoch, Miss Plaice?"

"I don't account for it at all," she said. "I can't understand it. I can't believe it."

"You can take my word for it," said the sergeant. "I wouldn't play games with you. Don't you want to change your story about that gun, Miss Plaice?"

"Change my story? But I told the truth. The revolver disappeared."

"Things don't disappear; they are taken," said Wilcox.

Trenna made a helpless movement with her hands.

"I SUPPOSE you're right," she admitted, "but who took it?"

"Records are kept of the sales of guns," said Wilcox. "You bought the revolver in Los Angeles on the twenty-seventh of January. According to the statement made to the Los Angeles police by your butler, the revolver was missed by you last May. Were you engaged to Haworth then, Miss Plaice?"

She shook her head.

"I didn't know him then," she replied.

"When did you meet Haworth?"

"In June. I came on here for a vacation between pictures. Allied wanted me to make my last picture in the east. So I rented this apartment here and closed my home out west for the time being. Since making my last picture I've continued on here."

"Then, when the gun was lost, strayed or stolen, you were not acquainted with Haworth?"

"I've already told you that," she answered, a touch of tartness in her voice.

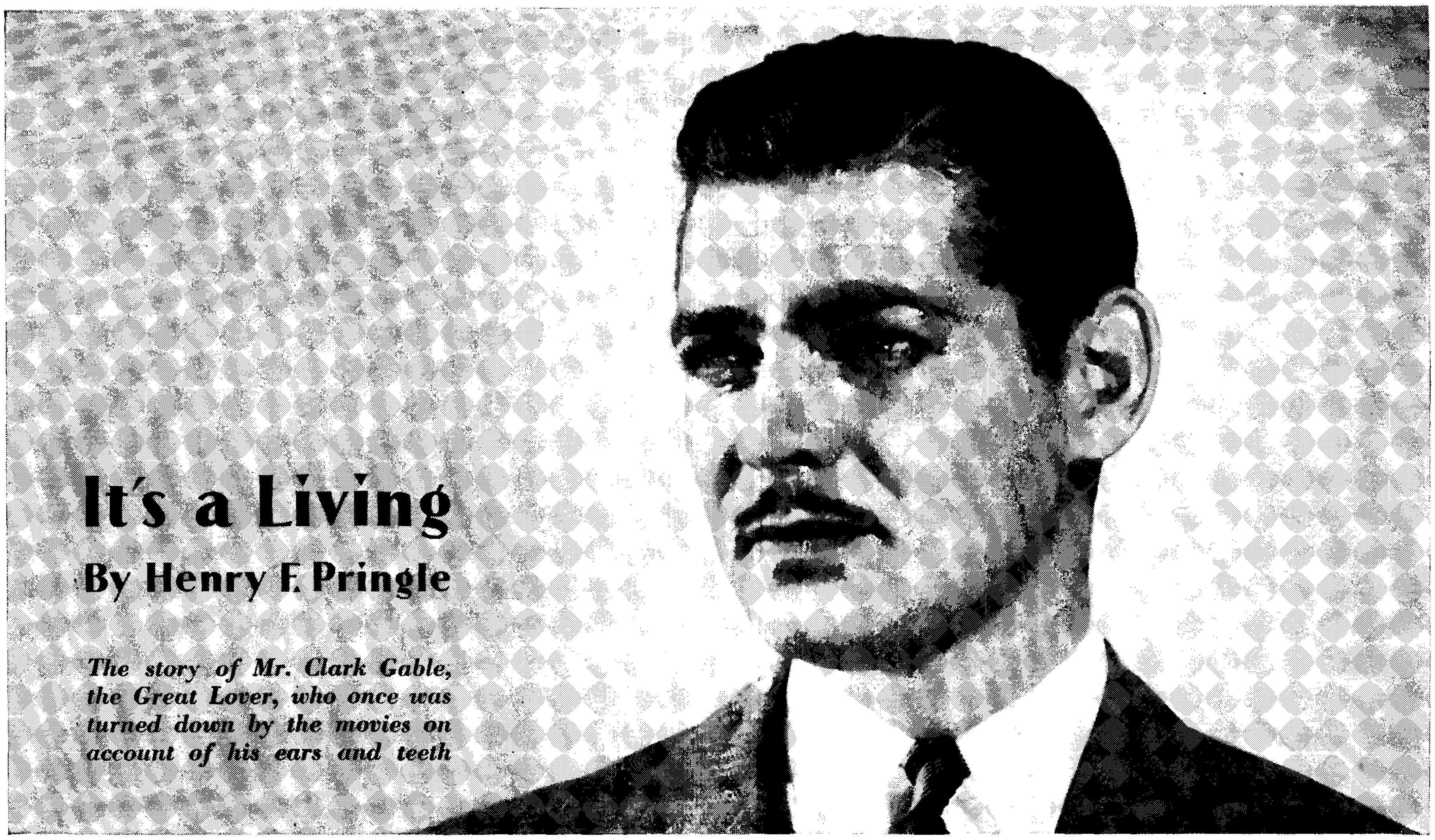
"I know, but it doesn't do any harm to get the facts straight. Now, you haven't any idea where that revolver went?"

She shook her head; her black eyes were wide.

"Did you think that one of the servants stole it to sell, Miss Plaice?"

"I didn't know what to think."

(Continued on page 26)



It's a Living

By Henry F. Pringle

The story of Mr. Clark Gable, the Great Lover, who once was turned down by the movies on account of his ears and teeth

DEAR, *dear* Mr. Gable, gushes the society dowager, won't you tell us how it feels to have *all* the women of America simply *mad* about you? What *I* want to know, insists the débutante, is how you *really truly* like making love to Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Claudette Colbert.

Clark Gable is constantly bombarded with such questions. They confuse him a good deal. He hasn't any answer to the puzzle of his popularity. He becomes very much embarrassed when the ladies swarm about with their pretty asininities regarding his allure. So he begins to blush and look as though he wished he were somewhere else—which is no less than the truth. And his answer is likely to be the one he nearly always makes when asked to hold forth on How It Feels to Be a Great Lover.

"It's a living," he says.

At this point, to end the suspense, it should be recorded that Clark Gable, although a Hollywood headliner since 1931, is still a very nice person. I am aware that the husbands of America suffer no end while their wives babble about marvelous, menacing, magnetic, sweet Clark. They gnash their manly teeth and invent new drinks (a jigger of absinthe, one part of vodka and Scotch whisky in a tall glass will do the trick) with which to drown their chagrin. But I venture to say, traitorous to my sex though it may seem, that the husbands would like Clark Gable exceedingly well if they knew him. A good many male movie stars are pains in the neck of the beholder. They prattle about their histrionic importance and worry about their eyebrows. Gable is a quiet individual who talks about himself only when forced; he never talks about his "art" at all. He lives simply and happily with Mrs. Gable and his two stepchildren. He plays excellent golf, dislikes bridge, and likes to ride horseback. He smokes long, black cigars or a pipe. His favorite reading consists of adventure stories in which the hero bang-bang-bangs the villain into oblivion. He goes off on long hunting trips between pictures, but is rather tender-hearted about killing and sometimes does not fire a gun.

Too Good to Be True

If anything, Gable is too modest. You don't quite believe his self-deprecatory remarks. But the reason for them, I think, is that he is superstitious. He has been close to success on several occasions in his erratic career and has watched it slip away. When the uproar began in 1931 he looked at himself daily in the mirror and wondered whether a cranial swelling had started. He knocked wood constantly as the leading ladies of Hollywood began to bid for his services. He crossed his fingers when a deluge of fan mail started. It could not last, he told himself.

"The actor who had this dressing-room five years ago got a lot more fan mail than I do," he observed gloomily. "Now he's looking for a job."

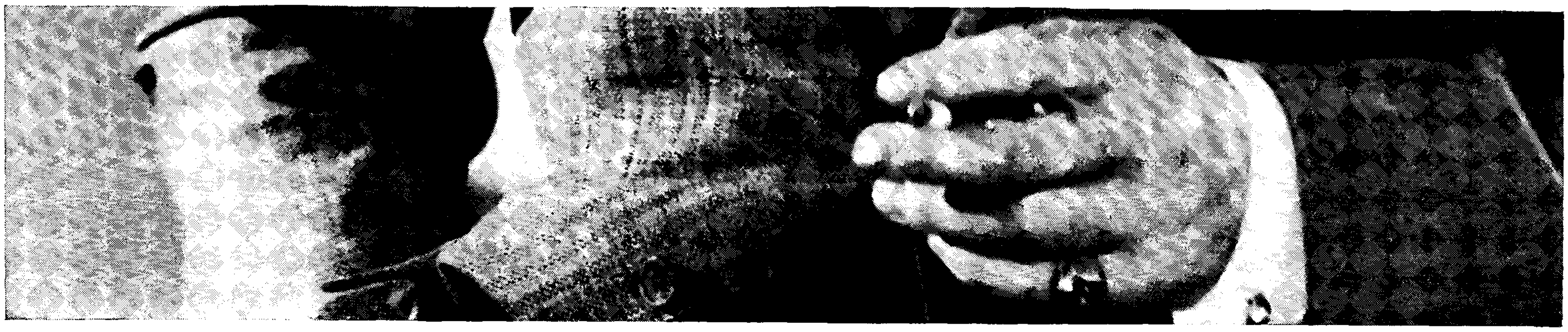
He must finally be persuaded, however, that his success is no transitory thing. He started as a villain (one with redeeming traits and charming dimples but still a villain) but in due time he was the hero. This was the perilous stage of his career; movie fans are fickle toward their heroes. But then, last spring, he was accidentally selected to play with Claudette Colbert in It Happened One Night. This was among the most successful films of the year. It revealed that Gable had no small talents as a player in light comedy. His popularity increased still more. He is today, by box-office standards, the most valuable man on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

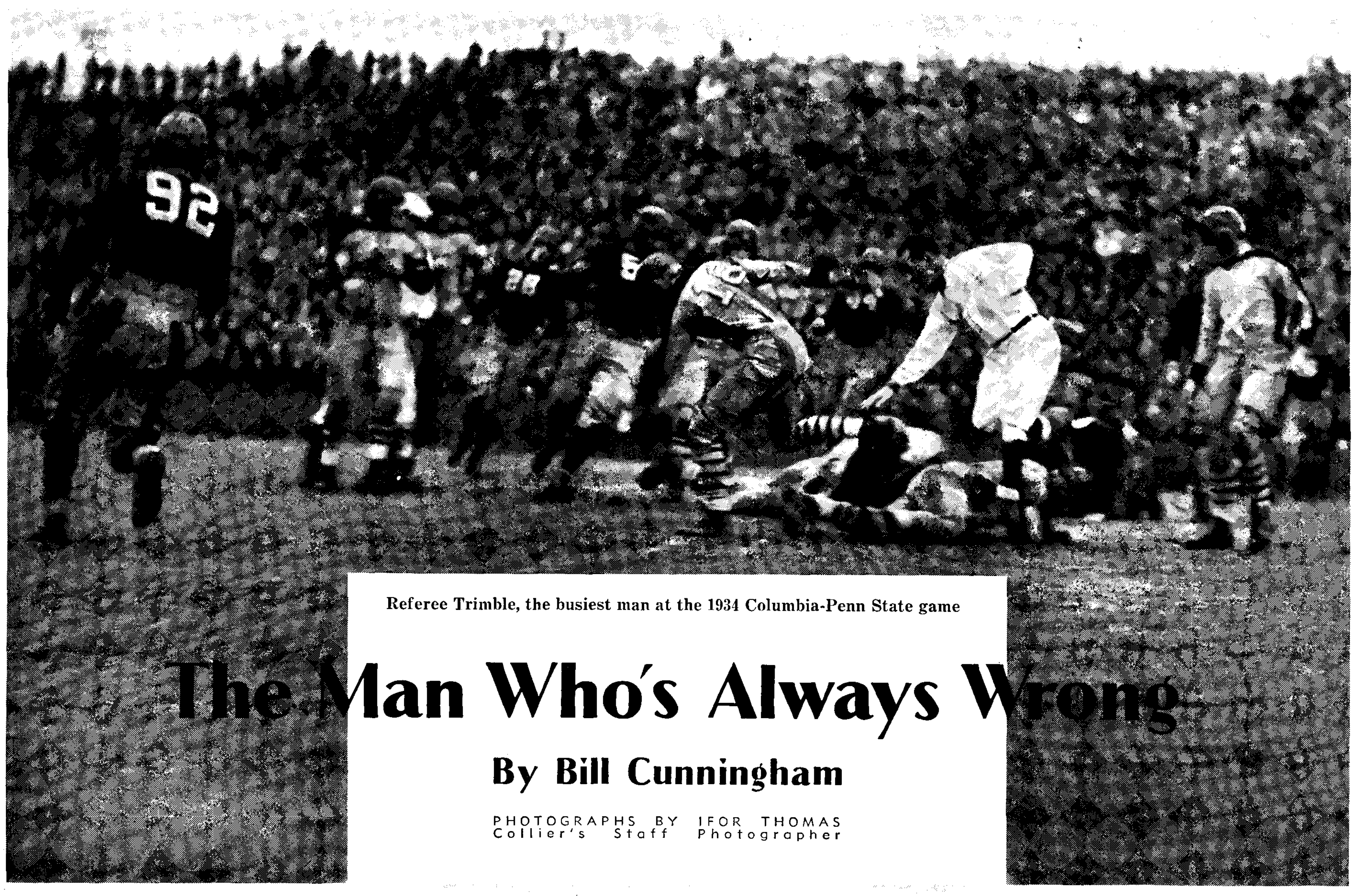
The ladies will be pleased to know that Gable prefers to play rough, out-of-door types. "I look silly balancing a teacup," he explains. Gangster rôles do not excite him much; he can take them or leave them alone. The film he enjoyed most was Hell Divers, in which he was a hard-boiled naval aviator. The one he disliked most was Strange Interlude—which reveals that he is not bad as a self-critic. But he rose to stardom as a gangster-gambler early in 1931. Gable was already fairly important on the M-G-M lot. He had played with Miss Crawford in Dance, Fools, Dance and with Wallie Beery in Secret Six. Clarence Brown, the director, was in the studio restaurant one day in February or March. He was about to make A Free Soul, with Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore as the stars.

Naughty but Nice

Mr. Brown wanted a new type for the gambler who was the villain of this opera. He was to be a pretty bad egg, but he was to fascinate the lovely Norma, who was, of course, a high-born gal. Now Norma, being the star of the picture as well as the wife of Big Boss Irving Thalberg, could not be portrayed as a complete idiot; so the villain had to be fairly attractive. Mr. Brown was puzzled. He gave the studio waitress his usual order of crackers and milk. His Yes Man also ordered crackers and milk. Mr. Brown was pondering deeply

(Continued on page 49)





Referee Trimble, the busiest man at the 1934 Columbia-Penn State game

The Man Who's Always Wrong

By Bill Cunningham

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

BROWN, that band of belligerent Baptists from the Providence Plantations, was trying hard to give Yale a licking in football last year and seemed in a fair way to do it. The ball was on Yale's seven-yard line.

Brown put all she had into four terrific plays. Her backs punched in like catapults. They swarmed and strained and drove their cleats. The line charged low and gave the works. But it wasn't enough; it seldom is in that spot. Yale gave some, but Yale wouldn't give all. When the tumult and the shouting paused for official adjudication of Brown's fourth-down endeavor, the ball was discovered to be on Yale's one-yard line. The Blue had saved the day with a typical old-time goal line stand. It was Yale's ball, first down on her own one-yard line!

She prepared to kick that football out of there.

Stanley Fuller, her punter, went to the back rim of the end zone. He plucked some grass and tossed it up to test the power of the zephyrs. This boot might well mean the game—the very season. The stands were in a frenzy. Brown's packed pavilions were chanting in rapid and thundering cadence, "Block that kick! Block that kick!" The raging red-eyed Bruins along that battle line drove their hooks savagely into the turf and strained against the snap that would turn them loose across that scrimmage stripe.

With the scene here so tensely set, let's throw the machine out of gear and freeze the film into a still the way the college coaches do when they're showing their squads the movies of some opponent's play. I want to point out an actor in the sequence we're following, and I'll bet you haven't noticed him nor even given him a thought.

There he is—the little guy in white knickers with the whistle in his hand—the little fellow over there just aflank the Yale kicker. Ladies and gentlemen, the referee!

Who runs a football game? The referee. His decisions are final and must be made at once. Do the colleges want him to be unfair? Not at all: they simply want favorable decisions. If he rules against the home team, no dormitories will be named for him. In fact, he's not likely to be invited back. He may even find it pleasanter to quit the game. Mr. Cunningham, with a few choice examples, shows you a blacklist in action

Figure his spot on a play of this sort.

Physically, it's behind, or maybe, here, to one side of the team that has the ball, but I don't mean that.

What I mean is, figure if you can the terrific weight that's on him, the responsibility that's his, the almost unbelievable variety of things he must watch for, guard against and be prepared to rule upon instantly, correctly and irrevocably.

Just for instance, he must see that the Yale center has the ball properly placed upon the ground, that he legally snaps it when the snapping signal comes and that his opportunity to snap it isn't interfered with. We're taking it for granted that the ball is in legal shape and condition. If it isn't, the responsibility is the referee's.

He must note the Yale formation. Orthodox football calls for a kick. Surprise football doesn't. It might be a sneak. It might even be a pass. Daring teams have passed their way to victory out of such desperate holes; Princeton snatched a victory from Chicago back in 1921 with a pass that started deep back in the shadows. The referee must note the Yale quarterback. If that young man essays a sneak, he must be at least a yard behind his center when that ball leaves the ground.

Busy Moments

If by any chance Yale maneuvers in a shift, there must be a full second's pause between the shift and the charge. Whatever the play, he must see that Yale uses no more than thirty seconds getting it off. He must be sure that no player of either team makes a deliberate feint to draw the opposition offside, and after the ball is snapped he must watch twenty-two pairs of hands. The Bruin can use his claws in an effort to tear through to the ball but all Yale can do is bunt the Bruins with their shoulders or block them with their bodies. Use of hands is denied offensive warriors.

If the play proves to be a pass, there are a dozen things to watch. If it's a forward pass, the passer must be at least five yards behind the line of scrimmage, and the receiver must originally have been at one end or the other of the scrimmage line or at least a yard behind the line.

If it's a backward pass, it must truly be backward with no forward angle to it at all. The passer mustn't be roughed. There must be no screening, and no interference with a receiver's opportunity of catching it other than an honest try for the ball itself. The guessing on this latter is tough. And it's up to the referee to make it right.

If it really is a kick, there are almost

(Continued on page 41)

A Ticket to Life

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THE day that the terrible quarrel broke which swept two lives out on a flood tide of appalling human passions was dirty-skied with a temperature of cold iron and sufficiently desolate and windswept to help make you understand the folly which prompted O'Sullivan to come home, that of all evenings, with a sweepstakes lottery ticket in his hand.

But you need really to have lived in a street called Finney Avenue for the greater part of your life; in the fumes of a glue factory; under the pall of the soft-coal smoke of hundreds of belching chimneys; in the rattle of the ugly traffic of a manufacturing district, thoroughly to understand the grandeur of O'Sullivan's folly.

There was his wife, with a baby coming soon; his own convalescence from a bad case of shingles which had kept him away five weeks from his bench in the heel-and-counter factory around the corner was scarcely achieved; a sheaf of unpaid bills, including two months' back rent, hung jabbed onto a crowded file behind the kitchen door; his mother-in-law, cruelly arthritic, had that day been forced back to her piecework in the heel-and-counter factory; and to top it all, in walks O'Sullivan on the Saturday night of the conclusion of his first week since the illness, with part of his wages expended for the sweepstakes ticket!

At first, the shower of Maravene's absolutely unprecedented wrath was as menacingly beautiful to him as a storm at sea can be to those who stand watching it from the decks of a ship imperiled by the storm.

THE lovely Maravene of the sherry-colored eyes and the sherry-colored hair, temporarily in eclipse by the burden of the child to which she was about to give birth, crackled into lightning and roared into thunders he had never even dreamed could find egress through such fairness as hers.

She flung at him epithets out of a Celtic tongue he had not suspected she knew. Neither had Maravene. They came rushing, with something akin to race memory, scarifying her lush red lips, striking first a certain admiration, then a certain fear, then an uncontrollable frenzy, into the man who stood at the threshold of their mean home, the sweepstakes ticket in his hand.

"I could kill you! Loafer. Robber of your unborn child. The child my mother and I are ready to give our life's blood, even before it is born, to educate and lift out of the filth of our poverty. Robber. Driver of old women. Gambler. Thief. When our little Mary is born she will be more my mother's and mine than yours!"

This, from a bride of less than a year, who had lain three hundred and forty nights with her bosom his pillow, the sweet smell of the flesh of her breasts in his nostrils.

Too wonderstruck at first to be frightened; then too frightened to be appalled; finally too appalled even to attempt to curb the terribleness of what this revelation of Maravene was doing to his always inflammable self, the volatile temper of O'Sullivan began to jam into his throat, redden into his face, swim in splotches before his eyes.

Why damn! Who was she? Factory girl! Who was this mother of hers, hellion on wheels, whom she was thrusting down his throat as his responsibility? It was his money—wasn't it?—that he had risked on the sweepstakes. Not hers, nor her mother's, nor their unborn baby's, which these confounded women, with their advance hunches, had already christened "Mary." Many a slip— Besides, it was his money, wasn't it? The first spending money he had really allowed himself since this babe of theirs had been in the making. The old woman had driven her girl crazy over this babe in the making. What the devil—of course, he expected to give it a break, a big break—what was the idea of the sweepstakes if not that?

DAMN life, anyway! Was a man, the moment he put his neck into the noose of marriage, to forgo all? And for what? To come home night after night to a wench and her mother who, no doubt, had all day been conniving behind his back for ways and means to spend his hard-earned wages. What the hell! Clean curtains at every window now that a baby was coming. Linoleum beside the new crib, when the hard clack of a bare floor was good to his ears. Bunny-soft stuff in advance for a baby that, for all one knew, might be born without a spark of life in it, as seven of his own mother's thirteen had been.

For what? For what were these two women dinning him? For what, when all the more especially, the sweepstakes ticket had been purchased in the hope that off in England a horse might gallop this child of theirs, about to be born, into a world less filled with the rigors that he, O'Sullivan, knew; that Maravene had known from the time she was old enough to be slavey in the lodging-house where he had first spied her; that Maravene's crone of a mother knew, until of self-neglect there was only one fang in her mouth?

A man would do much to spare his child from coming into a world of webby scrub water, cockroach-ridden work benches, dirty dishes, dirty words of dirty neighbors, sooty soft-coal smoke, dirt-colored days, nights under dirty blankets, even when the flesh of the woman beside him was sweet!

For a few dollars a man could win one hundred thousand! That would hold the old crone, his mother-in-law, and all of her crazy dreams of what she was doing to make the world fine enough for her grandchild to come into!

Why the devil were these two women whipping up in him a fury the like of which he had never experienced?

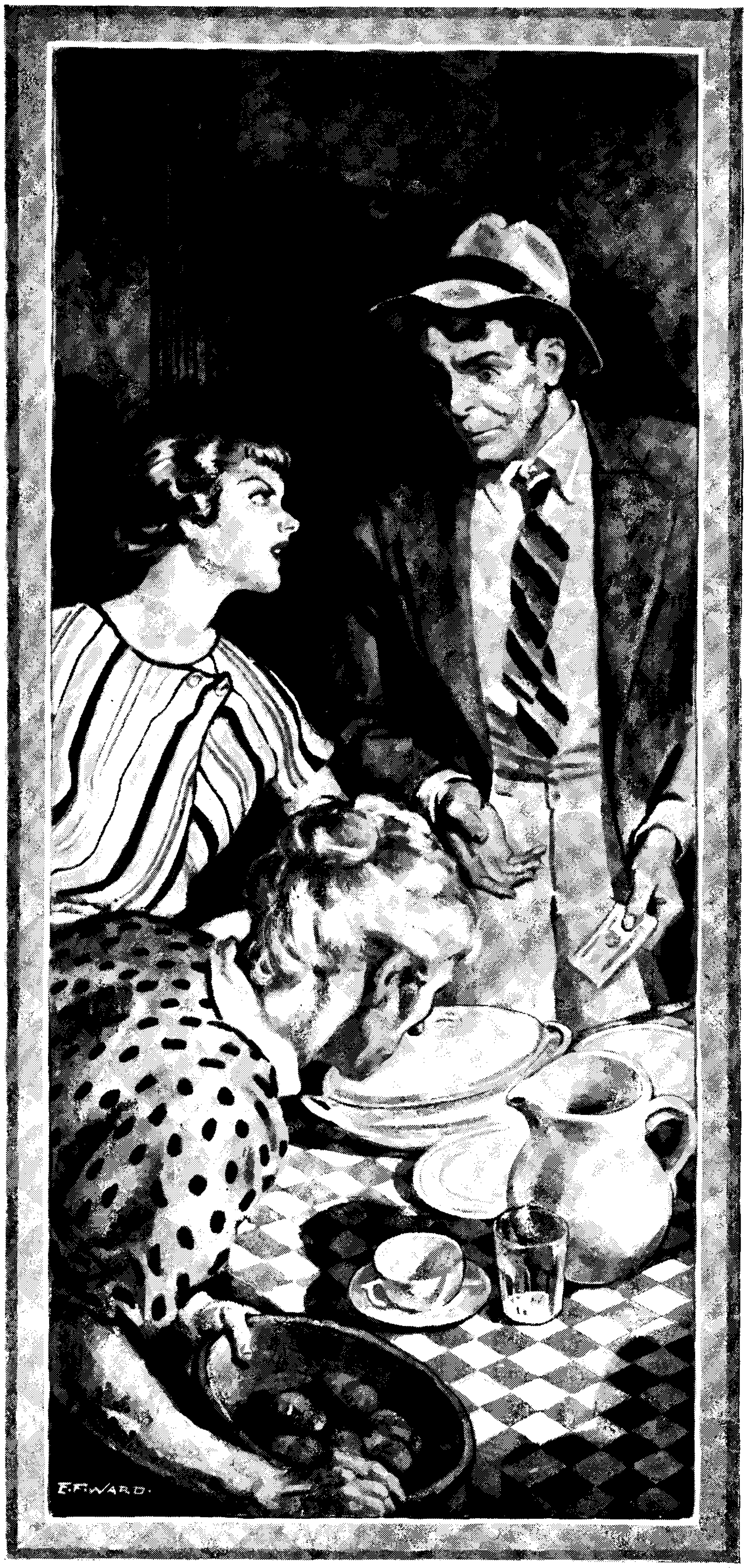
He, O'Sullivan, had been known to fall down in fits from rages less provocative than this that they were whipping up in him! A fury, damn them, that was causing him to burst like shrapnel all over the inside of himself—damn—why—why—what—

Writhing, and with the white of one eye all suffused with red, O'Sullivan fell as he lunged towards his woman, striking, in pitching forward, so that the edge of the stove cleft open his brow.

But it was not the cut that finished O'Sullivan. The cerebral hemorrhage, that flooded the white of his left eye with red, was what did for him.

Clutching the sweepstakes ticket, he fell.

Clasping it, he died.



She flung at him epithets he had not suspected she knew

THE child that was born to Maravene came out of a body that had no will left in it to live. Three doctors labored over it throughout the better part of a night—a pink, firm, right child that, for five minutes before it was born, had reposed in the mausoleum of its dead mother.

The crone of the grandmother came for Mary at the end of the first week following her birth.

The old woman was not aware of it at the time, but the very newspaper in which she carried to the hospital the bunny-soft layette stitched by her late daughter bore headlines of a winning sweepstakes number identical with that of a dirty slip of paper that, by some miracle, still reposed under the dirty alarm clock on the dirty mantel of the dirty little house in Finney Avenue.

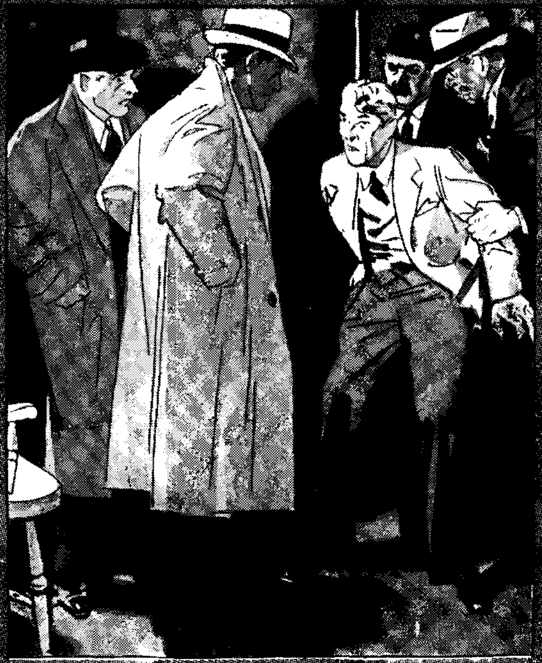
Five hundred nine thousand six hundred sixty-seven was the number under the alarm clock that corresponded to the winning one that had been announced in the newspaper in which had been wrapped the pitiful little garments of the layette that the crone had carried to the hospital.

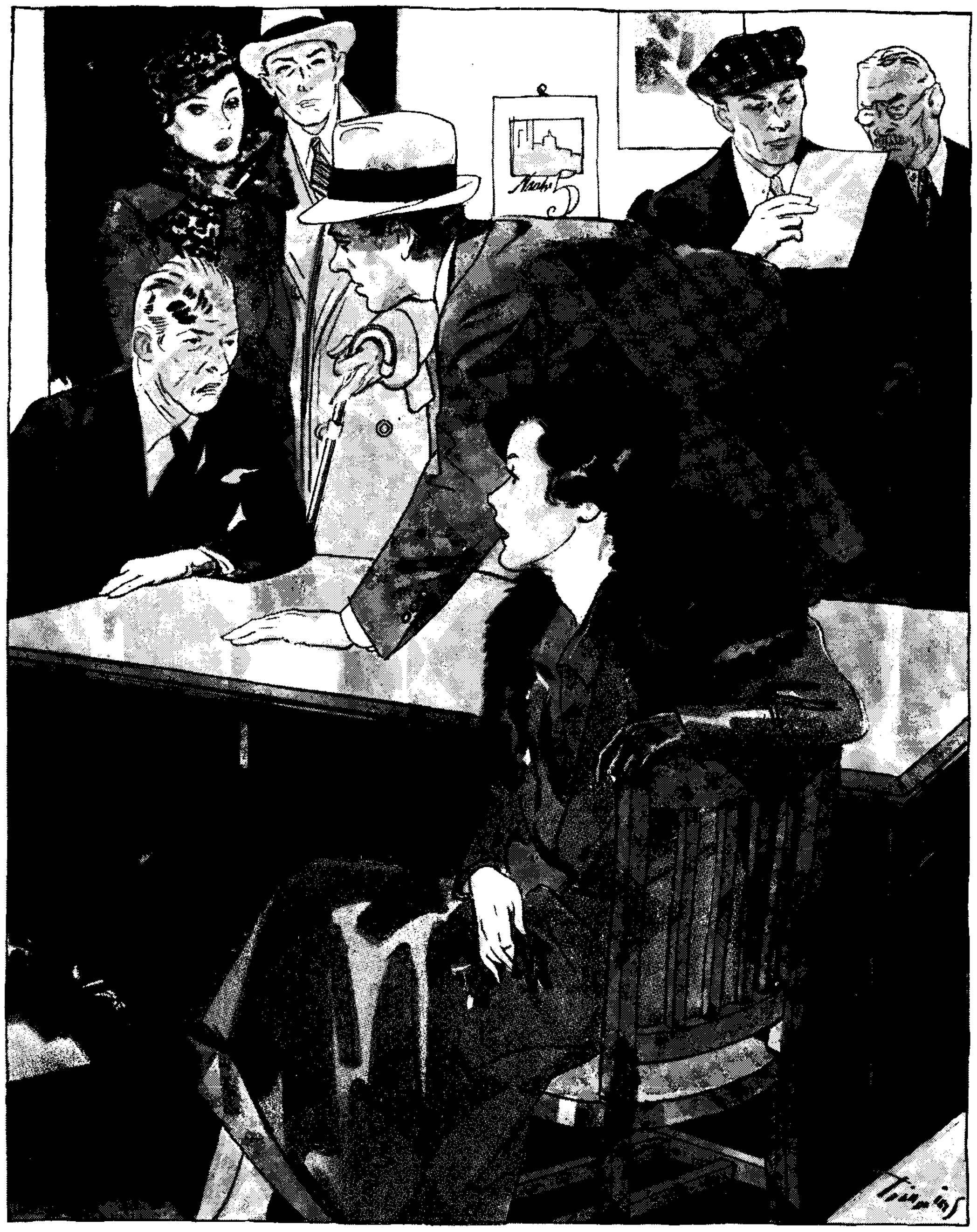
Pigeon-Wise

O'Malley again. Baffled on the ground, our favorite detective takes to the air. And with what results!

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TIMMINS





"How come, Eddie," O'Malley asked the little man, "that you said you was Norcot over the phone at the hotel?"

"THIS case," O'Malley said, "is just a routine police job. A guy was in his room in his hotel and somebody come and shot a hole in him. No one feels bad that he kicked off or cares who done it, but still I got to work on it. Jeff Enlock his name was. This was one of them guys that hang around Broadway and always have money and nobody knows where they get it; everybody called him by his first name and his reputation was that he would double-cross his mother."

He had a police picture of the dead man. Enlock had been handsome but looked dissipated, and he wore expensive clothes and jewelry.

"Is there any evidence who committed the murder?" I inquired.

"I expect we might not find any. This fellow knew society people and bartenders and actors and gamblers, and a hundred guys might have put lead in him for about that many different reasons. The good thing about this case is, if I find out something I will get credit, but if I don't find out nothing that will be O. K., too."

We went to the hotel. It was plain that the hotel people were put out at having a murder there.

"The police have already been here," the manager informed us angrily.

"Sure," said O'Malley, "and now we're here again. Let's see that room."

He showed it to us grudgingly. It was on the second floor and around a corner from the elevators. There was a stairway near. We examined the room but it didn't tell us anything. It was disordered and had been searched.

"We won't never solve this case," O'Malley decided. "Who found the guy?"

"A bellboy was going through the hall and saw that the door wasn't closed completely. He knocked and then investigated. That was about three this morning. Enlock had come in alone a little after two."

"Didn't anybody hear the shot?" I asked.

"I guess they heard it," O'Malley replied, "but they didn't know it was a shot, so now they don't remember it. How long had this dead guy lived here?"

"About two years, but not continuously. He was away frequently, but when he came back we gave him the same room because he liked it."

"He liked it because his visitors could walk up?"

"He never said why he liked it."

"Where was it he went when he was away?"

"He gave us no address. Someone called here and got his mail. There was never much of it."

"WELL, we got nothing to help," O'Malley concluded. "I didn't think we would. Somebody come in here and nobody seen him. He probably walked up, because the elevator operators don't remember him. He shot the guy and nobody paid attention to the shot. Then he walked down and still they didn't see him. This is a hot hotel!"

The manager looked uncomfortable. "It's not so bad as you make it," he said. "I told the police I didn't know of anybody coming here, but I have found since that we have a record of a visitor. About half an hour after Enlock had come in, someone called him on a house phone. The switchboard operator listened to be sure Enlock was in."

"Sure, they always listen. I guess she didn't hear nothing."

"She did. The man in the lobby said, 'This is Norcot,' and Enlock said, 'Come up.' I telephoned the police and told them about this as soon as I learned it."

We went back to the lobby.

"Don't go too fast on this, O'Malley," I warned him. "There must be a lot of men named Norcot, and one of them is in the public eye just now because he is going to marry Miss Trenir. The wedding is going to take place in a couple of weeks and there's been a lot about it in the papers. If you suspect the wrong Norcot it will make trouble."

"I don't read about them people, and I ain't suspecting anybody, but we might find out."

He telephoned headquarters.

"That's the right Norcot," he announced when he came out of the booth. "He had a fight with Enlock about a week ago in a restaurant. They don't know what it was about. Some cops are getting hold of Norcot now. I don't expect Miss Trenir would know nothing, but they want I should go and see her."

We took a cab to get there. It was a big, fine house on the East Side. O'Malley said one never learned anything about people by going in their front doors, so we went round in back to a door in the basement and a servant let us in and went to tell Miss Trenir who we were. O'Malley expected there would be servants there that we could talk to, but we saw nobody; we went around and looked in the rooms. The rooms didn't tell us anything about Miss Trenir. In one of them there was a basket with some pigeons. Then the servant came back and we followed him upstairs.

MISS TRENIR was about twenty-three years old and even more beautiful that her pictures in the newspapers. But she looked pale, and I thought, seemed frightened.

"What is it?" she asked.

"You know a guy named Enlock, Miss Trenir?"

"No."

"O. K. What did him and Mr. Norcot have some trouble about?"

"I didn't know of any trouble. I never even heard of anyone named Enlock."

"Fair enough," O'Malley said. "Who owns them pigeons downstairs?"

She got a little paler. "They're—mine. I—bought them."

"She doesn't know anything about it, O'Malley," I declared when we had got outside.

"Yeah? So don't your aunt Emma. You're a dumb guy. You see any place

(Continued on page 50)

Thought for the Morrow

By Harold L. Ickes

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

That loud creaking sound you hear is the protest of barns and grain elevators overloaded with unexportable surpluses. Is the government deaf to it that it goes on spending millions to reclaim arid land? No, says Mr. Ickes, it is just looking ahead. He shows you how the individual projects fit into the Administration's glittering picture of the America of the future

Owyhee Dam, in Oregon, one of the units in the vast power-conservation-reclamation system being planned for the West

FROM Roosevelt to Roosevelt has been a significant epoch in American history. Short as the span since the vibrant and colorful T. R. strode off the stage, we have had to assume many new concepts of the range and responsibility of government. Even with respect to those things which were so close to his heart—the reclamation and rewinning of the West—we have had to make fundamental and far-reaching changes. We have had to develop a piecemeal policy into a national program for the proper use of our rich natural resources. Perhaps no other problem before this Administration so vividly reflects the great new forces which are operating to remake America for the good of the common citizen.

To Theodore Roosevelt reclamation meant simply giving an opportunity to fertile lands to bear crops and life. Irrigated tracts produced new farms, inhabited homesteads, unfailing crops for which there were ready markets at good prices. When he established the reclamation service in 1902, it did not matter where the water came from or what land was transformed from dead-pan into a garden. It was simply a question of building storage dams, scarifying the surface of the rich soil with ditches, planting the seeds and turning on the water. There was then no question of agricultural overproduction, glutted markets and an exportable surplus which we could not dispose of.

The reclamation policy of the first Roosevelt was, necessarily, a pioneering proposition. It was new and untested. National planning was only an idea in embryo. It was perfectly natural for localities with arable land and a dam site to call upon the government for creation of an irrigation district. It was equally natural that if the first district were set up in Colorado, the second should be allotted to Arizona or some other western state.

Not a Political Problem

This was merely the application of the seasoned political principle of passing the favors around. It was not satisfactory. It did not move toward a well-defined or understood objective. It left too much to political chance or influence. It was not motivated by a national perspective.

Today it is a more vast and vexing subject. The Administration of the present Roosevelt must use care in placing new land under cultivation. Indeed, one of its major concerns is to discourage the accumulation of surplus foodstuffs which cannot be sold here or abroad. The problem is one of restricting production, of withdrawing land from the sower, of prescribing a sedative so that agriculture may recover from the overstimulation it suffered as a result of World War necessities.

So we have had to adopt an entirely different policy. We have found that reclamation as we knew it in the past is only one piece of the jig-saw that must be fitted into the national picture. We know that we must move in an orderly and reasonable way. Now we are studying the nation's natural resources in their entirety; we are coördinating them into an efficient and economic unit. We no longer view great rivers and watersheds in the light of what a particular locality desires or thinks it wants. We are exploring them with our minds on cheaper sources of power, new navigational facilities and the salvaging of land from the plundering of uncontrolled wind and water.

We do not, for instance, consider it good policy to build an unrelated irrigation dam in order to impound the waters for the benefit of a small area. Although approximately one thousand miles removed from the Grand Coulee Dam under construction on the Columbia River in Washington, Boulder Dam on the lower Colorado River has been fitted into our program of water and land and power development of the great Northwest.

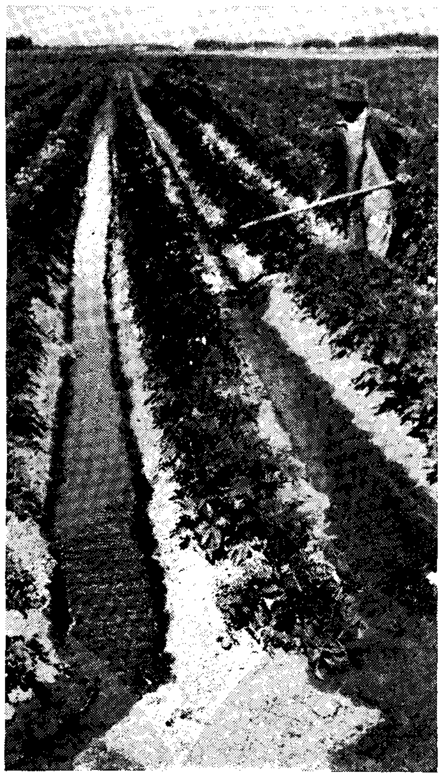
Planning with a Purpose

Instead of marshaling our streams and building great storage dams for the salvation of a restricted area, we are using them to solve such kindred problems as flood control, navigation, prevention of erosion, development of hydroelectricity, protection of our waters from sewage pollution.

For a very definite purpose. We seek to prevent such needless calamities as the droughts and floods and land waste which rob us of billions of dollars in taxable values and strike hardship in the homes of industrious citizens. We are preparing for the day when a larger and more urgent population will require

(Continued on page 32)

Irrigation proves its value in times of drought. A canal on the Carlsbad project in New Mexico



Idaho's famous potatoes growing in soil irrigated by water from the Minidoka project

Two on Safari

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

A YOUNG Englishman, the Honorable Laurence Morland, has disappeared in the heart of East Africa. Ballard Mallory, an American adventurer, is sent from London to find him. According to an agreement made with Grast, Furman and Menck, solicitors handling the Morland estate, he is to receive expenses and a nominal salary—should he find the boy alive; if, however, the boy is dead, *he is to receive a bonus of five thousand pounds!*

On the boat, bound for Africa, Mallory meets a girl: Josephine Cascoden. He tells her that he is going on a long safari; that and nothing more. To his amazement, she insists on accompanying him. And accompany him she *does*, despite his strenuous objections.

"Jo" Cascoden—young, beautiful, courageous—fascinates Mallory. But he finds her an enigma. At times, she seems to be on the verge of falling in love with him; at other times she exhibits a dislike for him which she cannot conceal. Wondering who she is, why she is in Africa, he endeavors to trick her into an admission of some sort—and fails. Jo Cascoden is not the sort to "give herself away." At Delagoa Bay, one of their stopping places, she receives a mysterious cablegram which leaves her pale and unnerved. But she declines to tell Mallory what that message is. . . .

At last the safari begins. With a picturesque retinue—including Ali, the head boy who speaks many dialects; Jocko-Achmed, the cook; Abdul, a noted gun-bearer; Bongo, who handles the horses; and many others—they plunge into the bush. At the first stop Mallory rides away, with the intention of visiting a near-by village, where one Ibn-ben-Dur, whom he knows, has a shop which supplies travelers. He needs additional supplies; and Ibn, he believes, may be able to give him news of Laurence Morland.

Again the girl surprises him. When he leaves, she disobeys his orders to remain at the camp. Riding after him, she catches him, joins him. Arrived at the village, they find Ibn in his shop. The man—a fat, crafty-eyed Banyan—disclaims any knowledge of Morland's fate. As he talks, he watches Josephine, keeps an admiring gaze on her. When the interview ends, he presents her with a valuable pearl, which Mallory advises her to accept.

Back at the camp, Mallory, observing the preparations for supper, is in a pleasant frame of mind. He does not know, he little dreams, what lies before him—and Jo Cascoden.

VII

ABDUL, Josephine's personal servant, stepped out to take charge of her. No longer did he wear the ceremonial white gown of civilization; he was dressed in fez, khaki jacket and shorts. Unlike the slender Ali, he was rather stockily built but in his face was the selfsame expression with which the other Swahilis and, to a lesser extent, all the men of the safari habitually regarded her. It was an odd look, genial enough, yet totally lacking in respect. It puzzled her only because she did not have the key; she was a woman, the property of the white master, and only as property did she have value. Unconscious of that vast world which looks upon a female as a mere utility, she liked Abdul none the less because he could serve without servility.

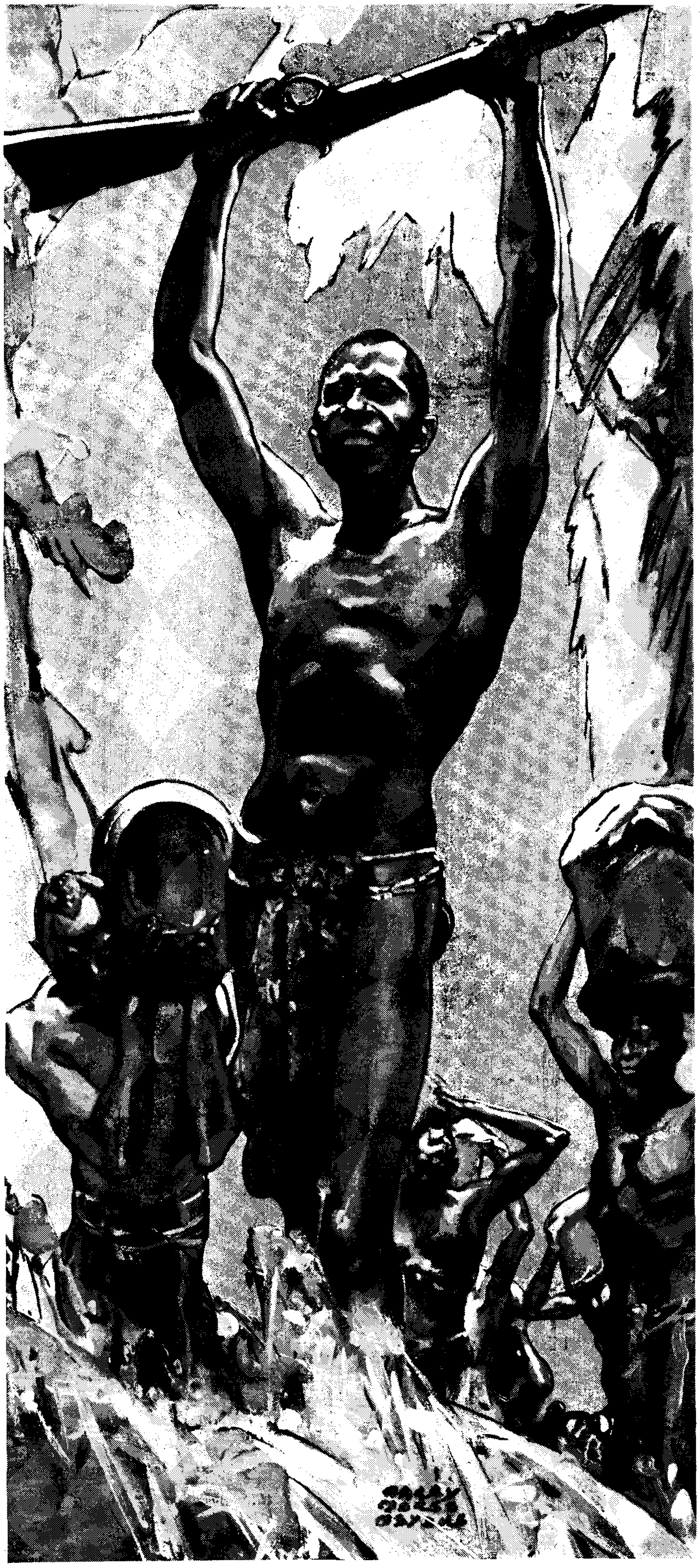
"Abdul, what's happened?"

"Master kill plenty meat."

"No, no; not that. Something else."

His eyes met hers intelligently. "Big *indaba* tonight," he said shortly and turned as if to escape further questioning.

In due course she was seated at table with a Ballard she did not know. He had assumed no mask but seemed preoccupied to the point of ignoring her presence. It was as though he sat alone, but there was nothing the matter with his appetite, for he plowed through course after course of the amazing dinner with the diligence of a stoker tending a fire. Soup, fish and the broiled tenderloin from a reedbuck were paraded before them and she did her part, but with a difference. Her eyes, wandering from his face, plunged into the surrounding shadows on a voyage of mounting discovery.



He raised the gun in a strange salute. It was as if he said, "This is our beloved child. Behold how carefully I tend it"

A silent horde was present. Women squatted on the ground beside gourds, bowls and baskets of provisions, some of them nursing babes at their breasts. Behind them, as immobile as the trunks of trees, she discerned groups of men wearing nothing but G strings and each armed with an assagai. While they did not stand in serried ranks, they converged on a central figure which brought her gaze to a sudden halt. Of all the natives this man alone was seated. A black wax ring was perched like a crown on the top of his head and he wore a single drab gown with a dignity that gave him an air of royalty. He sat very straight, his eyes fixed immovably on Ballard across twenty yards of intervening space.

"WHO is he?" asked Josephine.

"What?" said Ballard, with the absent frown of one who has been inexcusably disturbed.

"The old man," persisted Josephine, "with the funny black crown on his head. Who is he?"

"It isn't a crown," said Ballard impatiently, "it's a *shidlodlo*. He's Matogada, paramount chief of the Ndongas."

"Thank you," murmured Josephine, feeling as though she were speaking to a stone image, for Ballard had again withdrawn into himself. Only when the table had been cleared did he seem to become conscious of her and then merely as an obstacle of which he wished to be rid.

"Do you mind backing off a bit?" he asked, not discourteously but with an overwhelming impersonality. "You might sit in one of the hammock chairs or go to bed."

She had no intention of going to bed. Without answering she went to her chair, lit a cigarette and settled back to watch. Ballard seemed to have become a mechanism traveling along an appointed track. There were things which had to be done in a certain order—things everybody knew about except herself. First came sick parade; with the medicine chest open at his side he proceeded to dispense medical aid with an astonishing assurance to all those who felt or pretended to feel need for it. Each genuine demand he treated with patience and solicitude, but to every malingerer he prescribed raw quinine from a spoon. Their retching convulsions aroused gales of laughter from everybody save himself and Chief Matogada; they two sat like impassive idols amid the general hilarity.

After the sick came the produce venders. Rising from the table, he threaded the maze of squatting women, discarding what Jocko rejected and bargaining for such supplies as he could use. There were occasional wails of protest, but in the end all accepted the price offered with a smirk of satisfaction and at a shouted order from Ali the women with-

TIRED OUT?
GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL

ACROSS HIS DESK flows the news of the world: Ray Baker of International News Service. 70,000 miles of telegraph wires and direct cable loops with foreign countries flash 100,000 words a day to Baker . . . to be quickly judged and edited.

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCES THAT POINT THE WAY TO INCREASED ENERGY!

Newspaper man—hockey star—business woman—wherever smokers are placed in life, they notice a positive energy-refreshing effect from smoking Camels when they are tired or "out of sorts."

As Ray Baker says regarding his own experience: "The man on the INS news desk has a high-pressure job. A big story breaks and I am on the desk for ten hours...twelve hours ...working at top speed! The most enjoyable way of easing the strain that I know is smoking Camels. My experience has been that whenever I feel 'all in' Camels bring back my pep, and I can tackle the next big story with renewed energy! For over ten years I've preferred Camels. They have a rich, distinctive flavor that just suits me. And I can smoke Camels continually without jangled nerves."

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HOCKEY STAR. "Bill" Cook says: "I guard my nerves and yet smoke all I want because I smoke only Camels. Their taste sure hits the spot! I smoke a lot and I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."

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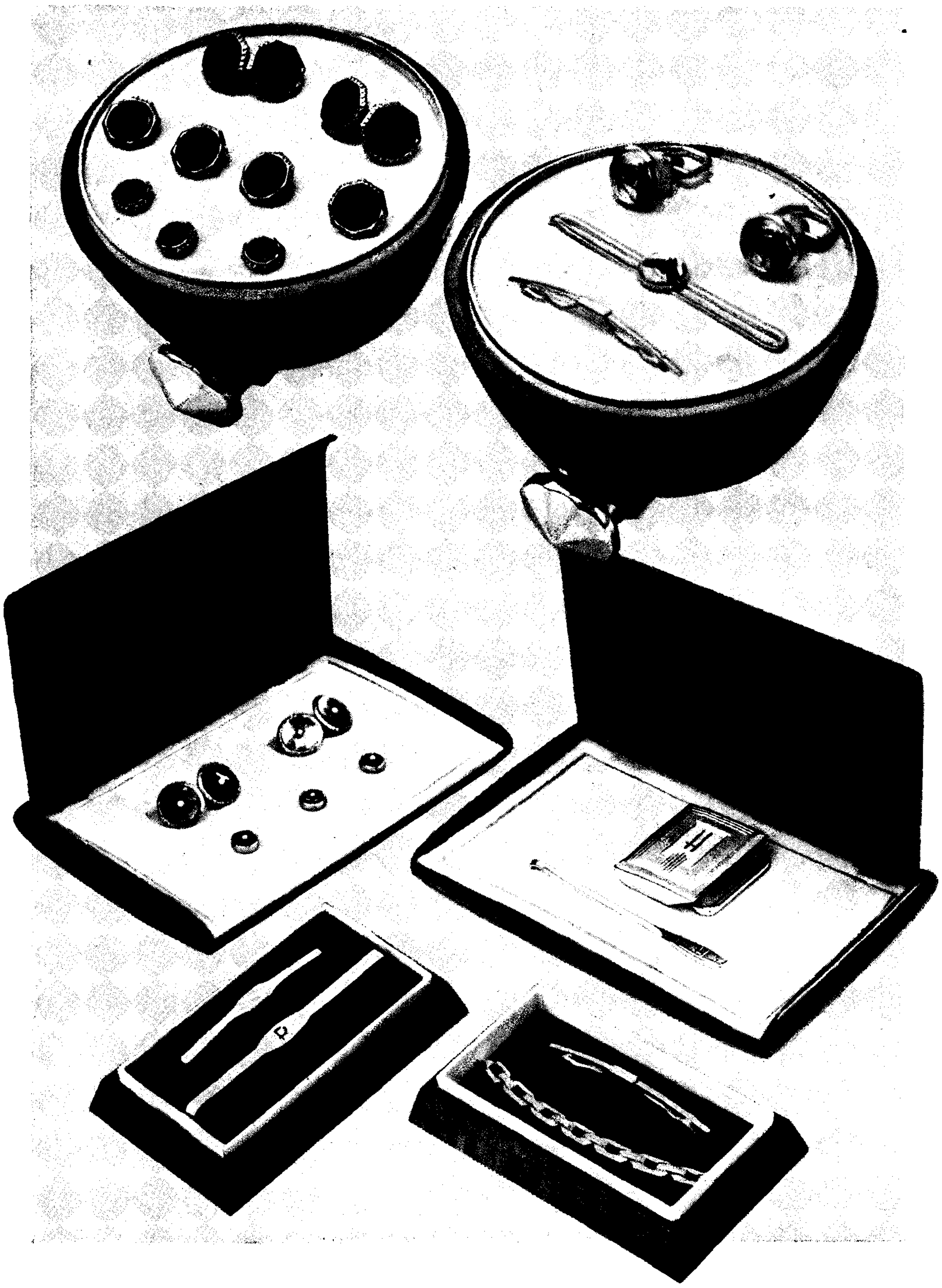
DISTINCTIVE GIFTS FOR MEN!

DRESS SET . . . Cuff links, studs, and vest buttons in onyx (also smoked or white Mother of Pearl) . . . smart octagonal and round designs. In gift container which, used with any glass, becomes a most practical beverage shaker.
COMPLETE . . . **$5.00**
With Oriental pearl centers $7.50

DRESS SET . . . for dinner clothes or full dress . . . cuff links and shirt studs in smoked Mother of Pearl (also onyx or white Mother of Pearl) . . . round and octagonal designs with Oriental pearl centers. Packed in handsome pocket cigarette case.
COMPLETE . . . **$4.50**
Without pearl centers, set is $3.00

INITIAL SET . . . A tie clip, with initial lending a personal touch . . . and plain collar bar . . . both in rich hammered design, finished in special HICKOK plate guaranteed for life . . . packed in a smart bakelite ash tray.
COMPLETE . . . **$2.00**
Other designs in special Hickok plate, or goldplate, $1.00 and $1.50



An unusual set of cuff links, tie clip, and collar bar . . . sport design crystals on links and clip. In green, black or red beverage shaker-top gift container.
COMPLETE . . . **$3.00**
Other sets at $2.50 and $3.50

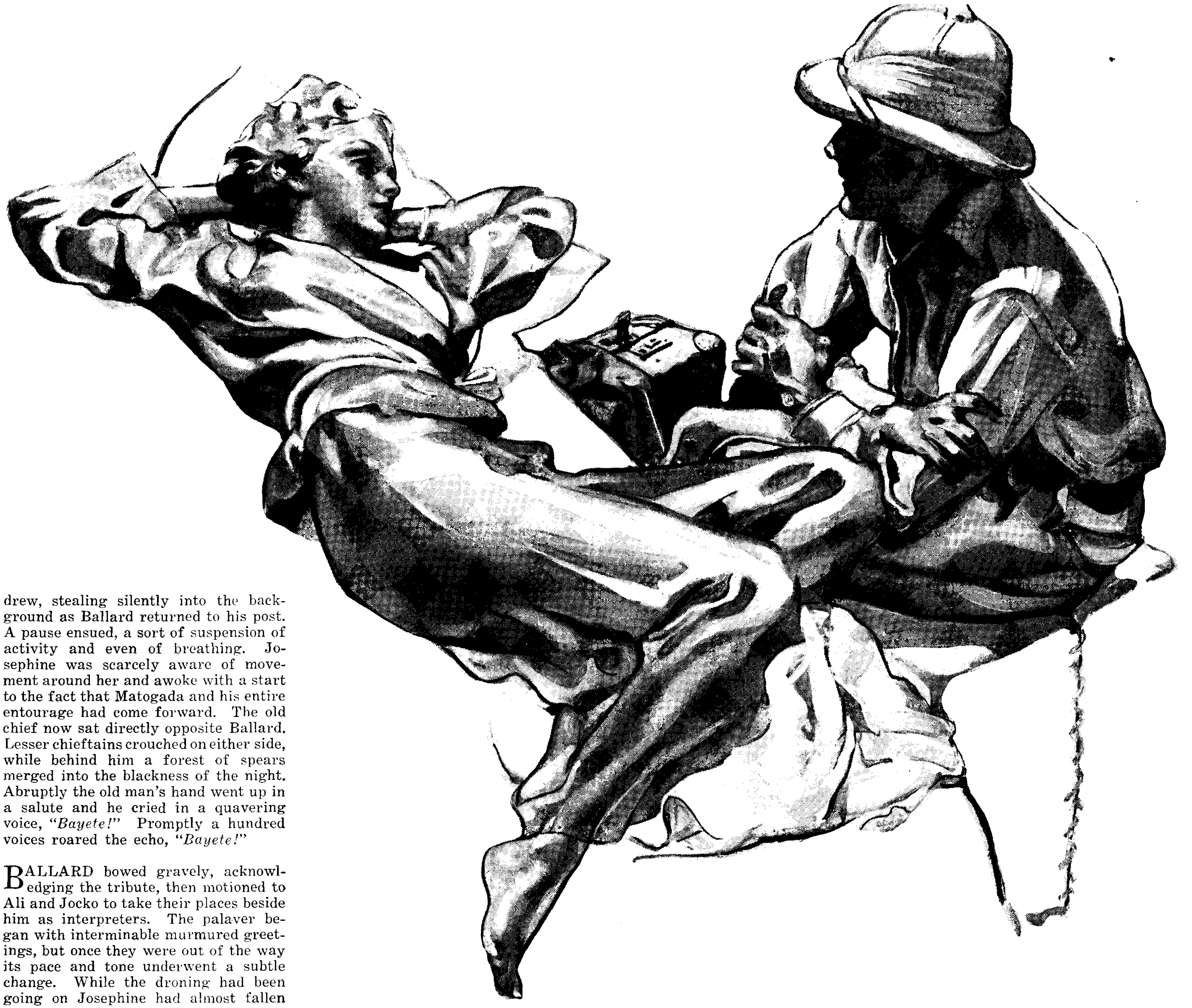
INITIAL SET . . . A smart belt buckle, modern in design, and with the individual touch of the wearer's initial, matched with an initial tie clip . . . in a special pocket cigarette case (black or brown).
COMPLETE . . . **$1.50**
Other sets in sterling silver at $3.00

TIE & COLLAR SET . . . smart new chain-design tie clip and collar bar in special HICKOK gold or silver finish, guaranteed for life . . . packed in a modern individual bakelite ash tray.
COMPLETE . . . **$1.00**
Other sets at $1.50 and $2.00, and in sterling, $3.00

These smart new apparel jewelry sets for men are handsome, correct accessories of the kind every man wants, needs and really *uses.* In design they are modern . . . yet distinguished by faultless good taste. Workmanship is, in every detail, of the finest. The fact that they're by Hickok guarantees their quality and their welcome. P. S. *Note the clever containers, too . . . which are in themselves attractive and useful gifts!* Select now.

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP
DISTINCTIVE JEWELRY FOR MEN



"Do anything you like and it can't change the thing you've become to me," he told her. "Perhaps you're ordinary, but no amount of proof would make me believe it"

drew, stealing silently into the background as Ballard returned to his post. A pause ensued, a sort of suspension of activity and even of breathing. Josephine was scarcely aware of movement around her and awoke with a start to the fact that Matogada and his entire entourage had come forward. The old chief now sat directly opposite Ballard. Lesser chieftains crouched on either side, while behind him a forest of spears merged into the blackness of the night. Abruptly the old man's hand went up in a salute and he cried in a quavering voice, "*Bayete!*" Promptly a hundred voices roared the echo, "*Bayete!*"

BALLARD bowed gravely, acknowledging the tribute, then motioned to Ali and Jocko to take their places beside him as interpreters. The palaver began with interminable murmured greetings, but once they were out of the way its pace and tone underwent a subtle change. While the droning had been going on Josephine had almost fallen asleep, but now she found herself wide awake, her eyes fully engaged. She could understand nothing, but she could see the selfsame glow come to life in every black face within the range of her vision. Finally, as suddenly as a bird shot in mid-air, the talk ceased at a single word from Ballard. A mat was spread on the ground between Matogada and the table and no sooner was it laid than a weird figure sprang out to kneel at its edge.

The newcomer was less naked than the rest of the tribe only because he wore a tangled mat of ochred hair and half a dozen necklaces of greasy amulets. From the thong which served him for a belt he detached a small rawhide bag, poured from it a dozen assorted shells, bones and seeds, caught them up and rolled them. To Josephine the faces around the mat had already seemed intent, yet now they appeared to undergo a transformation which plunged them into some mystic world beyond her reckoning. Ballard was leaning far forward, his arms folded, his chin planted on his wrist, his eyes absorbed and his ears eager. Except that he was white he was the exact counterpart of Matogada and his attendant chieftains. Presently the man with the ochred locks extended a scrawny arm, and dragging rather than pointing with one of his talon-like fingers, plunged into the intricacy of reading the omen of the bones.

Josephine realized the futility of approaching Ballard; she beckoned to Abdul. "What are they doing?" she asked.

Abdul leaned over to murmur almost inaudibly, "Missis, they read the bones."

Promptly a frown puckered Ballard's brow and he made a quick gesture with his fingers. Abdul caught hold of Josephine's sleeve and tugged at it.

"What are you doing?" she whispered angrily.

"You go to bed now," he informed her.

His look rather than the whispered words gave her the choice between going on her own feet or being carried. She preferred to walk. In bed she closed her eyes resolutely, but to her annoyance she could not shut out the picture of Ballard as the center of the visible world. All other worlds had strangely faded out, all else was forgotten—who she was or had been and how she came to be here. This was a beginning, as though her present self had sprung full-fledged from nowhere. She tried to recapture the young girl who had attached herself to him with the insolence of all parasites, and failed. Somehow she was no longer a parasite. She stood apart, not only from Ballard but from her former self. Strangely enough the purpose which had given her the strength to jump conventional barriers remained, but everything else was changed.

NO LONGER did she feel like a force; she was an observer, almost inanimate, a head without body. Even her eyelids did not function properly, since, when she closed them, they could not shut out the vision of a white man absurdly absorbed with a dozen black images in reading the portent of a handful of silly shells and bones. She was awake—so fully awake she felt she could never sleep—yet when she opened her eyes it was to look out on blazing sunlight and to find Ballard seated beside her cot.

"What are you doing here?" she asked drowsily.

"Trying to wake you. In another minute I was going to tip you out of bed."

His tone struck a note strange to her ears. She dragged herself half erect, her hands braced behind her, and studied his face intently. "I'm awake now. What has happened? What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Everything is all right."

"That's not true," she asserted, continuing to study his face; intuitively she sensed he had turned some corner, acquired new direction and a purpose of his own. "You're different—inside. Something must have happened."

His eyes smiled at her appreciatively as though, momentarily, they were detached from the gravity within him. "All right," he said, "I admit it. A lot of things have happened—have been happening for quite a while."

"To us?"

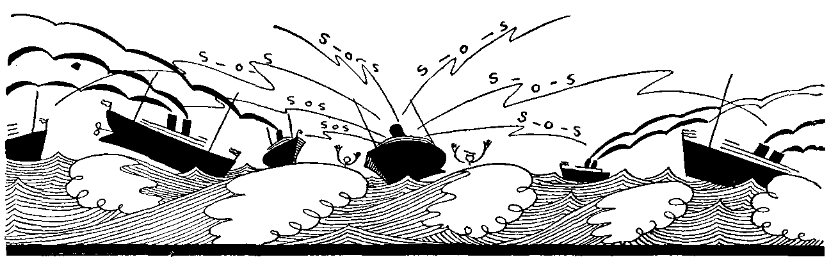
"No." He made a gesture to the west and north. "Out there."

Her face paled. "You've had some news."

"Lots of it."

"Is—is anybody dead?" she asked after a breathless pause.

(*Continued on page 44*)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Since the installation of wireless on passenger ships in 1915, 17,053 lives have been lost in major disasters compared with 13,812 in the preceding 20-year period, the figures excluding all who were lost through war activity. Greater travel probably accounts for this greater loss. On the other hand, there have been a larger number of ships to answer SOS calls and facilitate rescue work. *—By M. G. Shutt, Des Moines, Iowa.*

Measuring solar radiation is highly intricate work. Often six hours are spent in taking observations with the pyrheliometer, bolometer and pyranometer and then another six hours are required in computing the results of these observations, the figures having to be corrected for depth of atmosphere, ozone, moisture, dust, and the absorption in the mirror reflection, in the prisms and in the black strips in the instruments.

Not all the princes of India are fabulously wealthy. Their incomes and territories vary tremendously. There are 662 of them and they range all the way from the Nizam of Hyderabad, who rules over a rich and populous state the size of Minnesota and has an annual income of $25,000,000, down to the little fellow who rules over a poor village in the Simla Hills and has an annual income of only $500.

The velocity of sound increases with the elasticity and density of its medium. While still air will carry a sound wave only 1,092 feet in a second, water carries it 4,730 feet, pine wood 10,900 feet, cast iron 15,700 feet and granite 12,960 feet.

No proof or sworn statement is required when registering a birth, marriage or death in England today. Thus it is easy to record the "birth" of a bogus baby when desiring an increased unemployment allowance, to secure a marriage license when already married, or to obtain a death certificate in a murder case from a credulous physician, as he is not obliged to examine the body and determine for himself the cause of the death.

In ancient Athens the streets were so narrow and crowded that the lower part of the houses showed signs of wear from the constant contact with the pedestrians. In fact, some streets were so narrow that the householders had to give a warning knock on the inside of their doors before opening them so they would not knock over the passers-by.*—By B. W. Creighton, New Brunswick, New Jersey.*

The costliest political conference in history took place on "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," near Ardres, France, in 1520 between Francis I and Henry VIII. Francis erected a magnificent palace, chapel and other buildings, all gold decorated, for the entertainment of Henry and the nobility of England and France. Nothing, however, was accomplished in the 17 days. No one wanted to get very far away from a large fountain which, from morning until midnight, poured forth two kinds of wine.

The subconscious mind is believed by some to retain an impression of every detail in our lives. But most details never return to the conscious mind except during some mental aberration. One case was that of an illiterate servant girl who, in delirium, recited many passages in Latin, Greek and Hebrew which she had overheard her one-time master repeat in his study.*—By T. J. Hughes, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Because of its remarkable ability to deaden blows and even stop certain bullets, silk armor has been used in many countries from earliest times almost to the present day. In fact, thousands of English soldiers wore padded silk necklets during the World War. Incidentally, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose assassination started the war, wore a vest of silk armor on the day he was shot in the head in Sarajevo, Serbia.*—By H. L. Berg, Blue Ash, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue. New York City.

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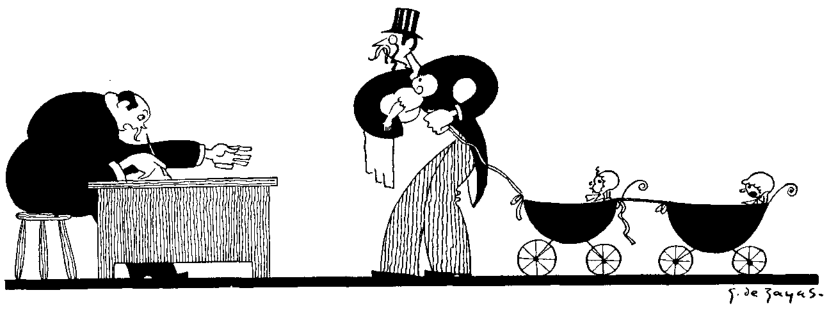


Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 16

"Did you know it was sold?" he persisted.

"When I tell you that I knew nothing about it, I'm telling you the exact truth," she replied.

"Of course," said Wilcox.

"You don't believe me," she said.

"I haven't said I don't. Now, be reasonable, Miss Plaice. This case has taken a new twist. Your revolver killed Murdoch and Haworth. Our ballistics men say that the bullets taken from the bodies of Haworth and Murdoch were fired from the gun we picked up on Lexington Avenue. That gun at one time belonged to you. What I want to know is why those men were killed with that particular weapon."

"If I knew I'd surely tell you," she replied.

He looked at her thoughtfully.

"Under certain conditions I think you would," he conceded. "But under other conditions perhaps you wouldn't tell me."

"What would those last conditions be?" she asked.

"Well, suppose you brought some servant on with you to kill Haworth. I mean, suppose you'd planned to kill him last May and pretended the gun was lost—"

"Before I'd ever met Mr. Haworth?" she shrewdly interjected.

"Maybe you wanted to kill someone else," he grinned.

TENSION seemed suddenly lessened. She managed an answering smile.

"Haven't you any theory, Sergeant?" she asked.

"I had a corker a few minutes ago. I suppose you can prove you didn't meet Haworth until June?"

"If you think it's necessary. I met him at Allied's studio here. My director, Frank Torrance, introduced him. I think Mr. Torrance will remember the incident."

"He does," said Wilcox.

"You verify everything, don't you?"

"In advance," he laughed. Then mirth departed from his expression and voice. "Coincidence is a common thing, Miss Plaice. Any detective who sneers at coincidence is stupid. Life is filled with coincidence, so why shouldn't it occur in any criminal case? But this one seems pretty far-fetched. Haworth is killed with a weapon belonging to a woman who could—I say *could*—have had a motive for killing him. I mean, he might have refused to marry you. That is, of course, incredible. I'm not flattering when I tell you that I can't conceive of any man not wanting to marry you. But here we are—the possibility remains that you might have had a motive. It's a chance in ten million that he would be killed by a gun belonging to you."

"Unless I did the killing? Is that what you mean?"

Wilcox made the same helpless movement with his hands that Trenna had made a few moments before.

"Unless you gave the gun to someone else who hated Haworth."

"But didn't you say a while ago that someone had sold my revolver?"

His eyes gleamed with admiration.

"You have brains, Miss Plaice. I didn't say that it was sold; I asked you if you knew that it was sold."

"And I told you that I knew nothing about it. Was it sold?"

He nodded.

"It was pledged for three dollars in a Los Angeles pawn shop. The pawnbroker took the number of the gun. Last night the Los Angeles police, examining every pawnbroker in the city, got the man's statement. He loaned money on the weapon. In September—on the twelfth, to be exact—he sold the revolver. The Los Angeles police sweated him. He says that it was pledged to him by a man who had pawned many things with him. He knew the man through previous dealings with him. His name was Simons."

"My butler," cried Trenna.

Wilcox nodded.

"Your butler played the races, Miss Plaice. Well, on September twelfth the pawnbroker sold the gun. He got eighteen dollars for it, and most of his profit came from the fact that he told the purchaser that the gun came from your house, had belonged to you.

"It's an old custom, apparently, to intimate that secondhand articles were once the property of motion-picture stars. The pawnbroker admitted that he had given the buyer to understand that the weapon had come from your house, that it had once belonged to you. But beyond the fact that the buyer was a young man, he could give no description of him."

"And you thought that the buyer was an agent of mine, sent out to Los Angeles to buy my own revolver in order that I could furnish you with evidence against myself?"

Wilcox flushed.

"I have to try everything, Miss Plaice. No, I didn't think that. I just—I'm trying to find out who killed Haworth, who killed Murdoch."

Trenna stared at him.

"I realize that, but I do wish you'd hurry up and decide that I didn't. Yesterday you didn't think I did."

"I don't today," said Wilcox. "Only—you'll admit it is funny that your gun—a gun that had once been yours—was the weapon used."

"Funny isn't the word I'd use," said Trenna.

"I'm not much on language," grinned Wilcox. He rose reluctantly from the chair where he had been sitting. "I guess that's all, Miss Plaice."

"Until you find out that the man who bought the revolver is my second cousin," said Trenna.

"If I find that out I'll come right back to you," said Wilcox.

TRENNA rose. She had been a trifle bitter. Flashes of anger had appeared in her black eyes. But now she was softly appealing.

"Sergeant, aren't you any nearer to discovery of the facts?"

"A good detective should never be without a clue," said Wilcox, "so I guess I'm not a good detective. I'm stumped, Miss Plaice. But I've been up against it worse than this many times, and I haven't been fired from the force for incompetence yet. Somewhere there's the evidence waiting for me to see it, and I promise you I'll recognize it sooner or later."

"I hope it's sooner," said Trenna.

"With two of us wishing, we ought to have luck," said the sergeant.

After he had gone, Trenna remained sitting for fifteen minutes. Over and over again she reviewed the few facts that she knew. They were as many, she thought, as the police knew. And they led nowhere, pointed to no one. She wondered at her own detached attitude. She asked herself if she were cold-blooded because the problem itself, her own entanglement in it, had almost obliterated shock and sorrow at Haworth's

(Continued on page 28)

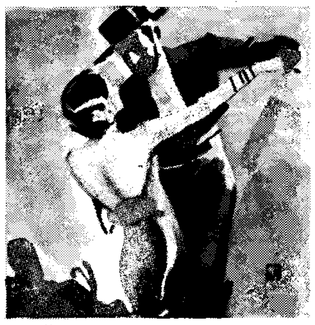
ENGLAND
is calling over Station GSB

MEXICO
is calling over Station XETE

GERMANY
is calling over Station DJB

SPAIN
is calling over Station EAQ

ITALY
is calling over Station 12RO


ARGENTINA
is calling over Station LSY

This CHRISTMAS... *give them the* WORLD!

Give them the thrills of listening to foreign lands with a new General Electric All-wave set—thrills they can't get from obsolete radios.

FOR your family or a friend, here's a gift that speaks most eloquently for itself—

A new General Electric All-wave Radio that says "Merry Christmas" in almost every language . . . gets thrilling programs at home and from abroad, bringing them in with the rich, brilliant tone that belongs to G-E alone.

In the new General Electric line, you'll find just the model to suit your purse and purpose—

Smartly styled consoles, headed by the new G-E Bandmaster, which put the whole radio world at your finger-tips.

Striking table models that, reaching out across the Atlantic, bring music from London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, scores of foreign stations into your living room.

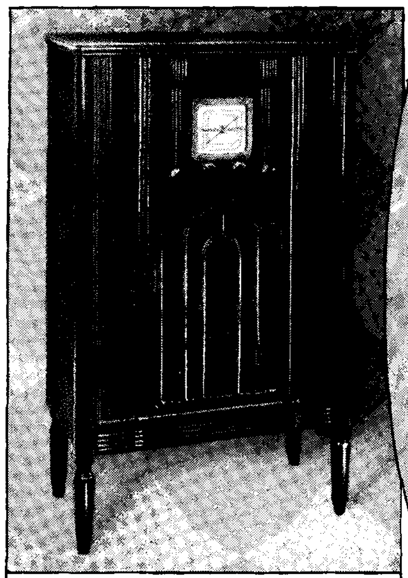
Superb radio-phonograph combinations that add thrills and adventure to your radio hours.

Look for the Square Dial

It's the distinguishing mark of all new General Electric All-wave Radios. And when you hear these world-conquering sets, you'll discover another mark of identification—G-E's matchless tone.

Even the price tags will thrill you—for they range from $44.95 to $375. Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South... subject to change without notice.

See and hear these new G-E All-wave Sets at your nearest G-E Radio Dealer's. Inspect the battery models and auto radios, too. Or write the General Electric Co., Section R-4812, Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.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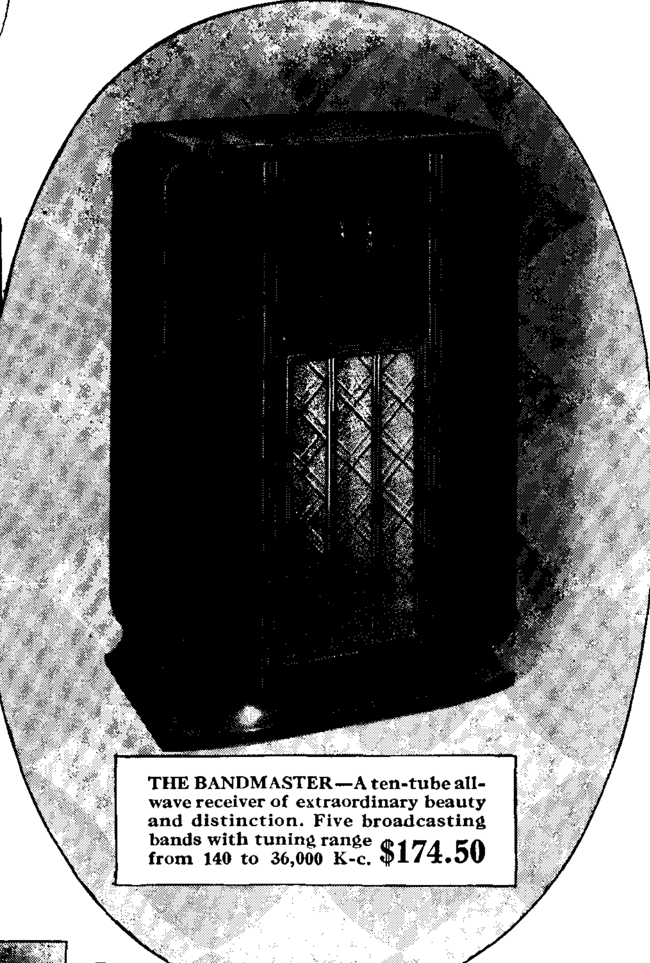
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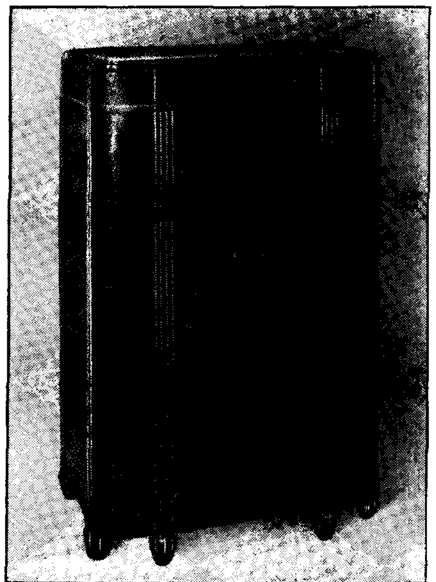
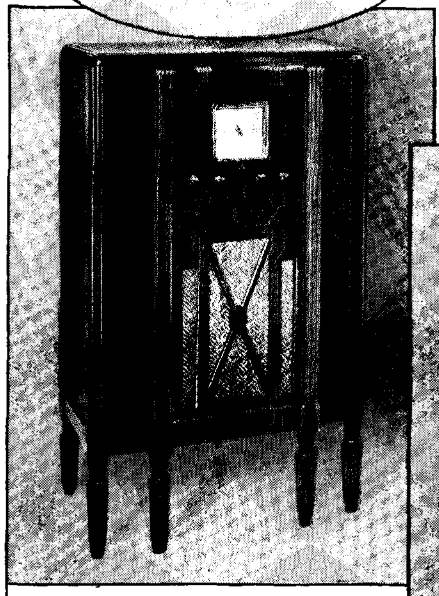

MODEL M-125—A twelve-tube all-wave superheterodyne with five broadcasting bands and 12 watts maximum volume output. $225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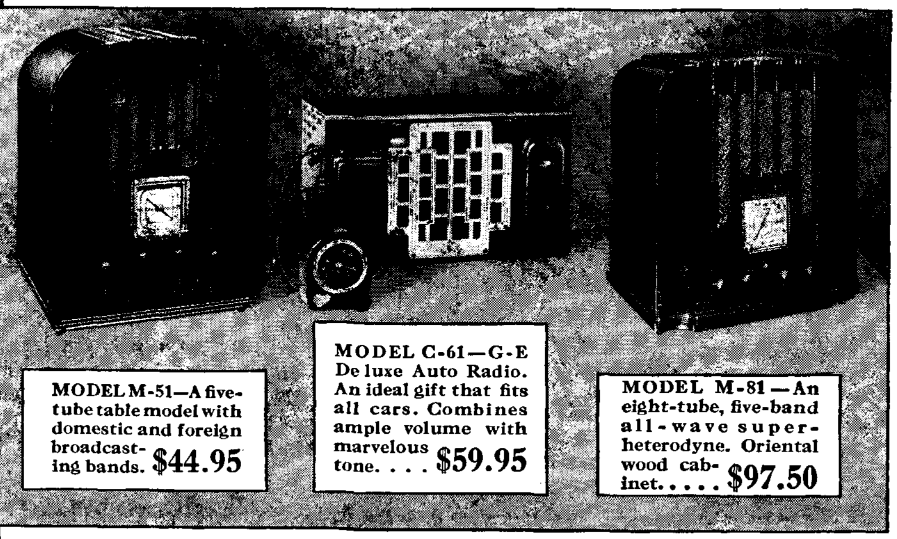
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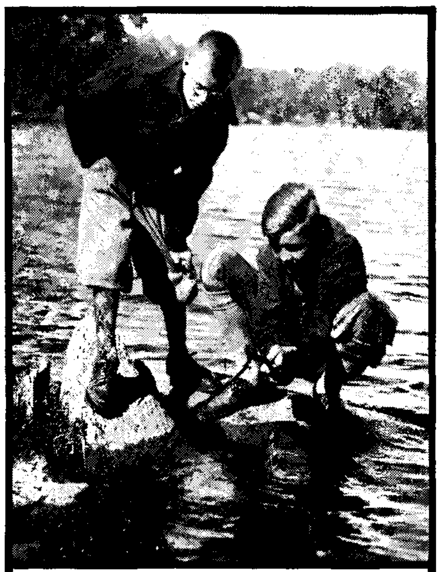

He can't "SOAK" your purse with these SOLES

WINTER'S wet and slush can be mighty hard on youngsters' shoe bills — if you don't know how to protect those venturesome feet from trouble.

Put them in shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles! Waterproof — *they keep feet dry.* And they're so tough that no sole ever built can outwear them.

That means real savings for you — because the longer the sole wears, the longer the whole shoe lasts. And dry feet keep sickness from gaining a foothold.

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WINGFOOT GOODYEAR HALF SOLES

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GOODYEAR

Wingfoot Soles make shoes wear longer

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 26

death. Was it possible for a gentle girl—she thought she was that—to be as callous as she had been? Then she exonerated herself in her own mind. Sturdevant had been involved in this affair, and she loved Sturdevant. That anything should menace him was more important than whatever might have happened to Haworth. When the shadow was lifted from them she would probably be able to feel sorrow for Haworth. But now he was like a stranger, whose passing brought no emotional concern. She shrugged. Perhaps she wasn't really nice, but did it matter as long as Sturdevant thought she was?

Inez Johnson called half an hour after Wilcox left.

"Well, been doing any thinking?" she greeted Trenna.

"Plenty," said Trenna. "Sergeant Wilcox just left me. They found the gun with which Len and Murdoch were shot. It was my revolver."

The little blues singer whistled softly.

"Does that put you on the spot?"

Trenna shook her head.

"My butler stole it, it seems, pawned it, and it was sold recently—a couple of months or so ago—to someone in Los Angeles."

"That seems to take you off the spot," said Inez. She sat down and lighted a cigarette. "I'm on one myself," she stated. "If the police can trace a gun that once belonged to you they might find out something about me. I've been a little worried about it, anyway. I told Sim about it, but made him promise not to tell."

"What was it?" asked Trenna.

"I DIDN'T go home from the Merrygo-round the other night like I told the police I did. I got worried about Sim. He had just slugged Len Haworth, and while you probably didn't know what a bad actor Len could be, I did. I was afraid he'd get someone to beat up Sim—or worse. So I chased all over town after him and Miss Bellwood, and I was outside his apartment until Miss Bellwood left. Get the point? *I* could have gone up to his apartment. I didn't, but my taxi man had left me and I can't prove that I didn't."

"You must like Sim," said Trenna.

Despite her worry there was a twinkle in the hazel eyes of the little singer.

"Not that way. He's swell, but I got a swell guy. The trouble is, he's jealous. If he knew that I stayed up to be sure that Haworth didn't do anything to Sim, he'd believe I was in love with Sim. I'm not afraid, really, that the police will think I could commit a murder. But I'm going to have a tough time explaining to my sweetie that I'm not stuck on Sim. I want you to come along with me while I tell him."

"I think you ought to tell the police first," said Trenna.

Inez shook her head decidedly.

"I don't want to do that. My boy friend is as smart as they come. My taxi man won't ever peep about me. If Reed doesn't think the police will find out, I'm not going to involve myself with them. But I want Reed to be dead sure that there's nothing doing between Sim Sturdevant and myself. And if you come along with me, and you don't think I'm stuck on Sim, then Reed won't."

"Reed?"

"Reed Ryan of the Crier. You've met him, but perhaps he doesn't stick out among all the reporters you've met. But he should. He was with you at Sim's place when Murdoch telephoned you."

"Of course," said Trenna. "I didn't remember his first name. Although I ought to, having seen it in the paper. But I thought of him as Mr. Ryan. You're in love with him?"

"I guess so," said Inez. "I'm not sure. It's hard for a girl to be *sure.* But I guess I am. I'd be certain if he weren't so jealous."

"DON'T give him anything to be jealous about," smiled Trenna.

Inez grinned.

"Then I'd have to go into a nunnery. Honest, he burns because old Saunders tries to give me presents. Now, honest, isn't that the limit?"

"I suppose it is," said Trenna. "But I honestly think it's dangerous to hide things from the police. No matter what Mr. Ryan tells you—what did Sim say?"

"Said I was an idiot, but promised not to give me away. Reed asked me to lunch with him at his apartment. Will you go with me now?"

Trenna hesitated a moment. Involving herself in the jealousies of others was distasteful to her. But Inez had behaved well yesterday. She had taken Sim home, sent for a doctor. She even remembered the twinge of jealousy she had felt toward the honest-eyed little blues singer. As penance for that twinge she ought to help Inez now.

She picked up the telephone and called Sturdevant's apartment. Dexter answered. Mr. Sturdevant was resting restlessly. Trenna smiled at the description and told the man to put Sturdevant on the phone.

"Inez Johnson is here with me. She told me what she told you about the other night, about following Len. I think she ought to tell the police."

"So do I," said Sturdevant. "But she's more afraid of Ryan's jealousy than she is of the police."

"Exactly," said Trenna. "She wants to ask Ryan's advice. She's lunching with him at his apartment and wants me to go along. She thinks that my presence will somehow convince Ryan that she's not in love with you."

Sturdevant laughed.

"Okay, but don't stay away from me all day. I'm a very sick man."

"Are you feeling badly?" she asked quickly.

"Not a bit. Merely anxious to see you. And I think Inez is goofy. Ryan isn't as jealous as she thinks. However, go along with her. And give her my love. That ought to help with Ryan," he chuckled.

"It doesn't help with me," said Trenna severely.

"I'm an invalid and my mind wanders; I don't know what I'm saying. Come down here where you belong and look after me."

"I'll be there in an hour or so," she promised.

"Okay?" asked Inez as Trenna hung up.

"Sim thinks you're silly, but it's okay," said Trenna.

The blues singer looked relieved.

"Let's go now," she said. "Say, do you think the police would do anything to me for lying to them?"

"I don't think so," said Trenna, professing a calm that she didn't feel. She put on hat and coat and they descended to the street. They pushed their way through reporters and got into a taxi.

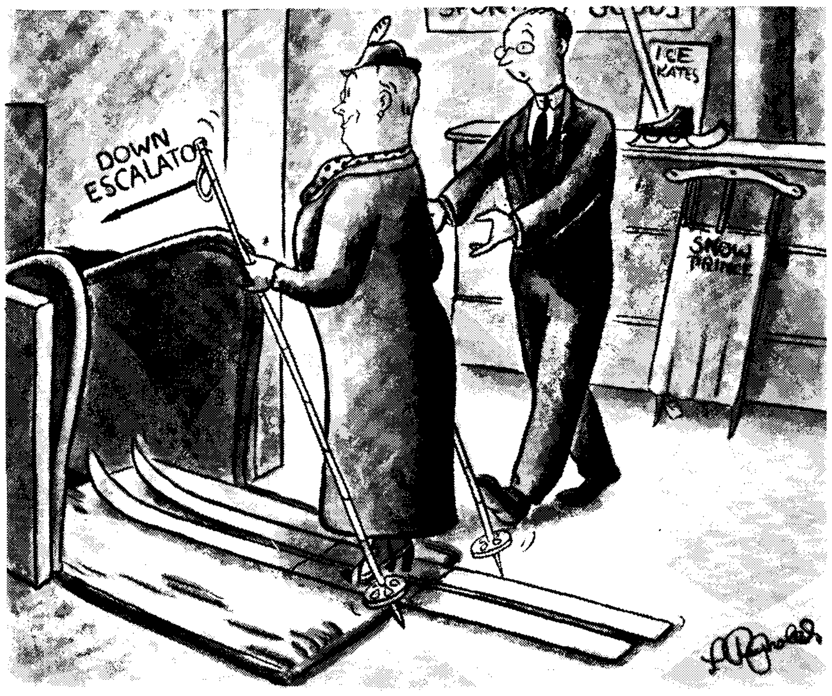
REED RYAN'S apartment was on West Seventy-first Street, just off Central Park West. An old-fashioned brownstone front had been remodeled into small but comfortable two-room suites. Ryan's was on the ground floor and he opened the door almost instantly at Inez's ring. He ushered them into an interestingly furnished room. The decorations conformed, Trenna thought, to no school or period of taste. Good things and bad things were jumbled together, but the whole somehow was rather pleasing. Each thing seemed to say that it was here because its owner liked it and had bought it without caring whether or not it blended with his other possessions. And on the desk and on the walls were signed photographs of celebrities of the stage and screen and radio.

"Don't laugh at my room, Miss Plaice," smiled Ryan. "I know it's terrible, but I like it."

"It isn't terrible at all, is it?" Inez appealed to Trenna.

"I think it's lovely," said Trenna.

(Continued on page 30)



"I'm afraid you won't get the proper effect that way, madame"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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THEY SEE A FUTURE DAWN

A dawn of brighter hope for mankind, of better health for men and women, of happy, sturdy growth for little children. ¶ Toward this dawn that is to come, the scientists are moving; the thousands of research workers in their laboratories, the physicians in their clinics and practice. ¶ With endless patience and devotion they search, in many lands, but with a united purpose—that mankind may have life more abundantly. In the field of preventive medicine alone, they have brought us marvelous victories—victories over typhoid and scarlet fever, diphtheria, smallpox. ¶ And in this future dawn, man shall live in joyful health and vigor through his full span of years, and shall not lay down his life before his work is done. ¶ Through the march forward of preventive medicine, the House of Squibb has served the medical profession; and as the march goes onward, the House of Squibb will continue to work with medical science, toward the dawn that is to come.

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THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 28

She meant it. It was essentially the room of a nervous but very masculine man. And the chair into which she sank was divinely comfortable. "You know everybody, don't you?"

Ryan looked rather complacently at the walls. Originals of cartoons and illustrations that had appeared in newspapers and magazines were inscribed affectionately to him, as were the photographs of the Thespian celebrities of the day.

"Everyone but you," he laughed. "I haven't your photograph."

"Something ought to be done about that," said Trenna.

"I look upon that as a definite promise," he told her. "I'm dead tired," he went on. "One of you charming ladies will have to set a third place at the table."

"Are you sure you have enough food for an extra guest?" asked Trenna.

"Plenty of food, but not too good. I have it sent in from a restaurant on Amsterdam Avenue. But the china is my own," he added proudly.

It was pretty china, Trenna thought. She made a move to assist Inez, but that young woman waved aside her offer of aid, and from a little cupboard took dishes which she placed upon the table. This done, she lifted covers from containers on a sideboard and sniffed appreciatively.

"You two sit down and I'll wait on table," she said.

"Let's put it all on the table and help ourselves," suggested Trenna.

"Okay," said Inez.

AS THEY sat down Trenna met the inquiring gaze of Ryan. She noted that his eyes seemed a little deeper-set than they had been a few hours ago.

"You're wondering why I'm here," she said.

"I'm flattered," said Ryan.

"I made her come," said Inez. She helped herself to soup. "I've been hiding something from you, Reed."

"I suppose you have a husband and two sets of twins in Flatbush," he grinned.

"Would you forgive me if I had?" she asked.

"I'd ignore such trifles," he replied.

"Well, it's not that bad," said Inez. "Reed, when you phoned me the other night to tell me that Haworth had been killed I hadn't been asleep for several hours. I'd only got home a little while before."

Ryan put down the spoon with which he was carrying soup to his mouth.

"So? Had you been paying a call on that husband and those twins?"

"I almost wish I had," she said. "Reed, I didn't go home from the Merrygoround. I got in a taxi and I followed Haworth and Lisa Bellwood all over town."

Ryan stared at her.

"What was the idea?" His voice was harsh.

"I was afraid that Haworth might do something to Sim Sturdevant!"

"And you were going to stop it? What with?" His voice was cold.

"I didn't know what I was going to do. I just wanted to be handy to do a little screaming if anything happened."

"What a lot that would have helped," said Ryan. "I think you're goofy. Go on with it. What else did you do?"

"Well, I finally followed them to Haworth's apartment. I sat outside in my taxi until Miss Bellwood came out. Then I decided that Haworth had gone to bed, that he wouldn't do anything to Mr. Sturdevant. So I went home."

"You didn't tell the police anything about this," said Ryan.

"I was afraid to. First I was afraid you wouldn't like what I'd done. I was afraid—well, Reed, you know how jealous you are. I thought you'd be angry."

"Angry? Just because you thought enough of another man to trail him all over town all night?"

"Now, don't be that way, please," pleaded Inez. "I thought you'd get sore."

"So you brought Miss Plaice along to stop me from making a scene, eh?" said Ryan.

"She's in love with Mr. Sturdevant and he's in love with her. I don't know—I just thought—Mr. Sturdevant has been swell to me. I didn't want him to get hurt. If you'd been around I'd have made you go with me. But you weren't there, so—what else could I do?"

"I'm sure I wouldn't know," said Ryan. "As I said before, I think you're out of your mind. Suppose Haworth had done something to Sturdevant? What could you do?"

"I didn't think much about that. I just went. Reed, don't be angry."

By an effort Ryan forced a smile. Trenna realized that the young newspaper-man was as jealous of the little blues singer as Inez thought.

"Sturdevant certainly has a way with him," he said. "You chase all over town to protect him, and a little later you put him to bed when he's sick—and you want me to think you're just pals. What do you think, Miss Plaice?"

"I think that for such a brilliant man you're strangely stupid," said Trenna. "If you can be annoyed, why shouldn't I be?"

Ryan suddenly smiled.

"That's a fair question." He looked shamefacedly at the two women. "I guess I'm pretty terrible. I'll try not to be. It's okay with me, Inez. But I'm a little worried about the other end of it, the police angle. Suppose your taxi man talks?"

"He never will," said Inez. "You know, he's the one that I've sort of helped. He's already told the police he took me straight to my apartment. Only three other people know, Miss Plaice and you and Mr. Sturdevant. None of you will tell."

"Certainly not," said Ryan. "If we could be sure that we were the only ones—you see, the longer you withhold evidence from the police the more suspicious it looks. Only, with your taxi man to testify—"

"He left me for a while, to telephone his wife that he'd be out later," said Inez. "That was while I sat in the taxi opposite Haworth's place. He can't testify that I didn't go up to Haworth's apartment."

RYAN nodded comprehendingly. "That's bad. And Haworth had been on the make for you for some time. No," he continued thoughtfully, "we'll let it lie. No use getting Wilcox on a new train of thought. If you'd come out with your story right away, it would have been all right. But now—you'd better keep quiet."

"Do you really think so?" asked Trenna. "Sim doesn't think so."

"Let me think it over," said Ryan. "I'm all in, and maybe the brain isn't functioning as well as it ought. But I know coppers, and every detective began as a cop. If you have lied once, you're lying all the time. That's the police attitude, and I think it's the correct attitude ninety per cent of the time. Inez would only get herself into a jam. Maybe I'll feel differently after I've had some rest, but I don't think so."

"You shouldn't have asked me to luncheon," said Inez. "You're all in and ought to be asleep now. And you aren't eating a thing, anyway. You go straight to bed. Miss Plaice and I will get luncheon downtown."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," protested Ryan. "We'll finish luncheon and then I'll go to bed."

The boiled chicken and rice was very good and as they ate it Ryan amused the two women with tales of his reportorial activities. Although only in his late twenties, he knew everyone and had been everywhere. And he was intensely interested in the screen.

"I've sold a couple of scenarios, Miss Plaice," he said proudly. "I don't seem to have any knack for fiction, but I do understand drama. I had a play tried out. It failed on the road, but I learned a lot. I've had a couple of offers to go to Hollywood, and I went out there once. But the company I was with folded up and I came back to the Crier. But it fascinates me and I'm going again when I get a chance. I want to do a news column right from Hollywood and the Crier is thinking it over. I'm just a yokel when I get out among those picture players. Everything about them interests me."

"You must interest them," smiled Trenna, glancing at the affectionately inscribed photographs on the walls.

"I'm a newspaper-man and the stars are always nice to the gentlemen of the press. It's my job, not my manly beauty."

"A couple of minutes more and I'll be throwing plates," said Inez. "You aren't the only one that can get jealous, Reed."

"Exhaustion loosens the tongue," grinned Ryan.

"Then before I hear too much I'll take Miss Plaice away from here," said Inez. She rose from the table.

"I suppose you think I'm a dreadful ogre, what with Inez fearing I'd behave badly," said Ryan to Trenna. "But sometimes I'm nice."

"I can believe that," said Trenna.

SHE considerately examined photographs on the wall while Inez said goodby to Ryan. Unless her ears deceived her greatly, she heard the sound of a kiss. Then, her color high, Inez took her arm and led her to the door.

"I think Mr. Ryan is wrong," said Trenna as they got into a taxi. "I think you ought to go to the police."

"He said he was tired and wanted to sleep on it," objected Inez. "I'll hear from him tonight and see what he says then. I think I'd better get off at the Merrygoround. I want to see the boss and break it to him gently that I've signed with a show. That and the radio are going to keep me busy. I can't sing at the Merrygoround, too."

Trenna had given the taxi man Sturdevant's address on Gramercy Park. Now she leaned forward and tapped on the glass and told the man to stop at the cabaret. Five minutes later she dropped Inez there and continued downtown.

Sturdevant was sitting up in bed when she arrived. He greeted her with the eagerness of a perfectly well man who has been bored by confinement in bed.

"I thought you'd never come," he told her. "Dexter had to hold me in bed to keep me from getting up."

"I almost believe you. You're just silly enough to do a thing like that."

"I'm perfectly well. I suppose that every time I tumble off a chair I'll have to go to bed for a week, if you and Burns have your way."

"You had a concussion," she reminded him.

"I guess so," he reluctantly conceded, "but it was the faintest kind. I'm okay now and unless you promise to stay with me I'm going to get dressed and see the sights."

"I'll stay right here," she promised. "Backgammon?"

"I'll win every penny you have in the world," he threatened.

"Oh, conceited? I'll beat you so badly—"

They played three games and Trenna won them all. As they were arranging the men for the fourth game she said, "Sergeant Wilcox called on me this morning."

"Eh? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Waited to see how well you were. They found the gun that killed Len and Murdoch. It's my gun, Sim."

He sat bolt upright and stared at her.

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"Now, don't get excited," she warned him. "Wilcox has heard from the Los Angeles police. My butler stole the revolver and pawned it. The pawnbroker sold it in September to some man he didn't know. Wilcox knows that. He doesn't think I did it."

"It's certainly a coincidence," said Sturdevant.

"That's what the sergeant said. I can't understand it."

"Can't they trace the purchaser?"

"The pawnbroker couldn't even describe him. Said he was a young man, and that's all."

"That's going to help a lot, isn't it?" said Sturdevant.

"Nothing seems to help," said Trenna.

SHE heard the telephone ring in the butler's pantry beyond the living-room. She picked up the instrument beside Sturdevant's bed.

"Is that you, Miss Plaice?" she heard Inez Johnson ask.

"Yes," she replied.

"Anyone there besides Mr. Sturdevant?"

"No," said Trenna.

"Say, I'm scared. I phoned Reed, but I guess he's sound asleep. Anyway, he doesn't answer. I want good advice. I've just met my taxi man. He was outside the Merrygoround. He tells me that when he went to telephone his wife the other night he told her where he was. And two minutes after he phoned some man rang up and wanted to know where he was. Said he was speaking for my taxi man's employer. Said it was important. So his wife told the man that he was waiting outside Mr. Haworth's apartment. Now, his wife didn't tell him about this until this morning. Don't ask me why. Just a dumb Dora, who thought that because someone said the boss was calling it must be the boss calling."

"Wasn't it?" asked Trenna.

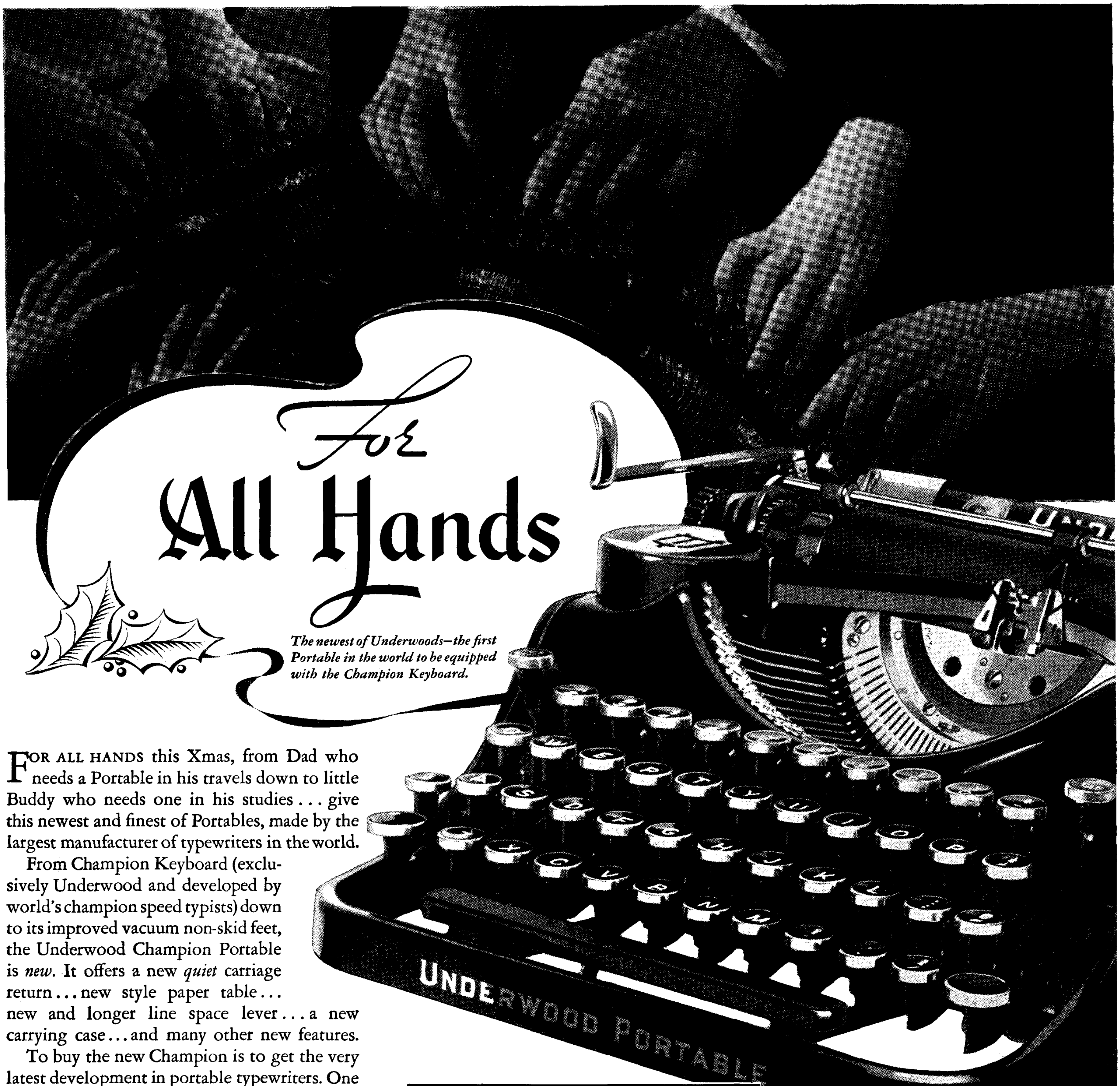
"My taxi man went to the boss this morning and asked if he had telephoned him night before last, or asked anyone else to telephone. The boss said he hadn't. No one in the garage had telephoned. Do you see what that means? Someone—Lord knows who—knows that my taxi man was outside Haworth's apartment. That puts my driver on a spot. What was he doing there? He just didn't pick that spot out of all New York to park on. Get it? If he's questioned he has to tell that I was in the cab. I'm scared to death."

"You don't need to be," Trenna told her. "Whoever it was has had nearly two days to go to the police with the information, and he hasn't done it."

"But he may, any minute," said Inez. "What do you think I'd better do about it?"

"You'd better come right down here and talk it over with Sim," said Trenna.

(To be continued next week)



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Thought for the Morrow

Continued from page 21

new acres of food supply and more power for industrial output on a mightier scale. It seems to me that to do otherwise would be to confess that we have lost heart and hope in the future of America.

Contrary to the cries of uninformed, sideline critics, we are not proceeding in a hasty or haphazard manner. The very word "planning" negatives that notion. We are undertaking no projects without reference to their special service in our national program of conservation. Reclamation such as we propose means building a new empire when, as and if needed for the welfare of the people—all the people. It will do more than bring in new land. It will provide homes for people who will live on land capable of producing crops which, in quality and quantity, will equal, if they do not surpass, anything the world has known. It will create a profitable and substantial market for manufactured goods.

To sit back and wait until immediate need forces upon us an ill-advised and hastily contrived scheme would be a national disgrace. We have seen all too many examples of such criminal folly in dealing with other great national assets. It would be trifling with human needs. For in deepening rivers, in erecting potential power dams, in constructing vast storage pools, in nailing down the land so that it shall not blow away on every breeze, in arranging for new acreage as human requirements warrant, we are reclaiming, not land alone, but a people.

The New America

The administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt is the first to catch this vision. It is the first to bring it down to earth. Under the inspiration of the President, we have inaugurated this new program at Grand Coulee, at Fort Peck in Montana, at Bonneville in Oregon, on the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and in other sections. We are working together for unified and intelligent development instead of establishing small and unrelated projects; we are working together on a broad canvas instead of sticking to separate etchings as in the past.

Under the President's leadership, the plans of the War Department for navigation and flood control, the work of my own Department of the Interior in reclamation and erosion control, and the endeavors of the Forestry Service of the Department of Agriculture in the preservation and planting of protective forests—all have been united along a cohesive and comprehensive front.

People who cannot reconcile the withdrawal of poor land from production with progressive conservation methods make themselves ridiculous. Although it has been necessary to limit production in what we hope is a temporary emergency, it is no part of our public policy to destroy fertile land. On the contrary, we must hoard it. In preserving land for future use, this Administration performs a more valuable service than any of its predecessors. I have mentioned that we are spending millions to check soil erosion. Well, if any other administration recognized that there was such a problem, it did not do anything sensible or serious about it.

The present status of reclamation work answers the charge that we are pursuing a blind policy. Since the passage of the National Recovery Act, we have been allotted $108,945,000 for construction on projects where the total cost is estimated at $225,000,000. These, however, are not new undertakings. Almost every one had been well-established by preceding administrations. Since people were already living on them under promises made long ago by the government, we thought it only just and humane to furnish more water as a means toward continued profitable production.

As a general rule, new reclamation projects have not been financed with PWA funds. There have been a few exceptions which I will discuss frankly. We allocated funds to complete the Owyhee and Vale projects in Oregon, which were started seven years ago, and for the Sun River project in Montana, where construction began in 1916. We would not have undertaken these as new enterprises at this time, but it seemed economically sound and socially just to finish them. We approved an important project for the Verde River in Arizona, but we rescinded the allocation when the Bureau of Reclamation reported that the cost was too high to justify the development. I cite this fact because it refutes reckless statements that we have not given sufficient thought to engineering and financial factors in selecting reclamation projects.

The Casper-Alcova project in Wyoming will admittedly bring in 66,000 new acres. But the principal crop will be alfalfa hay and other forage products for the winter feeding of live stock. Wyoming cattlemen have found frequently for years that drought conditions on their range are so severe that they cannot winter their herds at home. They have had to drive them as far south as the Texas Panhandle. Besides entailing great cost, which the consumer eventually pays in higher prices for meat, it has meant the loss of many head of cattle. Another justification for Casper-Alcova is the production of cheap power for which there is a clamorous market within reasonable distance of the proposed dam.

The people of Natrona County, where this project lies, have a special claim for consideration, as does the whole West with respect to reclamation expenditures. Natrona County has contributed more than $30,000,000 to the reclamation fund from oil royalties, and its people feel that the state is entitled to some use of this money in order to add to the permanent prosperity of the community. Teapot Dome, which a few years ago added to the prosperity of certain gentlemen, although it tarnished their reputations, lies in this same county.

Many misinformed people in the industrial East complain bitterly that a large part of their taxes are diverted to pay for reclamation benefits in the West. As the case of Casper-Alcova proves, this is a misapprehension. The original funds for reclamation were derived from the sale of public lands in those states. Congress subsequently provided that a major share of oil royalties, which accrue entirely in the West, should go into a revolving fund for reclamation purposes.

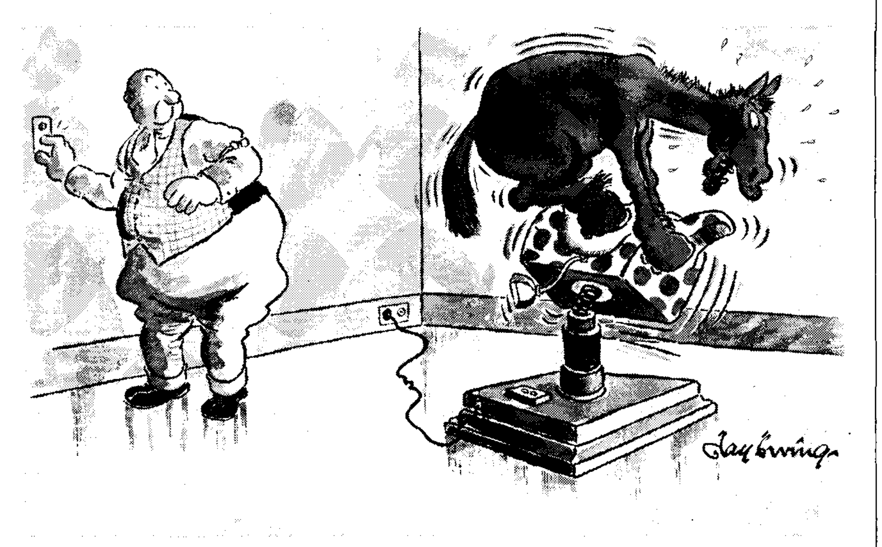
They Pay as They Go

Not only are the reclamation projects financed by the West, but in the course of time the whole cost of construction and maintenance returns to the federal treasury. It goes back into a revolving fund through payments by inhabitants of reclaimed areas for the water and power they use. Water users have already repaid $47,000,000. All reclamation projects, by law, are on this self-sustaining basis.

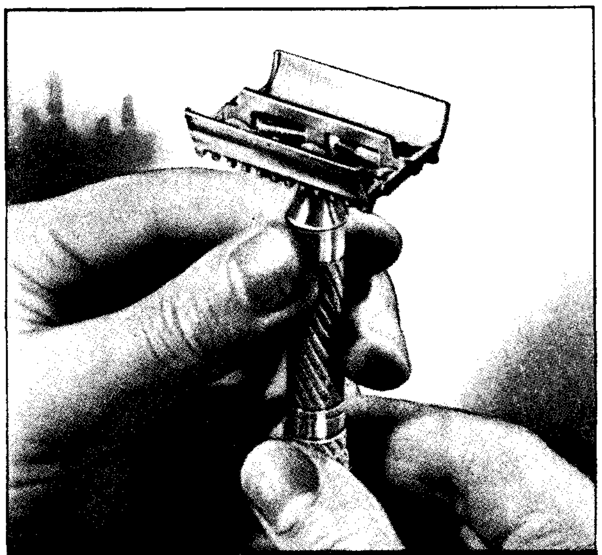
The rest of the country receives direct benefits from the rich markets which these areas create for manufacturers, merchants and carriers. A recent survey revealed that in one year 95,000 carloads of manufactured goods valued at $120,000,000 were shipped to points in seventeen of these reclaimed places.

Although Boulder Dam lies in the basin of the Colorado River between Nevada and Arizona, many of the millions of dollars spent there have gone into the tills of manufacturers at Schenectady, Pittsburgh, Youngstown and other eastern industrial centers.

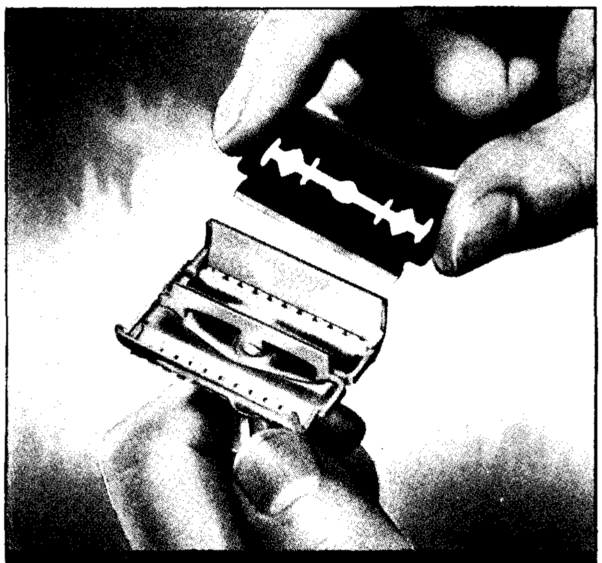
This, then, is the past, present and future status of reclamation. I have discussed it frankly in the belief that I may be able to dispel the erroneous but oft-heard suggestion that eastern taxpayers are having their pockets picked in order to pay tribute to sparsely settled regions in the West; and the even more prevalent notion that we should not develop and utilize our natural blessings in an orderly and reasonable manner. I cherish the hope that it may serve to prevent the growth of a sectional or partisan attitude toward this great question at the moment when we are embarking on the most worth-while task of empire saving and building the world has witnessed in ancient or modern times.



"There! Now you know how it feels!" JAY IRVING



A TWIST... IT'S OPEN!



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Ingenious—revolutionary in type—the Aristocrat is all one piece. No loose parts—nothing to take down. A twist of the handle opens the cap like a trap door to remove or replace the blade. Another twist locks it in perfect position for shaving. You change blades in 3 seconds—whisk through a shave in less time than ever before—enjoy matchless ease and convenience.

Sturdy—simple in construction—the Aristocrat is *guaranteed for life.* It is built to watchmaker's standards—every part tested by dozens of different precision gauges costing thousands of dollars. This insures smooth operation—life-time use. Tested by a special mechanical device, the Aristocrat renders the equivalent of 1000 years and more of service.

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BLUE BLADES

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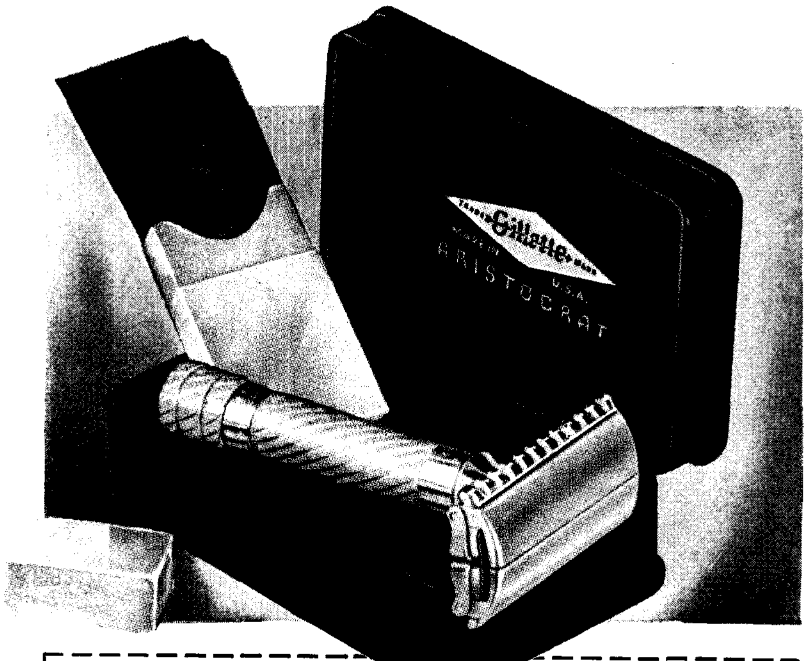

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Flower of Chance

Continued from page 15

when Ancha was through with The Angelus and asked, "What shall I sing now?" her grandmother would say, "Sing The Angelus again."

Ancha stood up suddenly and stretched. With a lipstick, she colored her lips—something she had never been allowed to do, before.

"I cannot rest in this room any longer," she said in Spanish to the Indian woman. "So now we will go."

They left that room, that impermanent haven, for a warm, stuffy hall which smelled to Hamish of carpets and coffee and bacon, and they proceeded down the staircase.

THERE were no lights in the hotel, but the moon, unaware of revolutions, shone into several windows on the staircase and into the great room downstairs with the black and white marble floor where the piano stood. Ancha crossed over to a glass door and looked into the enclosed patio. There were the tall palm trees. There was the moon. There was her chair where she had sat for tea. There was her grandmother's chair. There was Luis' chair which had remained empty. And all their carefulness of her throughout her girlhood returned to Ancha and for a sickening instant she felt diminished and cold.

She recrossed the great room and, sitting down at the piano, ran over some slight preliminaries to a hot, beautiful, American jazz song, but the sounds were just echoes of the rumba and the guitars of her own country, so she played some quiet chords of her own, with the music at first merely creeping about in the moonlight, and then a bell seemed to be contained in the piano and to be struck and to ring out and she began to sing The Angelus.

Probably she had never really sung The Angelus before, but this time there was in her a sense of loss and of reaching. Her voice was a beautiful, dark voice which went up, up to the high beamed ceiling of that empty room and hung there like a bell.

And inside, in the chair over near the door, where there had been no one, suddenly there was Luis. Luis was holding the dog in his arms, for when Luis came into the hotel swiftly and quietly through the kitchen quarters Hamish had met him in the hall.

"Very good," said Luis' voice from the darkness when the song was ended. "You are improving."

Ancha sat bent forward on the piano bench with her hands fallen in her lap.

"Are you looking for the Solar girl?" she said. "She is not here."

"I am looking for you," said Luis. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. "Your grandmother is safe. She is at the hacienda. I left Voldi to guard her there and came back for you in the station wagon."

"Through the shooting you come to a hotel which is locked?"

"Yes," said Luis, simply.

ALL this was like Luis. He did things but he never explained. He was not showy. He made little of the things he did and of himself and of everything. Hamish licked Luis on the face.

"The dog likes me," said Luis, and after that they sat for a time in silence with the great width of the room between them. In her corner the Indian woman grunted.

"Have you seen the American?" asked Luis casually from his chair near the door. "He has been staying on through the revolution in this hotel."

"What American?" asked Ancha.

"Do not be absurd," said Luis. "There has been only one recent American and you know that he admires you very much. He thinks you are gorgeous. If you married an American you could go to live in the United States."

"Where would you go?" said Ancha.

"I stay here," said Luis. "This is my country."

"So now you want me to break our engagement, and go away from my country and live in the United States," said Ancha.

"It seems to me after your actions today," said Luis, "that that must be what you want."

"To break my engagement," said Ancha definitely, at grips with Luis at last, "is what I want. I am the girl you do not want but have to marry and you are the man I do not want but am going to marry. It has been this way for years."

"Very well. I will go," said Luis and he stood up with the dog in his arms. He walked out into the hall.

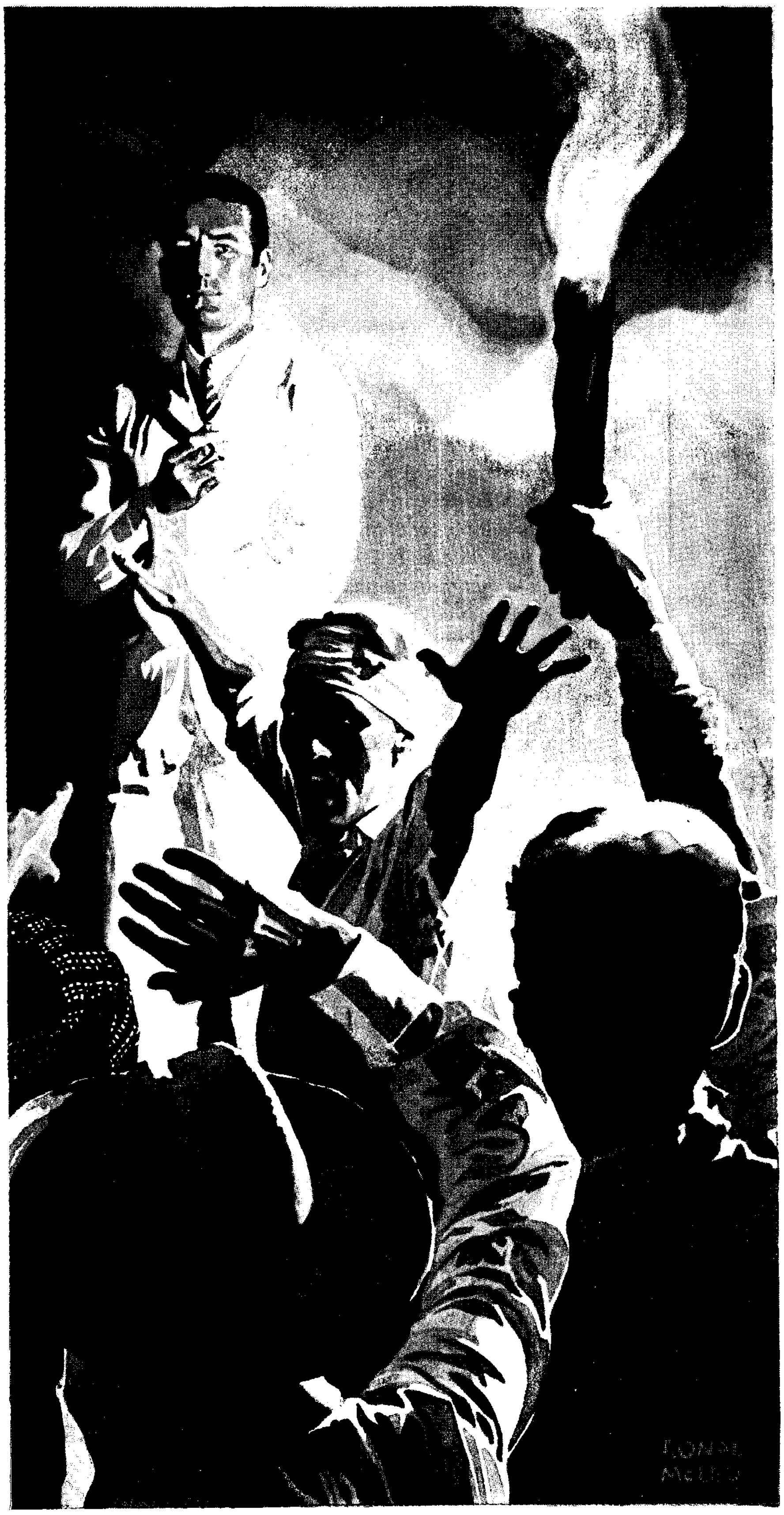
"Wait. Wait, Luis," cried Ancha, coming after him. "You cannot take my dog."

So Luis released the dog; stooping, he let the dog jump out of his arms. Immediately Hamish had one of his silent runs around the hall—silent except for his hard breathing. And at this point the people began to beat upon the doors.

"They want to come in," said Ancha. "You will be killed."

"I will not be killed," said Luis. "Where is the dog's leash?"

The Indian woman handed it over to Luis. So Luis snapped the leash on the dog's collar and gave the leash into Ancha's hand.



"Look! On the staircase stands the government. Maritornes-Rul!"

"Come with me," said Luis.

So they followed Luis up the staircase with the moonlit windows.

In the upper hall Luis walked to the door of a room overlooking the Plaza and knocked. They all stood there. After a moment the American opened the door. He looked bigger than ever. He was barefooted. He wore gray trousers and an undershirt. He held a flashlight in his hand and they stood in the circle of its light.

"Well, I'll be damned," said the American to Luis. And then, as he saw Ancha, "I was asleep. I dreamed I heard you singing."

"You did hear her singing," said Luis briefly. "You may admire her now as much as you like, for our engagement is ended. All that is over."

The American looked at Ancha. It was evident that he admired her very much. He said nothing.

Luis continued. "The hotel is no longer safe for this lady," said Luis, "and there is no near-by safe place to which I may take her. So I entrust her to you. Take her to your consulate. She is valuable—an heiress—but even aside from that, valuable. You could take her down the service staircase and out through the kitchens. Will you do it?"

"Yes," said the American.

LUIS held out his hand. They shook hands. "Good night," said Luis in Spanish to his friend the American. "Goodby. God go with you."

"Luis," said Ancha. The lines of thought, of effort, were deeper than ever across her young forehead. In the circle of light her face was a white shadow. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to talk to the people," said Luis. "Someone must do it."

"But that is unheard of," said Ancha. "No one ever talks to the people. Luis—you will be killed." She put her hand on his arm but instantly he shook her hand away.

"I will be O. K.," said Luis. "People are people. I will talk to them." Luis would not look at her directly although she wished that he would. "I see now," said Luis, "that you have never had a choice—a chance— Take it when I offer or I may snatch it away again." Luis hesitated and then slowly he turned his head and looked at her for a moment which seemed long. His tired eyes swept over each feature of her elusive face as if he was trying to get her by heart. His light gray eyes dwelt upon her face. They saluted hers. Luis had never kissed her, not even at their betrothal ceremony. But now, stooping swiftly, he kissed her arm below the rolled-up sleeve. "Goodby," said Luis to her in Spanish. "It has been sweet to see you about the house—and to hear you sing—"

Luis walked back to the staircase and went down.

"I'll be ready," said the American, "as soon as I get on my shoes."

She waited for the American and went with him. At the head of the staircase down which Luis had gone the dog leaped and pulled.

THEY went down other stairs and out through the dark hotel kitchens. The Indian woman plodded behind them. Ancha carried the dog in her arms.

The American walked beside Ancha. He was big, good-looking, yellow-haired, sensible, brave. He was armed to protect her. He was a little in love with her. If she had stretched out her finger and beckoned he would have been immediately and unalterably hers, which might have been fine and turned out splendidly except for the fact that her consciousness was Spanish and remote

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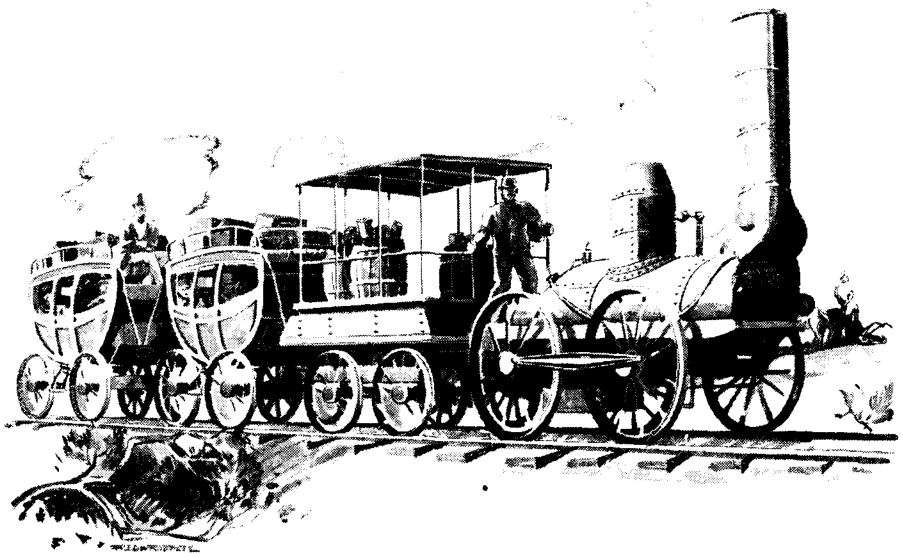

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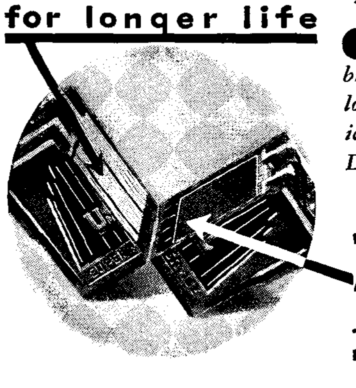

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Flower of Chance

Continued from page 34

and enclosed; it was passionate and centered and enclosed, and the American did not in the least impinge upon it. He did not ignore her and frustrate her and enrage her. He did not say, "Do this," "Do that," and make her do it. His eyes were not light gray. His face was not brown and plain. He was not and could never be the vital interest of her life. She was not and could never be really aware of the American. At the door of the consulate Ancha unsnapped the leash and put Hamish down. At once Hamish ran back toward the hotel. And at once Ancha followed.

IT WAS not a long way as the dog led, for he disdained safety and quiet streets. He took his flying course over one barricade and another and then straight across the Plaza—a small, scudding, determined shape in the moonlight, a dot of black, a streak low to the ground, a dart which shot into the crowd pushing about the Plaza entrance to the hotel and disappeared.

The people, gathering in great and greater numbers outside the hotel and becoming a little impatient, had broken several windows in the hotel by throwing paving-stones through them. Some young men had climbed through the broken windows and opened the doors to all. The people had poured into the hotel in a wave. Some held burning flares of wood and some had bandaged heads and there was at first a great deal of shouting and playfulness and confusion. Some of the young men and young women danced together over the marble floor of the hall where they had never been allowed to dance before, for this hotel had been a rendezvous of the rich and a stronghold against time. Their music and their dancing were wild enough, what with their exultation, their dirt and sweat and excitement.

During all this Luis stood on the third step of the staircase smoking a cigarette and at first no one noticed him at all, for that was the way people did with Luis, and then one noticed him, and then another, and then the whisper of his presence spread over the room. The dancing near him stopped. The guitars stopped. All the dancing stopped, and then the singing stopped. Then a leader of the students called out to everyone: "Look! On the staircase stands the government. The man you see there is Maritornes-Rul!"

And then a howl went up from everyone. But when Luis spoke, they listened.

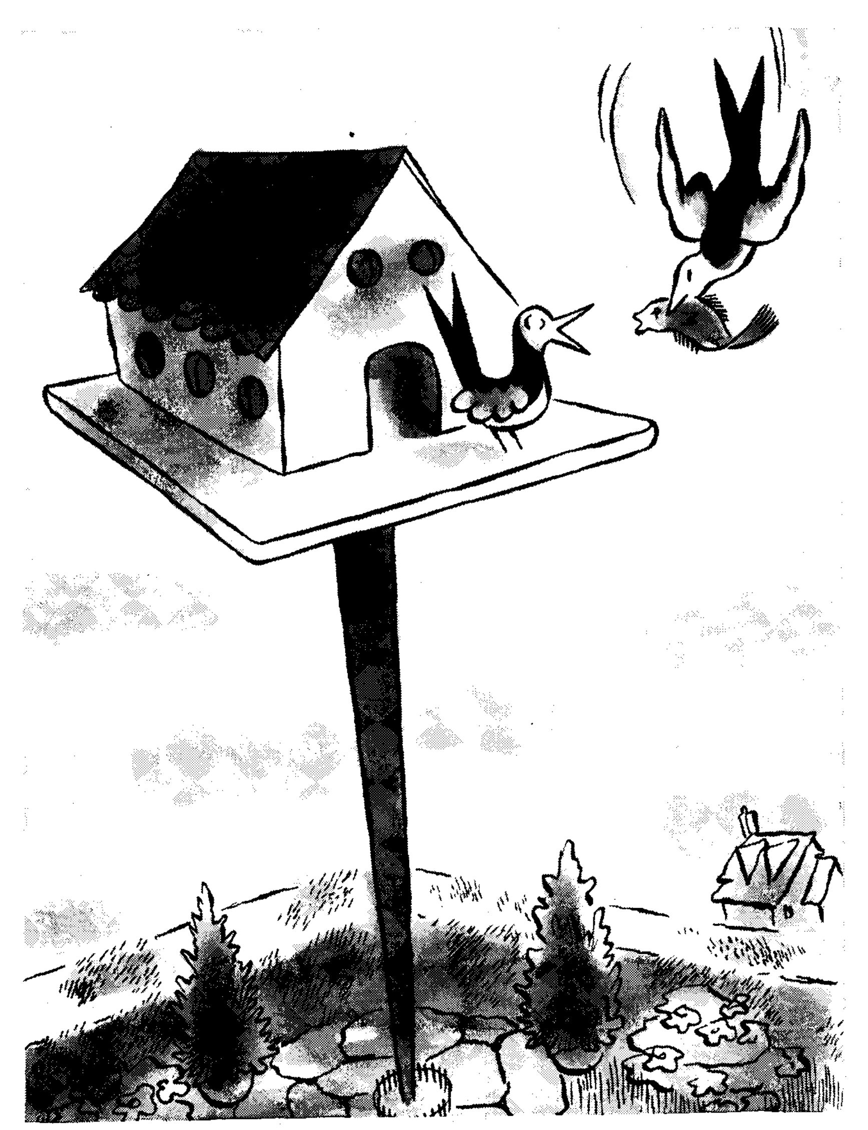
"So you have come to the meeting," said Luis.

A SILENCE. None of them had ever spoken directly to a member of the government. Then a leader of the students over by the wall called out boldly, "What meeting?"

"The meeting of the representative men," said Luis. "This meeting is not official, of course, being neither governmental nor proletariat in its sympathies. It will be a meeting of citizens formed from all parties to bring about quiet in the neighborhood."

"Quiet in what neighborhood?" asked a voice.

"Our country," said Luis.



"Around to the trade entrance with that, please!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

There was a murmur at this. Some who were short stood on tiptoe to look at Luis.

A girl called out to Luis, "Sweetheart, when are you going to be married?" "Where is the meeting to be?" asked several voices.

"Here. In this hotel. At twelve o'clock midnight." Luis looked at his wrist watch. "You arrive in good time for it. At this meeting the next President of our country will be chosen."

A murmur. They had arrived in good time for it. It was to have been a secret meeting but Maritornes-Rul made no secret of it. He had a good business head, Maritornes-Rul. It was he who had saved the taxpayers their money in the matter of the new government buildings. And every man in the room had to admire his courage. Groups of the people put their heads together.

"Are you here to attend this meeting also, Luis Rul?" called a voice, after a time.

"Incidentally," said Luis Rul to the surprise of all.

"Then what are you here for?" "Yes, that we must know." "The truth, Maritornes-Rul." "Why are you here when all the other *sacre* officials of the *sacre* government have run away?"

"A young lady of my household was here," said Luis simply. "I came to take her home." Luis waved his slight hand. "She is not used to revolutions."

THERE was a stir of interest, of commiseration. It was common knowledge that Maritornes-Rul had been long betrothed to a young lady of his household. This would be she. Certainly she must be beautiful to see if Maritornes-Rul bothered with her. And he had called their little riot a revolution, thereby dignifying it and themselves as creators of a revolution. So now they were important and he conferred with them. Some stepping began again immediately over in a corner to the music of the guitars.

"Sweetheart," called out a girl's voice, "all the women love you. When are you going to be married?"

"To the young lady of your household," called out other voices. "Let us see the young lady of your household."

It worked itself into a chant, for the people of this country are simple-minded, playful, happy, musical, romantic people when they are treated well and have enough to eat. "Bring the young lady." "We demand her presence in proof, in proof." "Where is she?"

Luis looked up the staircase. Then he held out his hand as if there might still be a girl up there at whom he was looking, and as if by that gesture his need of her might bring her to him. But no one came down and Luis turned back to them.

"The truth is the only way," he said. "She is not here."

They began to push forward. The lady was not here. The lady had never been here. There was not to have been a meeting either. There would never be such a meeting. These were quicksilver people, mercurial, subject to instant change. Looking down at them Luis Rul realized that probably the last moment of his life had arrived and that he did not care very much. He thought that he saw her face back there in the crowd but that could not be, for he had sent her away and she had been glad to go.

But certainly there was a small black dog coming through the crowd towards him although hindered and hampered by a forest of legs. The dog was bruised; he was panting; he was covered with dust. His head was bleeding. Luis went down on one knee and held out both hands and this wreck of a good, sound dog labored up the steps and was caught up in Luis' arms. Feebly, triumphantly the dog licked Luis' hand and then with his pink tongue hanging out he looked back and down at the people. Luis stood up, with the dog held high in his arms, and laughed aloud.

"Her dog is here," he cried. "So she will be here presently."

But indeed she was there already, using her elbows and shoulders to push through the crowd. She was dirty and pale. Her face was transfigured. Behind that marble-pale face, within that too slender body, what fire, strength, determination! She wore a boy's dirty white linen suit and around her neck a bandanna and her hair was loose and wild about her head like a gypsy's.

This a lady, a fiancée to be married in a cathedral? This was the same girl who had marched with them arm-in-arm this morning in the dust.

WHEN she reached the foot of the staircase he released the dog and the dog came to her. Stooping, she put her hand on the dog's head but her eyes were only for the man. She spoke to him quickly, clearly—

"Luis—I want only you— Must I come all the way?"

Her hands reaching up touched his reaching down, and the people blinked, for instantly they were together. They two stood locked together and they kissed with the marriage kiss. And, by God, that was a long kiss, a deep kiss, a good kiss. So the rich were people, too. They could fall as wildly in love as anyone and not be ashamed to show it either. What a señorita! What a wife for a man! When were they going to be married?

Voices took it up. The guitars began. "Is there any man present who has the right under the laws of our country to marry before witnesses two people who have been long in love and who will be the first couple to be joined in holy matrimony under the protection of the revolution?"

There was someone—a minor justice—good enough for the civil marriage with the religious ceremony to occur later in the cathedral. They pulled the little man forward.

"What is this?" asked Ancha.

"They are going to marry us, my darling," said Luis. "You are willing? I have been willing. I have been waiting for years."

"All right," said Ancha. "I am ready."

The Indian woman who had arrived wiped off Ancha's face with her hard, brown hand, smoothed down Ancha's hair. Since there was no bridal veil to arrange, the Indian woman retied the bandanna.

"I have colored up my mouth," said the bride to the bridegroom. "How do I look?"

"Enchanting."

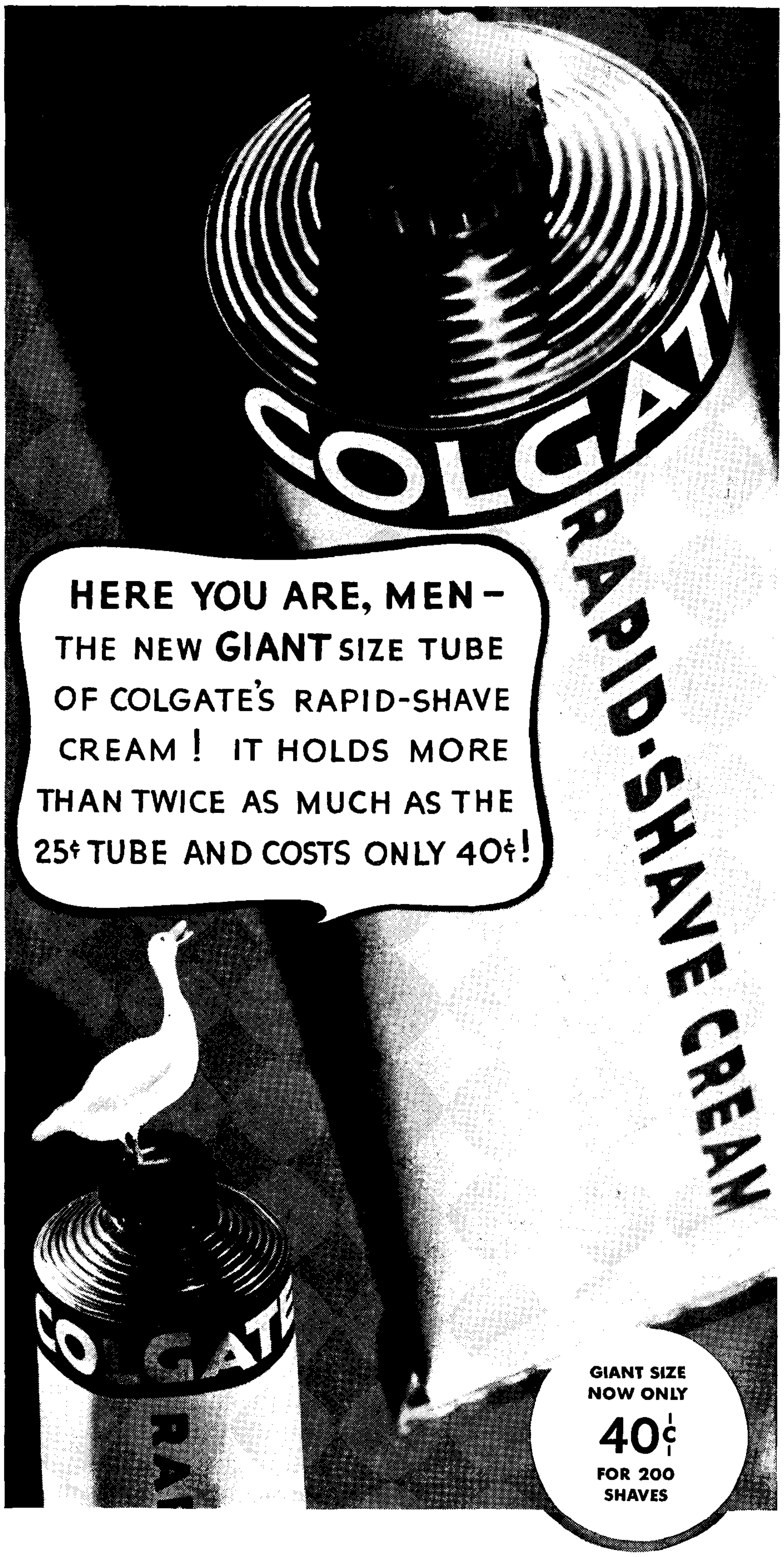
"How many months have you loved me?"

"Always. And you?"

"The same."

THEY were married. An American stood up with them for the ceremony. A dog slept at their feet. They were toasted with wine which someone brought in. They were feted with music, with dancing and song. . . .

It was twelve o'clock midnight and here were beginning to arrive the representative men. The people counted them over, marked them off—Sanchez, the merchant—General Arrias—Cuyama—José Castro— There was to be a meeting at which the new president of a small and peaceable nation would be chosen. It might be Sanchez. It might be José Castro. It might be Cuyama. Or it might be their choice, the bridegroom, Maritornes-Rul.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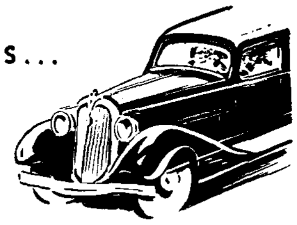
STRANGE, BUT TRUE–

(A) CANNED SPIGOT WATER . . . sold for big money in the U. S. last year and thousands of people bought it. Why? (See answer below.)

(B) IN LITTLE AMERICA . . . . where 60 degrees below zero is not uncommon, *water-cooled motors operate without danger of freeze-up.* How are such motors protected? (See answer below.)

(C) ENGINES OF MODERN HIGH-SPEED CARS . . . are designed to deliver maximum power at relatively high cooling-system temperatures. Yet lots of people still use old-fashioned anti-freeze *which boils away* before such temperatures are reached. Why? (See answer below.)



(A) They didn't know that many anti-freezes contain 10 to 40% plain spigot water. When you buy Eveready Prestone you get a *concentrated* anti-freeze; you add the necessary water yourself . . . you don't pay for canning and shipping it.

(B) Water-cooled motors in planes, snowmobiles and ice plants are protected with Eveready Prestone—chosen as the standard anti-freeze for Byrd Antarctic Expedition No. 2 because of satisfactory performance on the first Antarctic Expedition.

(C) Because they think boil-away anti-freeze is cheaper. Actually *it* is cheaper only *at first*. In the long run the least expensive all-Winter protection against both freeze-up and rust is provided by Eveready Prestone. (See chart on inside front cover.)

Eveready Prestone is concentrated anti-freeze. One shot is guaranteed to protect your car all Winter from freeze-up and rust. Economical, too. See chart on inside front cover for cost on your car and full Eveready Prestone guarantee. TURN TO INSIDE FRONT COVER

Re-Deal in Canada

Continued from page 13

government. In all its fundamentals the Conservatives may be compared to our Republican party. Furthermore, the leader of the Conservatives and therefore Prime Minister, the Honorable Richard Bedford Bennett, may be compared, without undue injustice to either, to Mr. Herbert Clark Hoover. As Mr. Hoover made sporadic, tentative gestures toward a revision of our economic and social policies before being swept from office by a public that demanded more than he thought wise to consider, so is Mr. Bennett apparently doomed to be relieved of power at the coming general elections. And for similar reasons.

Bad Days for Conservatism

Both Conservatives and Liberals assure you in Canada that Mr. Bennett, a stiffish gentleman of considerable personal wealth and exceedingly little political flexibility, is not only going to lose control but will probably retire from his leadership. As in the United States, Canada has a two-party form of democracy. As in the United States, all previous efforts at launching a third national party with any noticeable degree of stability or success have died young. In the provinces, as in the states, third parties have won popular esteem and control by catering to local prejudices and desires. But in Parliament, as in Congress, they have not grown to anything more than small blocs which the minority major party has courted in its attacks upon the Administration's legislative program.

There has risen in Canada such a bloc, known as the Coöperative Commonwealth Federation. It may never amount to anything as a third party in national affairs, but at the moment it represents a possible or even probable balance of power that may force the Liberal party to live up to its name. It depends almost entirely upon the strength the CCF is able to summon whether Canada is to have a New Deal along the lines laid by the Roosevelt administration. The Conservatives will have no dealings whatever with the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, regarding it with all the disdain the Republicans in the States visit upon the Farmer-Labor party or the LaFollette-Norris-Johnson wing. The CCF leaders are Canada's sons of the wild jackass and, as such, something to fight without compromise. Therefore the Coöperative Commonwealth Federation represents no threat to the Conservative party's organization unity, although it has won over a considerable number of Mr. Bennett's former admirers. The standpatters, the reactionaries, will have nothing to do with the Federationists even though it means defeat at the polls.

The real threat the CCF represents is within the ranks of the Liberal party, which, as we learn, is in rare danger of being preëmpted and taken over just as our own Democratic party is being taken over by the Roosevelt liberals. To bring the picture home to us, Mr. Mackenzie King is rather in the position of such Democrats as Senator Glass, John W. Davis or even, to a slightly lesser degree, Alfred E. Smith, right wing members of the party. Mr. Mackenzie King is what we would call an unyielding Jeffersonian Democrat, still clinging to ancient tariff precepts as the prime issue of the party.

Therefore, again, it is largely up to the Coöperative Commonwealth Federationists whether the Liberal party—which the Federationists have invaded as the Non-Partisan League and the Farmer-Labor party have the standard party ranks in the Dakotas and Minnesota—will be compelled to abandon its aging theories and turn to really ruddy measures. Mr. Mackenzie King has never been justly accused of a lack of political acumen. The man knows his ballot boxes. He may be able to preserve the homely old fabric of his party by delays and compromise. His critics call him a jumping genius. All the vexing questions of unemployment, pulverizing taxation, mounting deficits, doles and dwindling markets may be solved for him by a swifter world recovery than anyone has a right to expect at the moment. But the chances are that the Canadian Liberal party is never going to look quite the same again.

The program of the Coöperative Commonwealth Federation explodes a lot—like the platform of the Farmer-Labor party. Its leaders appear to be a little nearer the caliber of the English Labor party spokesmen, a little less earthy than our Western Leftists. Apparently they're a disconcertingly able group given to dark thoughts and stern words. The president of the CCF is Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, a tall, spare, bearded man with an ascetic's eyes and a worrying brow. A tired-looking man is Mr. Woodsworth. He used to be a Methodist clergyman. He was a conscientious objector in the war and is still an austere pacifist. Leaving the church, he embraced labor's political cause, became a dock worker and irritated the government frightfully with his powers as a strike orator. Even today as a member of Parliament he looks more of the pulpit than politics. He, more than any other individual perhaps, is responsible for the organization of the Coöperative Commonwealth Federation. And into it he drew organized labor, the farmers, large numbers of war veterans, Socialists, currency reformers and all the other dissenting political blocs and social revisionists. His problem is to hold them together, all of them being passionately individualistic.

Canada's New Radicals

Standing with him is Mr. Robert Gardiner, leader of the United Farmers of Alberta, the third largest bloc in the House of Commons. Mr. Gardiner is a shy, unsmiling Scot who entered the labor movement in England as a leader in the union of shop and department store clerks and assistants. In 1902 he came out to Canada, pretty well broken in health. In Saskatchewan he became a farmer and later extended himself into Alberta. Another former clergyman in the CCF movement is William Irvine. He too is a Scot. Like Mr. Woodsworth, he resigned his ministry—in the Unitarian Church—to take up politics. He's a crusader, a battler. In the House of Commons roster he gives his political affiliations as None. And with these men is Miss Agnes McPhail, representing the United Farmers of Ontario in the House. They call her the Joan of Arc of South East Grey. Poverty, says she, is the problem; not unemployment. These few give you an idea of Canada's radicals—a reserved, even prim, lot not so distantly related to certain members of our own professorial set in Washington. Intellectually they are several thousand leagues beyond the conventional politician. But for the most part they are complete amateurs. Yet to these leaders and their hungry following the Liberal party owes its success in the recent provincial elections. These people propose to have much more to say when and if Mr. Mackenzie King becomes Prime Minister. Let's see what they demand. It sounds much like our own Farmer-Labor platform.

The Federation demands the establishment of a "planned system of social economy for the production, distribution and exchange of all goods and services; the socialization of the banking, credit and financial systems of the country together with the social ownership, development, operation and control of public utilities and natural resources; the security of tenure for the farmer in his use-land, and for the worker in his home." (Use-land is land used for productive purposes as distinct from that held for speculation.)

Further, the Federation promises to insist upon "the retention and extension of all existing social legislation and facilities, with adequate provision for insurance against crop failure, illness, accident, old age and unemployment; socialization of all health services and the acceptance by the federal government of responsibility for dealing with unemployment and for tendering suitable work or adequate maintenance."

And so on. Anyway, at this point, all rise and sing the hymn of the Internationale.

Winners May Be Losers

It is not likely that the Federation and the large number of votes which will follow its banners to the polls will be able to force the enactment of such revolutionary legislation next year or the next; but the evidence is plentiful that Mr. Mackenzie King's Liberals will have to take several steps to the left if they hope to hold the offices they now seem destined to occupy. Too many of the erstwhile stanch Liberal voters have gone over to the Federation, which, like all other radical movements in a normally conservative country, fattens on depression.

"The CCF," says the Federation, "is a lawful organization seeking its ends by democratic political methods. It does not advocate or make use of force, but it does advocate radical political and economic changes."

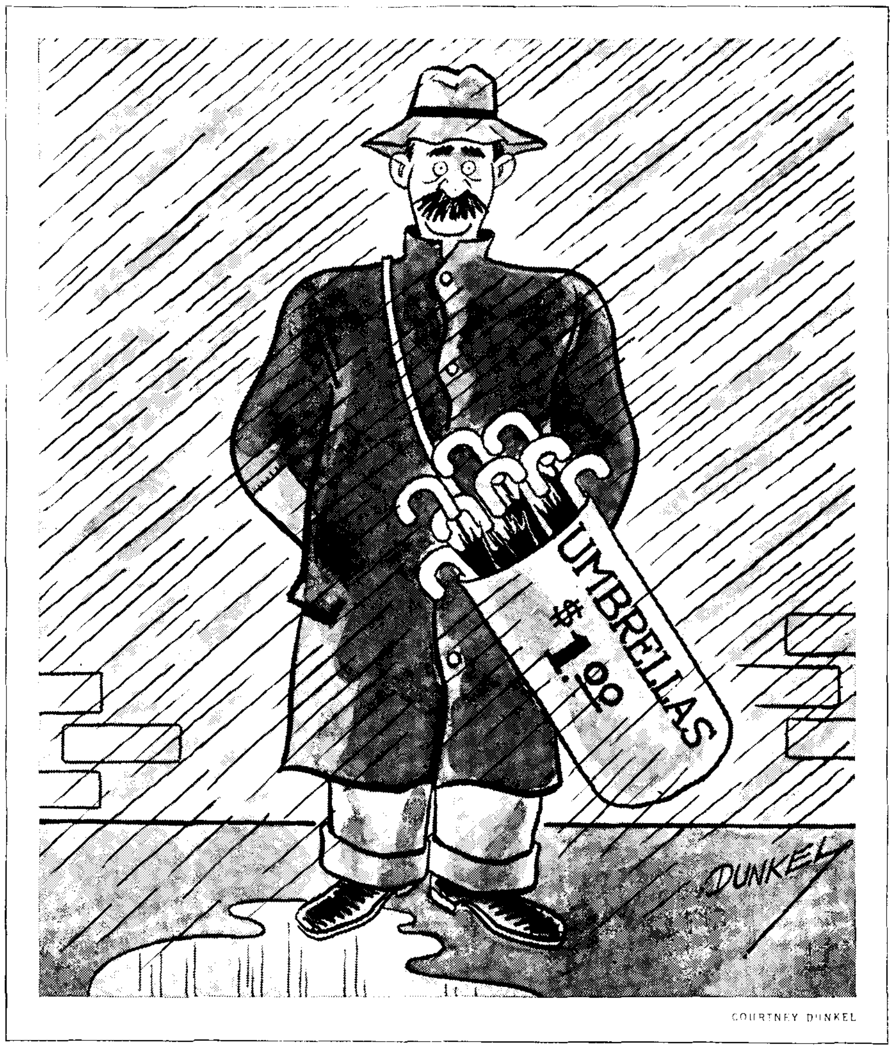
Such nimble gentlemen as the Honorable Mr. Hepburn, who has as much native political alertness as Huey Long and as much showmanship as Theodore Bilbo, will be the ones to compel such changes within the Liberal ranks as will cause it to shift from its present moss-grown base to livelier land nearer the stand of the Federation. Just how far to the left Mr. Mackenzie King can be crowded is hard to tell; but he is known to be rather easy to move when political expediency nudges.

Even the Conservatives are feeling the pressure. It doesn't take much to upset the Conservatives: attending the wrong club or being seen more than two or three times in undignified company is sometimes quite enough to warrant a word or so from Mr. Bennett or his representatives. But a few months ago the party fell heir to a shock that has left it still a-tremble.

One evening the Honorable Harry H. Stevens, Minister of Trade and Commerce, recently resigned, addressed a notoriously conservative study club in Montreal. He had been looking into the matter of the industrial life of the Dominion, as one of his talent and in his official position might be expected to do. And it was taken for granted that Mr. Stevens would confine himself to just that, warming his discourse with statistical tables, graphs and similar blood-churning devices.

Before we go into that, we should consider Mr. Stevens. He is a Canadian, but some years ago, thirsting for a bit of adventure, he joined the United States Army and with one of its regiments went to the Philippines, where he assisted ably in doing whatever it was that the Army did to the insurgent brown men. Apparently he did not enjoy it. He returned to Canada when

(Continued on page 40)



COURTNEY DUNKEL

HOW CAN YOU TELL

that an incandescent lamp will give you Good Light at Low Cost?

NOT BY THE SHAPE

The bulb of a poor lamp—that may waste many times its cost by burning electricity inefficiently—may look exactly like the bulb of a reliable manufacturer whose product insures good light at low cost.

NOT BY THE COLOR

Colored lamps are often gay deceivers. Especially at Christmas time, the gayety of colored light is marred by continual "burn-outs" that are as annoying as they are costly.

NOT BY THE GLASS

The pearly sheen of General Electric MAZDA lamps is often closely approximated by inferior lamps at the time of purchase—but poor lamps may blacken quickly in service.

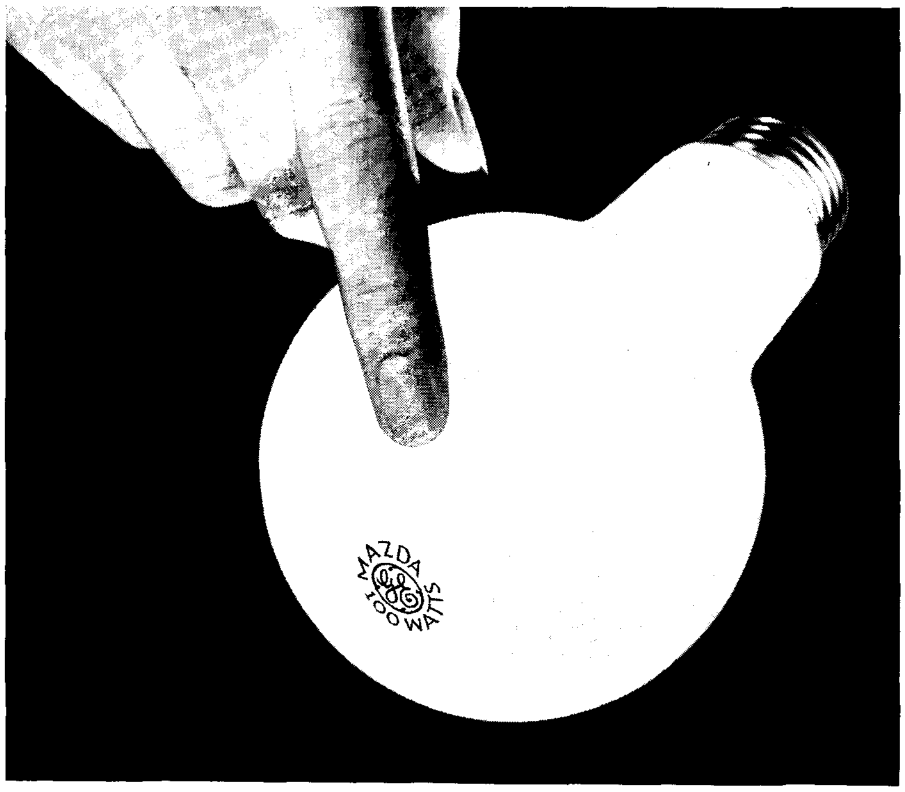
NOT BY THE BASE

It is often difficult to detect crooked or loose bases when buying lamps. In the case of General Electric MAZDA lamps, every base is tested to insure its rigidity in actual service.

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN TELL

—by the mark of a reliable manufacturer

General Electric Company is not alone in making good lamps, but lamps bearing the famous General Electric monogram provide an easy and positive way to be sure of getting ALL the light for the current consumed. Look for it on every lamp you buy! General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



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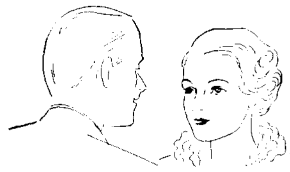
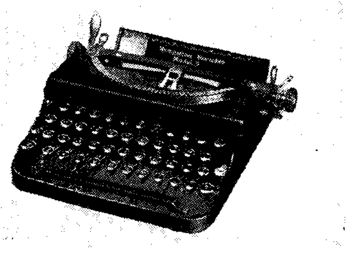
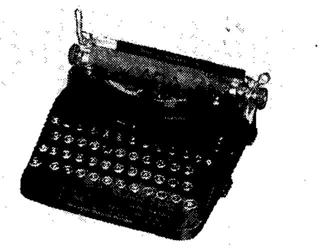


Imagine! Ten or twenty cents a day is enough to buy a genuine, latest model Remington. Make this a real Christmas for someone. See the free new illustrated booklet describing amazing Remington Portable bargains, at your dealers or write Remington Rand, Buffalo, N. Y.

$3 DOWN A standard 4-row keyboard at half the price you'd expect. Capital and small letters. Standard pica type. Free carrying case. For school, college and home. Remington Junior, $33.50 cash up to January 1st.



$4 DOWN A *complete* Portable at a big discount! Every essential feature found on standard typewriters. 4-row keyboard. Back spacer. Automatic ribbon reverse. Free carrying case. Model #5, a marvelous buy . . . act quickly!



$5 DOWN Amazing low price for de luxe portable—in addition to *noiseless* operation. Full size platen. 12 yard ribbon. Back spacer. Variable line spacer. Takes paper 9.5" wide. Handsome carrying case free.

$5 DOWN The "desk model" Remington Noiseless Model #7. Includes all features of the above model *plus* extended carriage return lever, tabulator key, large paper rack with guide and scale. New-style, non-glare composition keys.

Remington

PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

(*Continued from page 39*)

his enlistment expired and presently went in for politics—office-seeking—as a Conservative. In those days—indeed, until very recently—it was not any too polite in Canada, as elsewhere, to be anything but a Conservative no matter which party you favored.

Anyway, Mr. Stevens became almost at once vigorously anti-American, siding with Mr. Bennett in the latter's early fight against the issue of the day—reciprocity. Mr. Stevens went about exercising his fine talent for oratory in condemning the whole reciprocity scheme. He would have no truck nor trade of any sort with the Yankees and saw nothing but calamity for the Canadian farmer if that bewildered half of the Canadian population should enter into any this-for-that pact with his brothers south of the border. Furthermore, Mr. Stevens, then the complete Tory, was a high-tariff knight, a protectionist shouter who applauded with might and main every time a tariff schedule was jacked up a notch.

A Bomb from Mr. Stevens

In brief, Mr. Stevens was and, as far as anybody professes to know, has been a super-Bennett Conservative, just as confident that towering tariff walls were Canada's salvation as Mr. Mackenzie King is that sweetness and light will flood the land the moment those tariff walls are razed. But something had happened to Mr. Stevens. Suddenly he emerged in a William Edgar Borah rôle.

The topic he chose for the address he made to the study club already mentioned was price spreads and mass buying, a subject he and others had been investigating. His audience, being so apprised, settled back to enjoy a comfortable, joltless-evening. Before he had finished some of the members were in favor of calling out the fire department.

He spoke feelingly of the poor farmer who was getting a cent and a half a pound for his beef and of the slightly better-off hog raiser who was doing a bit, but not much, better because of a receptive British market under the Imperial Trade Agreement. Then he told them that he had found that while the rancher was starving, the Canadian packers had been enjoying four of "the most prosperous years of their existence, piling up reserves that were not warranted under normal business operations." His audience began to look down their noses. Then Mr. Stevens spat upon his hands and rolled up his sleeves. He talked about the wages being paid the industrial worker by the employers whose cause he had so long championed with high tariff schedules and other profits boosters.

"I did not think it possible in Canada," said the Conservative Mr. Stevens. "I did not want to believe it. I looked into it. I found it true. At first I did not realize the magnitude of it. There are about 60,000 people, chiefly in Ontario and Quebec, engaged in the needle trades. Of those 60,000, I should judge 40,000 were living under wage and labor conditions below anything that could or should be tolerated."

Then this right hand of the Conservative leader of Canada, this trusted mouthpiece of special privilege for big business, cited wages of three dollars a week—four, five and six dollars a week under conditions a coolie wouldn't tolerate.

On the following morning Mr. Stevens' telephone is alleged to have melted. Outraged Conservatives, failing to impress Mr. Stevens, demanded of Mr. Bennett that he do something. Mr. Bennett promised to speak to Mr. Stevens, but before they could come to anything like a satisfactory discussion it was discovered that Mr. Stevens had caused some four thousand copies of his speech to be printed and broadcast. From Halifax to Victoria the pamphlet was being read. In a high fury, Mr. Bennett ordered that the distribution stop and that what remained of the pamphlets should be destroyed, popularizing it all the more, of course.

The damage had been done. Even the first deputy high priest of the Conservative party had abandoned the still holy if somewhat eroded ground. Clearly something would have to be done about it; but it became clearer that it would be the radicals who might do it. The cheering from the radicals was loud and sardonic. There was nothing Mr. Bennett could do about it—particularly as Mr. Stevens was being acclaimed by the masses as "the man who could stand his own kind no longer." What had Mr. Stevens said in explanation? Everybody was quoting it:

"I do not want to be mushy about this thing, but on the Friday night [before he had first unburdened his mind] I could not sleep, and I got up after midnight and went down to my den and wrote that speech between then and four o'clock in the morning. Then I delivered it, but I did not think it would have the repercussion it did."

So bitter became the feeling between Mr. Bennett, who considered himself betrayed, and Mr. Stevens, who "could not sleep," that Mr. Stevens resigned his office. But in leaving the Bennett ministry he took something—a great deal, perhaps—with him. It was as though an Ickes or Perkins resigned from Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet charging that the common people were being debauched.

"Let's Keep It Canadian"

So it's more than a mere possibility that Canada is going in for a new deal. She has changed faster than her masters. The Mitch Hepburns are having their day. The Conservatives, belatedly perhaps, are confessing that concessions will have to be made. And if Mr. Bennett won't have them, perhaps some other leader will. Perhaps Mr. Stevens. The CCF may not supplant either the Conservative or the Liberal as a national party—probably won't. But both sides are finding it easy to Yes the Federation these days.

Still, the graver-minded, particularly in Ottawa, are hoping that there will be no such general kicking around of tradition as the Honorable Mr. Hepburn indulged in when he took office. It's all very well to change things here and there but there is really no occasion to go American like that. For example, about those official motor cars.

When Mr. Hepburn took command in Toronto he announced that the bureaucrats and their masters would have to walk to and from their jobs, if they still had their jobs, unless they owned cars of their own. Nobody believed he was serious, but he caused a large number of motors to be dragged to a nearby park. On the sides of these vehicles he wrote the cost of upkeep (what it cost Ontario) and added a few words about the number of hungry persons the maintenance of these province-owned cars might feed. Then he held an auction. Several officials protested bitterly. They were unused to walking. Very well then, replied Mr. Hepburn, go home and rest. And stay home.

That's the sort of thing the better people objected to. All very well in the States. But after all, Canada is a part of the British Empire. In their hearts they do not object so much to a New Deal either. But must it be so damned American?

THE WELL-GROOMED MAN APPRECIATES A "KREMENTZ" GIFT

Adolphe Menjou, shown here wearing one of the smart new Krementz Collar Holders, is soon to appear in "The Mighty Barnum", a Twentieth Century Picture.

JUST as Mr. Menjou's choice of Krementz Jewelry is *important* because he is recognized as one of the best dressed men on the screen—so are there style leaders in smart circles everywhere whose preference for Krementz Jewelry definitely establishes it fashion's *favorite*.

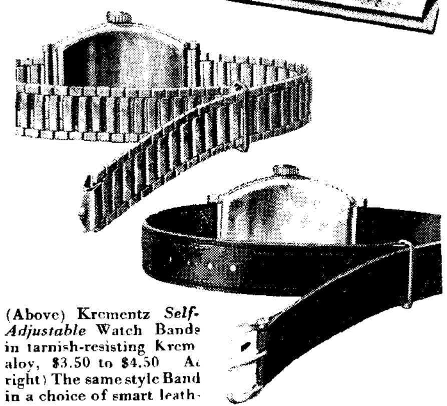
Krementz Jewelry is not only smartly but authoritatively styled. It is universally recognized as the "correct" thing to wear, and Krementz quality is your guarantee of lifelong satisfaction.

That's why a gift of Krementz Jewelry is doubly appreciated by men who are particular about their appearance.

Sold by the better stores in a wide variety of styles for business, sports and evening wear.

KREMENTZ & CO. NEWARK, N. J.

Krementz Collar and Tie Holder Sets in attractive Gift Boxes from $3.50 to $5.00.



(Above) Krementz *Self-Adjustable* Watch Bands in tarnish-resisting Krem aloy, $3.50 to $4.50 At right) The same style Band in a choice of smart leathers, $2.00.

KREMENTZ

JEWELRY FOR MEN

The Man Who's Always Wrong

Continued from page 18

as many things to check. First of all, in this particular crisis the kicker must be carefully watched. He's backed right up against the end line. If he so much as puts a heel upon it while the ball is in his possession, the play's an automatic safety and two points for Brown. The kicker can't be run into nor roughed. The Yale ends can be blocked, but they mustn't be tripped or held. There must be no clipping from behind, and once that ball is in the air, the whole picture changes, bringing in a batch of other rules.

If it's neither a sneak nor a pass nor a kick, but turns into the sudden flurry of a fumble, he must be absolutely certain who last touched it on the field or in the end zone. If the kicker, sneaker, passer or fumbler slips and so much as touches his knee to the ground while the ball is in his possession the ball is dead. He's got to watch all that and much, much more.

Job for a Superman

By the rules, his head linesman is *primarily* responsible for off sides and tripping; his umpire *primarily* responsible for the condition of equipment, the conduct of players, which means slugging, holding, cursing and what not; and his field judge is *primarily* responsible for timing the game and helping locate the ball on down-the-field plays, but actually and really he's responsible for it all. They suggest; he inflicts. They offer testimony; he decides.

You'd think that almost enough.

It ought to be, but it isn't.

Given a lengthy set of rules, prolix and frequently contradictory, seriously complicated by "approved rulings," printed as footnotes and "interpretations" mailed in an endless stream from an omnipotent czar or commissioner, this man needs the memory of an elephant, the courage of a bulldog, and the quickness of a cat to run his game. The full responsibility of a great public entertainment, a pageant for the viewing of which possibly 80,000 people have paid more than a quarter million dollars, is his.

You'd think he'd have the sympathy, the support, the protection and the encouragement of the men whose big show he's running off before the crowd, the college coaches and directors of athletics. After all, football business is nothing but show business. It wasn't always so, but that was back in the pre-stadium era. You'd think the men whose livings depended upon these furious fiestas of the good old autumn time would zealously guard and coöperate with the courageous outsider who, for an average fee of only fifty dollars, crawls in there with those husky young athletes to ringmaster a show that nets the schools practically all of the gate.

You'd think they would, but they don't, and they probably never will unless somebody devises a system whereby both teams win simultaneously.

I don't know why it is, but there are no worse losers on the crust of this perishing planet than the people who should lose best, or at least, the most gracefully—the college people, the college athletic officials in particular. I write this, not in bitterness but in sadness, not in hatred but with affection. Most of them are my friends. Many of them are—shall we say, my pals? But they simply can't, as the boys say, take it. From Yale, Michigan or Stanford straight south to the Mount Horsecollar Institute, they can't take a lacing without groping for alibis, and if a football official, hewing straight to the line, rules in favor of the enemy in a hairline case, he's either a dope, a crook or a combination of both, and the hatred of him hangs on for years and years—for, in some cases, as long as he lives.

I'll call names and cite instances.

In 1921 the University of Pennsylvania was playing the University of Alabama on Franklin Field in Philadelphia. Penn had a powerfully built tackle named Thurman. In fact, he was an All-America immortal. 'Bama had a much smaller backfielder named Baty. Thurman and Baty became embroiled in some sort of hot-headed argument, and Thurman smashed Baty with his fist. With the merits of their quarrel we're not concerned here. I don't know who started it nor why. Maybe Baty struck first. An old law of football says, "The man who hits back is the one who gets caught." But, at any rate, Thurman hit or hit back, and was caught.

The referee caught him. He was looking right at him.

Wading in, he collared the raging giant and put him out of the game, penalizing Pennsylvania half the distance to the goal line, as the rules required. The crime was plain and the mandatory punishment plainly prescribed in the rules book, but the Pennsylvania officials went red-headed. You see, Penn went on from there eventually

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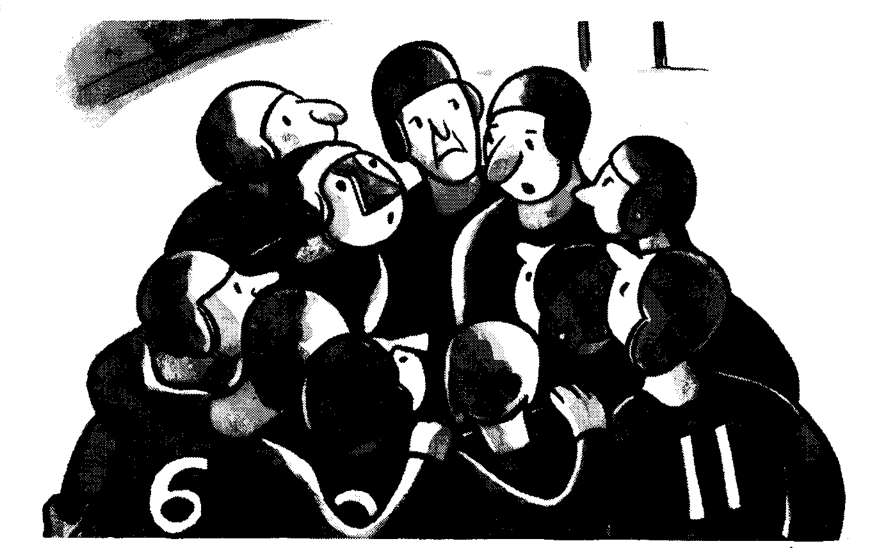


"Lay off the guy on left end. He owes me ten bucks!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Ever smoke around the clock?

Some days, do you seem to be "lighting up" like perpetual motion . . . breakfast to bedtime, and all hours in between? Those are grand days to get introduced to Spud. Spuds have a way all their own of quenching the heat in smoke . . . tempering its dryness . . . giving you both unspoiled flavor and a fresh, cool mouth. *Why don't you try them?*

Never mind how long your smoking day . . . if you keep to Spuds, they'll keep your mouth fresh

CORK TIP or PLAIN

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20
(25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

You don't need to bundle them up... when you have an ARVIN

4 ARVIN MODELS PRICED as LOW as $12.95

HEALTH HINT: *Many children now sniffling and coughing might be well if the family car had an Arvin Heater.*

It used to be that youngsters had to be bundled up to a point where they were practically *upholstered*, when they were taken out in the car on wintry days. Even then they often caught cold. Now, however, with an Arvin Hot Water Heater in the car, you can pile them in just about as they are, with no fear of chilling, even when it's bitter cold outside . . . Give your family the protection and comfort of an Arvin. Priced as low as $12.95—equipped with beautiful, indirectly lighted, variable speed switch, handsome chromium plated turning deflector front, and other quality features. Sold by garages, service stations and car dealers everywhere. *Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc., Columbus, Ind.*

ARVIN

HOT WATER CAR HEATER

For Winter Driving Comfort

ARVIN CAR RADIO

For Year 'round Driving Pleasure

(Continued from page 41)

to lose the ball game. It was a close one, the final score being 9 to 6. It was the first game they'd lost that season and the sixth that they'd played. They'd had high hopes of one of these mythical championships. These hopes came down with a clatter that night. Thurman's being out was what probably made the difference. It really did. He was a swashbuckling lineman.

So the game, the season, the championship were blown, and they blamed not Thurman, but the referee.

At the start of the season, they'd selected him to handle their next two games as well—two traditional struggles with Pittsburgh and Penn State. That night they requested him by telegraph *to withdraw from both contests.* He said he'd be darned if he would, that he'd done nothing but enforce the rules as written and he demanded a meeting of the Central Board of Football Officials, the officials' governing body of the time, to review the evidence and render a supreme opinion.

Unforgiven Fairness

Dr. James A. Babbitt was head of this body. The other members were Walter Camp of Yale, Fred Moore of Harvard, E. K. Hall of Dartmouth and Bill Roper of Princeton, all of whom are now dead. In the only telephone meeting of this body ever held, they reviewed the evidence and rendered the opinion that the referee had only discharged his duty as a fearless official, and insisted that Penn use him the following week provided he wanted to go.

Being the type of courageous gentleman who "wanted to go," he did. He worked those next two games with Pitt and Penn State as Penn's adversaries, and there wasn't a peep from any team, including Penn's.

But—that was the last game that official worked for Pennsylvania for nine long years—until, in fact, the coach then in charge and the athletic directorate then in power had long since gone their ways, taking their hates and prejudices with them!

Don't think I'm picking on Penn. That just chances to be a perfect case. There are almost as many others as there are colleges.

A pre-war Harvard generation, for instance, never forgave Dave Fultz for canceling Eddie Casey's seventy-two-yard run for a touchdown against Yale in 1916 because of a tripping penalty called against a Harvard player on the play. That was the break of the game, you see. Yale went ahead to win 6 to 3. Harvard already had the three. Casey's disallowed touchdown would have given Harvard victory.

An older Dartmouth generation has never forgiven Bill Langford for ruling in favor of Princeton upon the occasion of the famous bounding drop-kick. Princeton drop-kicked the ball. It struck the ground well back on the field, bounded gayly along end-over-end, finally struck a pebble and popped up over the crossbar. There was nothing in the rules covering this unique behavior. Referee Langford had to call it something. He scratched his head a minute and then called it a field goal. That gave Princeton the ball game and Mr. Langford will never have any dormitories named after him at Dartmouth.

An amusing sidelight is that the selfsame day the selfsame freak occurred in a game between Andover and Exeter. Mike Thompson, who was refereeing, gave the opposite decision—that it wasn't a field goal—and the side that kicked the ball almost ran him out of town!

Back in 1916 Dr. E. J. O'Brien, the famous Eastern referee, on a forward pass play in a Brown-Colgate game, ruled against Brown. He was barred from all Brown games thereafter for six years—rather, he just "wasn't selected" to officiate in any contests in which Brown was engaged. Finally, in 1921, he found himself working in a Harvard-Brown game and it suddenly became his tragic duty to call an offside on Brown which canceled a Bruin touchdown. That cooked him with the Bruins for eleven years more, or until the Brown-Colgate game of 1932, to be exact! By that time there was a new coach at Brown and a new method of selecting and assigning officials all 'round.

Formerly the colleges selected their own officials and could take or reject *whom they chose. A typical method* was the one used in the East, in the old Central Board days. Here there was an annual conclave in a New York hotel at which the colleges agreed mutually and in pairs upon the men who were to handle their next season's games. The Central Board had a list of men it certified as being capable. It was the board's job to examine and to certify. The bigger schools had first choice as a group and the order of choice among themselves was reached by pulling names out of a hat.

This process was awkward, laborious and open to almost innumerable evils. Coaches and athletic directors were absolute czars. The blacklist was their principal weapon and they used it unmercifully. There was no way of stopping them. They had the right to pass personally on the men who'd officiate and they naturally chose, where they could, men who'd "give them a break." In other words, officials with whom they were friendly. The system was absolutely rotten with politics. Officials who wanted games had virtually to take dictation from directors and coaches. *Some of them were bulldozed unmercifully,* and even collared in dressing-rooms before football games began and told by the coach what they could call and couldn't call.

The blacklist was never an open *thing. It didn't have to be. All a coach* or athletic director had to say when a man's name came up was, "No, we don't want him. We don't think he's competent." Since the agreement had to be mutual, that official was automatically out.

More and more, honest and unbluffable officials found the sphere of their acceptability shrinking until it was almost around their feet. Strangely enough, the blanks in their schedules corresponded exactly to the games of teams against whom they'd rendered decisions in tight spots the preceding season.

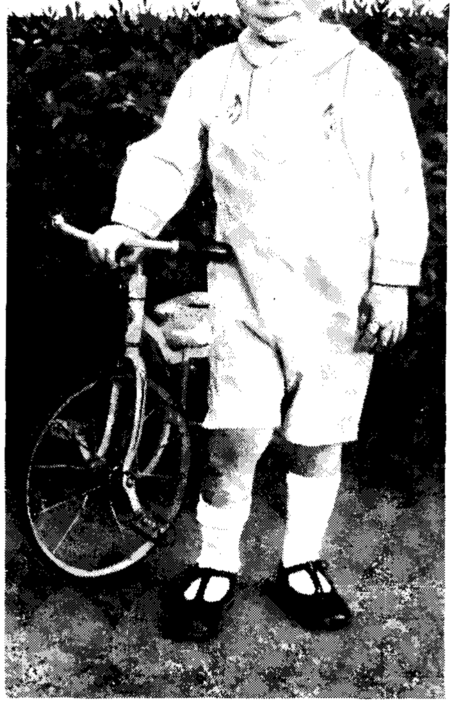
The Big Ten's Solution

It was the Western Conference—the so-called Big Ten, that first showed the way out. This able organization of big midwestern universities came into being in 1922, elected Major John L. Griffith its czar or commissioner, and in due time tackled the problem of football officials. Its system was simple. It arranged to have the ten football coaches and ten of the older officials submit the names of men they considered courageous and competent enough to handle conference games without fear or favor.

A three-way check is kept on them. At the end of each season they are classified as nearly as possible as referees, umpires, field judges and head linesmen. By a numerical rating system, the ten coaches are then asked to rate the men according to their opinions of their ability. Each official is likewise asked to rate in similar fashion the men with whom he's worked during the season. Lately, Commissioner Griffith watches

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER



who tells of "a vital factor in continuous good health" for herself and her two children

Following faithfully the advice of one's doctor or surgeon, as did Mrs. W. E. Waters, of 344 Lafayette Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky, is very sensible and wise. Read her letter below.

"Twenty years ago, after a painful operation for hemorrhoids, my surgeon warned me that my probably inherited tendency to faulty elimination would be apt again to cause me much misery unless I regularly took Nujol. Since then, Nujol has been as essential to me as drinking water. That is, Nujol is a vital factor in my continuous good health.

"Following instructions on the Nujol folder, I cured myself of life-long (I was then 17) constipation. For years I have been able to go for days without taking any Nujol, but if I am forced to eat white bread (which binds me) or am under any sort of nervous strain, then I can rely on a few nightly teaspoons of Nujol to keep me in good condition.

"Julia Ann, aged 13 and Billy, aged 11, have taken Nujol since babyhood. They both were bottle babies, raised on pasteurized milk which has a slight tendency to constipate. They love Nujol and fuss if I give it to one and not to the other.

"The secret of keeping Nujol palatable and agreeable to take is keeping it cold. There is always a bottle of Nujol in our refrigerator. If either the children or I are away from home, we forestall change of water, habits or diet, by taking a small bottle of the precious fluid with us.

"This I know from personal experience—if the directions with Nujol are followed exactly, anyone with patience and perseverance can develop those regular habits which are the foundation of health and comfort. Why suffer or let your helpless babies or children suffer when there's Nujol?"

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, Dept. 2-W, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

a game every Saturday and tries to see as many different sets of officials as possible. He rates them, too.

The general average of these ratings determines an official's final standing. The rest is easy. Those with the highest ratings are given full schedules. Those not rated so highly are considered substitute officials. Those who've worked satisfactorily for a number of years and whose current ratings are high are given preference over men of high rating who, by comparison, are newcomers. Seniority rules where possible.

The men are assigned arbitrarily by an officials committee consisting of Major Griffith and two faculty representatives elected by the Faculty Conference. The faculty members for the season just closed were Professors R. W. Aigler of Michigan and James Paige of Minnesota. Teams have nothing to say concerning officials assigned to them, or, if they have, they say it to the commissioner on their rating blanks later. They take what and whom they're sent, and at least pretend to like it.

The East made an effort to copy the Big Ten system in 1928. Harvard, Yale, Brown, Dartmouth, Princeton, Army, Navy, Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Pennsylvania, Columbia and Penn State agreed to form themselves into the Eastern Intercollegiate Association for the Selection of Football Officials. They agreed to underwrite the expenses of a salaried commissioner at $12,000 a year ($1,000 for each of the underwriting colleges) and his expenses incurred in interpreting the rules, selecting officials and assigning them impartially and arbitrarily.

Walter R. Okeson, an officer of Lehigh University, a football official himself and presently member-at-large of the Football Rules Committee and editor of the official Intercollegiate Football Guide, was selected for the job and still holds it.

For a year it worked admirably.

Since then it's had its troubles, largely because the men who created it wouldn't leave it alone. Mr. Okeson is a pleasant man and a capable one, but his job soon resolved itself into a task of trying to keep the twelve underwriting colleges pleased. We stated above that you can't please a college about its football officials. The only thing to do is not to try. Mr. Okeson has been trying. He's still trying. His spot's a tough one. Unlike Major Griffith, he's alone and he has no conference to back him. In reality he's the employee of twelve colleges, which means he's one harassed man with twelve rabid bosses who can agree about anything at all except a football game. And football games are his only contact with them. They talk. He listens. He has to.

Why Referees Quit

The result is that a more insidious form of blacklist than the old one is working in the East and, one by one, able men and once-famous officials, such as Dave Fultz and Fred Murphy, two prominent New York lawyers; Vic Schwartz, Providence broker; Eddie O'Brien, noted Boston surgeon; Judge W. A. Evans of Little Falls, New York; Jim Cosgrove, famed corporation lawyer of New York, and others have become disgusted and have turned in their whistles.

If you heard the stories of petty quibblings and juvenile pushing around, you wouldn't blame them. They're the type of men who should be running football games. They officiated because they loved the game. The fees weren't pocket money for them. The jobs don't pay much anyhow. Big games used to bring one hundred dollars, but seventy-five dollars was the top in the East this year. Such games as Harvard-Yale, Pitt-U. S. C., Dartmouth-Cornell were good for exactly that. Games such as Princeton vs. Amherst paid forty dollars. Conference games in the Middle West paid sixty dollars each, the non-conference games forty dollars.

It wasn't the money that brought them in; but it was the recurrence of nagging criticisms, biased charges of unfairness, and general public playground behavior upon the part of men supposed to represent the highest standards of sportsmanship, gracious winning and graceful losing that drove them out. If college athletics can't carry the torch of true sportsmanship, where can you look for a torchbearer?

But remember?

We had that Brown-Yale game stopped with the Yale kicker in the end zone. I wanted to show you some of the extra pressure on a referee in that sort of spot—pressure of the sort the crowd knows nothing about.

Let's restart the film. Here she goes!

He Can't Please Both Teams

Back comes the ball. It's a kick all right. The Yale line blocks in place like a wall of blue granite. But look over on the flank at that big Brown tackle! Like a man-elephant through a canebrake, he crashes dead ahead to fling his burly body, arms upstretched, across the Yale kicker's protection.

Fuller tries desperately to get the ball away, but he's too late. Those bespatulate dukes—they look like clam rakes—are straight in the path.

Bloop! goes the punt.

Bloop! goes the block, only it goes Bloop-bloop!—like that.

The ball spins crazily straight into the squirming mass up on the scrimmage line. A hand bats it. Whose hand? Your guess is as good as anybody's. But it doesn't strike the ground. Instead it goes back up in the air like a volley ball. Another hand bats it. And another. Maybe they're trying to grab it and are missing. Anyhow, it's batted or it bounces back and forth in there from hand to hand, from body to body, until at last, without touching the ground, it pops into the hands of big Clare Curtin, Yale tackle, who catches it. Where? It looks like the two- or three-yard line, but the action is whirling. Can you really tell?

Curtin, as amazed as anybody, starts running toward the distant Brown goal.

At the nineteen-yard line, they catch him and down him.

What is it, Mr. Referee? A safety for Brown or a first down for Yale?

Without a minute's hesitation he rules it first down for Yale.

The Brown bench is wild. The Brown players have surrounded him. The papers will hash and rehash it for a week. Letters will be written. Mr. Okeson will be spoken to and pleaded with, argued with and maybe ordered.

It would be essentially the same if he'd ruled the other way, only it would be Yale who'd be shaking the fists and raising the voices. And it would be exactly the same if it weren't Brown and Yale at all, but Whoozis and Whatzis playing a big game anywhere. This merely happens to be an actual scene from an actual game. That's why I'm using it for demonstration purposes.

I never was much for the overemphasis business. I *think* they overemphasize overemphasis. I'm not a chronic viewer with alarm, but I do think there's something sadly wrong with a game wherein the better an official is, the less he's wanted by both sides.

We need more grown men and fewer perennial sophomores sitting in the front offices of our collegiate athletic plants. Somebody's got to win and somebody's got to lose, else what would be the point in ever playing?

"We've had a grand time! But we really must be going home now."

"Why, it's been snowing! And just look how the thermometer has dropped!"

"We're sure lucky the car's O. K. It's a wonder it wasn't frozen!"

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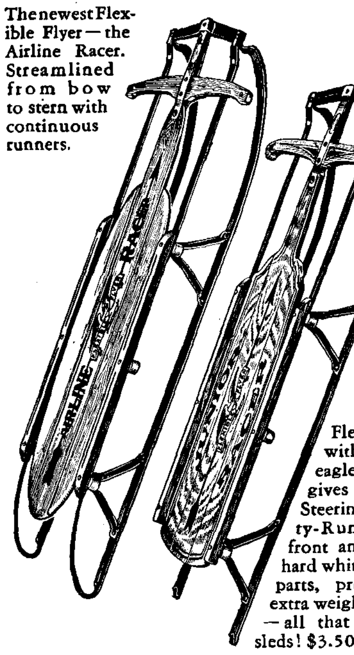

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Two on Safari

Continued from page 25

"Not yet," he answered promptly.

She sank back on her hands. "Then it doesn't matter what's happened."

"Oh, yes it does; it matters a lot."

"Not to me."

It was his turn to study her curiously. "That remains to be seen," he said finally in a tone that made the words sound ominous.

"Why? What are you talking about?"

"Myself—and you. I'm somebody else. You said it a minute ago. You still feel it, don't you?"

"I felt it last night as soon as I came back."

He shook his head impatiently. "No; you couldn't have; I mean it hadn't had time to get in its work. I was born again during the night, after you went to bed. I woke up to an idea and a goal. That's what makes me different. Anybody who is headed for a fixed mark is always different—just as you were when we started out."

Her heart skipped a beat, and then went on; she wondered if he had caught the startled gleam in her eyes. "And still am," she asserted belligerently.

"You're sure? That's what I'm here for—to find out."

"Quite sure. Whatever I do or seem can't possibly affect why and where I'm going."

He leaned forward and fixed her eyes intently. "Then I give you fair warning."

"Warning—about what?"

"You'll find out. I'll begin by telling you you're lovely—so lovely my blood burns whenever I let my eyes see you."

She stared at him. "Am I supposed to laugh?"

"Laugh or cry, scratch and bite," he continued, his expression unchanged, "do anything you like and it can't change the thing you've become to me." His lip quirked oddly. "There's a strange condition," he continued presently; "you might call it a phenomenon. While in its grip it's you who make the person you behold—her looks, voice and even her thoughts. Perhaps you're just ordinary, but I can't see it and no amount of proof could make me believe it."

"I haven't the vaguest idea what you're talking about," said Josephine, bewildered. "Have you?"

"About your being the loveliest thing that walks," explained Ballard.

He had risen and stood looking down at her. "Are you awake? Some unnamable emotion, either anger or merely the plunging of the blood in her veins, choked her throat so she could answer him only with blazing eyes. He nodded understandingly. "Better get up; we're moving on today."

WHILE they breakfasted the camp was dismantled.

The trail led through the selfsame forest in which she had wandered on the previous afternoon. Presently appeared a long line of black dots like a snake threading its way through the diminishing arches. As the cantering horses approached, each dot stepped aside and Josephine caught the flash of upturned eyes, the gleam of shining teeth and heard occasionally a shouted phrase which started a wave of laughter rolling down the whole line. Already she knew better than to ask the joke. They passed load after load until she thought the line of porters was never going to end. At last they headed it, caught up with Ali, Abdul and the cook, walking among Matogada's followers, then with his bodyguard and finally with the old chief himself.

He rode in a *machilla,* a hammock hung from a long pole borne on the shoulders of eight runners. Sweat streamed down their naked bodies in a flow that seemed to match their speed as exactly as their feet matched the beat of a shouted rhythm. First would come a single voice, singing a high line, then the grunting chorus, tremendous in volume and precision: *"O-weh! O-weh! mah-dó, mah-dó!* Heh! Heh! Heh!"

Still Ballard pushed on and immediately they came upon a troupe of eight women, stripped to their waists, their hips moving with an odd sidling motion beneath their short *kapulanes,* their hands swinging at their sides. There seemed something incredible in the ease with which they set the pace as well as in the erectness of their carriage. Each had a burden on her head to which she paid no attention even in the case of the one who carried a tall jar of water, corked loosely only with leaves.

JOSEPHINE caught up with Ballard. "Who are those women? Weren't they splendid? I never saw them before."

"Matogada's wives," he answered.

Ahead of everybody else strode three figures, the local guide, a water boy and finally the most magnificent specimen in the way of a physical mechanism Josephine had ever seen; black as ebony, broad of shoulder, narrow of hip and straight as an arrow, he carried no burden except Ballard's spare gun. He had the appearance of a magnificent bronze miraculously endowed with the breath of life. He stopped short and faced Ballard as man to man. A twin smile came to life on their lips and grew quickly to a twin grin.

"Eh, Malungo!"

"Eh, Tugotug!" answered Ballard and turned to Josephine. "Here you are, Jo; this is Tugotug, Tugo for short, master of all master trackers."

The black never took his eyes from Ballard's face. Now, balancing the gun by stock and barrel, he raised it high in a strange salute and lowered it again. It was as if he said, "This is our beloved child. Behold how carefully I tend it."

"See the other chap," continued Ballard to Josephine, "the one up front?"

"Yes."

"You stay behind him. He's the local guide and knows where we're going to camp."

"Why? Where are you off to?"

"Never mind; you'll see me when you see me."

He nodded to Tugo and the water boy and the three started off on a slant to the northwest at a brisk pace. The sight of Shilling, Ballard's groom, appearing from nowhere and darting in his wake, nose to the ground like a hound, gave her an idea. She looked around in search of Bongo and her eyes collided with his, close to Swayback's rump. She smiled and he answered with a broad grin. For once Ballard had slipped; he had given his order to her only in English, a language Bongo certainly could not understand. She turned her head quickly in time to glimpse Shilling's hurrying figure. With a dig of her heels she started Swayback in pursuit.

Keeping Shilling just in sight, she followed for an hour before he emerged from the rim of the forest into an open glade. She held back, not wishing him to see her, but the pause was fatal. Having failed to mark the exact spot where he had plunged again into cover she missed his trail completely and started riding up and down the edge of

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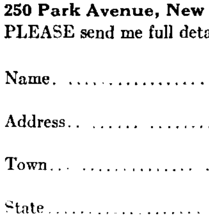

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the thicket, completely at a loss. Bongo came to her aid. Never dreaming she would dare to follow her lord and master except by express command, he summoned her with a low whistle, took up Shilling's spoor and showed the way.

The nature of the terrain had changed completely. Gone was the interminable izonzo forest. In its place were towering clumps of trees interspersed with sudden vistas that led the eye to right or left along channels of waving grass. Upon crossing one of these openings Bongo came to a halt so suddenly that the horse bumped its nose and Josephine almost went over his head. She recovered and followed the direction of the runner's fixed gaze.

Only after concentrated effort could she discern what he was staring at—big gray Pepper, dappled with shadows, and Shilling seated at his feet. Reaching back, Bongo tugged at Swayback's reins. She let them go. Leading the horse, the boy advanced so cautiously his tensity became infectious; instinctively she knew that silence had become of paramount importance.

He arrived close to Shilling and the two talked with signs alone but so graphically she could understand all they conveyed. Careful not to make a sound, she slipped to the ground, took Swayback's reins and transferred them to Shilling. With an imperious nod she ordered Bongo to go on. Still in the grip of the belief she must be acting on orders, he took up Ballard's spoor, but with a difference. Heretofore his progress had seemed quiet enough, but now it was absolutely soundless. When she cracked a twig he paused to look back in horror and after that raised his heels more slowly as if waiting for her to plant her foot exactly where he had trod. She was elated at her own understanding; at this rate she and Bongo would soon be able to converse.

She made a crucial discovery—that a foot placed toe first makes less noise than when the heel is first to touch the ground. They threaded their way through the thicket on whose outer edge Shilling had been stationed, crossed a wide swale and plunged again into semi-darkness. Just as the glint of sunshine began to show again before them Bongo suddenly stood as if transfixed and she found herself full length against his body, her arms thrown around him. He released himself gently and pointed as a native always points, with his whole extended arm and drooping fingers. She sighted along the arm and gradually made out three blots of darker shadow within the general gloom. Brushing past the boy, she moved toward them a step at a time, studying each spot before she trod.

MINUTES seemed to turn into hours, but presently she was so close to Ballard and his two companions that it seemed they must hear her breathe. What saved her was the intensity with which their attention was fixed elsewhere.

Out on the plain was a great black pool amid the sunlight. It stirred, moved, betrayed itself by a flicker here and a whisk there. She had seen pictures of bison. The animals before her, thick at the shoulder and with spindling haunches, looked like buffalo to her inexperience, but they were wildebeests, feeding down wind straight toward the ambushed guns. They traveled so slowly it seemed they would never arrive within range; then, quite suddenly, she was staring at individuals rather than the mass. Never had she beheld animals so grotesque. As if in answer to her thought, and for no apparent reason, a bull broke away from the herd and began cavorting in the antics of a solemn buffoon, pirouetting on one leg, then imitating a rocking-horse and finally pouncing on all four hoofs.

Ballard, grown impatient, steadied his rifle and fired. The bull's heels flew up in a last amazing gyration; for an instant he stood on his head like a column, then crashed flat on his back. The frightened herd milled, broke into groups but finally went streaming past at long range. Ballard fired again and again, felling two more animals. A third, badly wounded, broke back and started alone across the plain. Josephine seized the spare gun in Tugo's hands and tugged. Knowing better than to struggle over a loaded weapon, he let it go. It was a double-barreled four-fifty, used only in an emergency or for elephant or rhino, and she had to brace its eleven pounds of weight on her left knee. Her first shot went high but with the second she dropped the fleeing beast in its tracks. Ballard looked around in anger, ready to smash Tugo over the head for breaking the gun bearer's code, but his set jaw fell open as his eyes discovered Josephine.

"You!" he gasped, still incredulous.

"What of it?" she said, nursing her right shoulder with a trembling hand. "Since there's dirty work to be done, why should you have to do it all?"

"Great stuff!" he murmured, still at a loss. "You saved us a long chase after wounded game."

WITH astonishing swiftness the wilderness became populated. Half a dozen men appeared, accompanied by several youths, gatherers of surra wine, who welcomed the chance to trade the labor of carrying the carcasses into camp for a little meat. The grooms with their charges were already at hand, and Josephine, badly shaken, was glad to climb on Swayback. Leaving the water boy in charge, Ballard mounted and with Tugo as guide struck straight across country. So open was the going that the horses trotted side by side, but the long ride passed in silence, as did the dinner which followed. Only later, when they were sitting close together in their hammock chairs watching the swift passing of the twilight, did he condescend to talk and that because he saw her touching her right shoulder with exploratory fingers.

"That gun has a kick like a mule. Got you, did it?"

"Rather!"

"Very bad?"

"I don't know."

"Let me see."

She pushed her pajama jacket down from her shoulder, exposing a huge blue-black bruise. He leaned toward her quickly, all solicitude, touched the spot tenderly and then with a firmness that made her whole body wince.

"Easy, now," he murmured, "I've got to find out. Under the collar bone and in from the shoulder. You're lucky; nothing broken, and the joint isn't out."

"Thanks," said Josephine, "but that doesn't keep it from hurting."

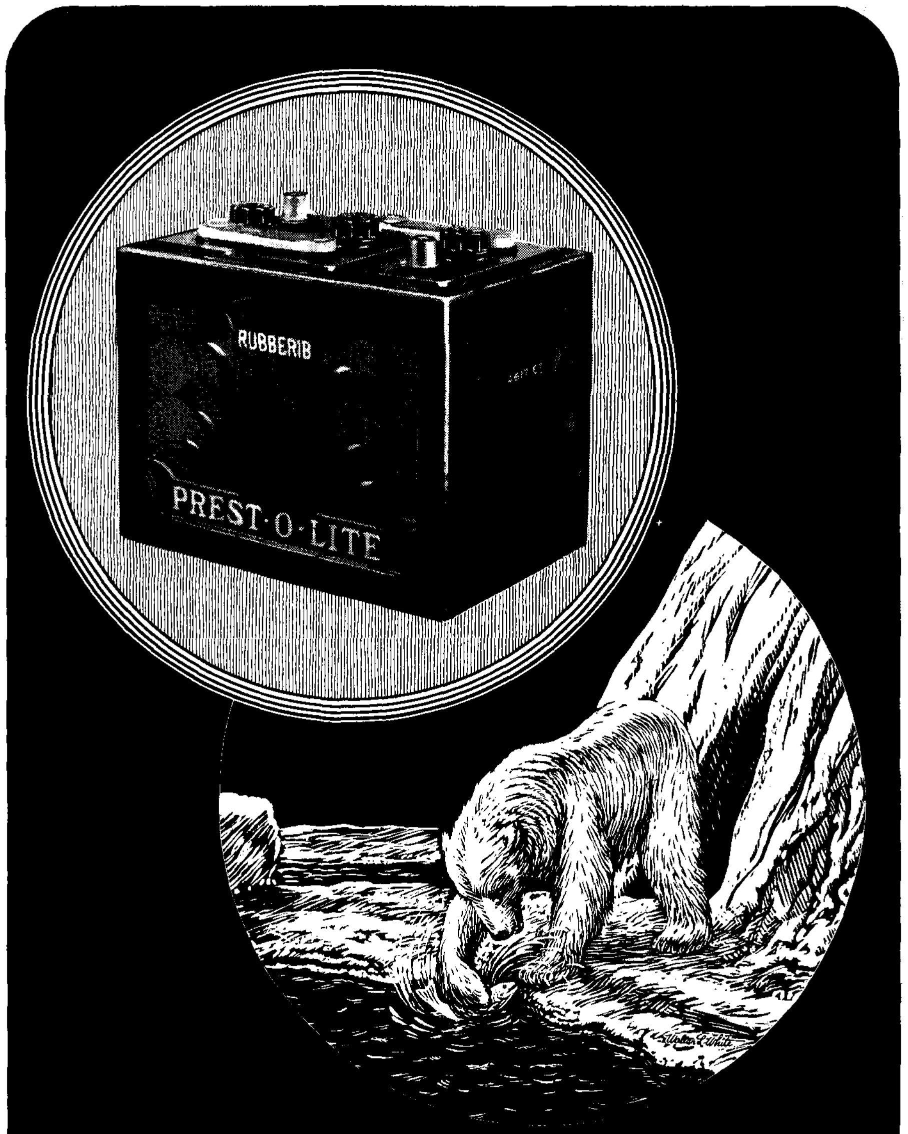
In the gathering gloom the bruise showed black as a coal pit within the surrounding moon-white flesh. He stared at it, fascinated, and the longer he stared the more was he entranced. Tenderness welled in him—the tenderness of strength toward all frailty or distress—and fooled him into thinking he would have felt the same toward any other hurt child. For a moment he forgot Miss Cascoden, Josephine, Jo; then, with a suddenness which later was to seem diabolical, he remembered them all.

"Of course it hurts," he heard himself saying. "There's no cure and only one thing that might help. Shall I try it?"

"Anything."

He leaned forward, laid his cheek on the bruise and pressed it there, his right arm across her lap, his hand gripping her bare elbow.

(Continued on page 46)



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TURN TO INSIDE FRONT COVER

(Continued from page 45)

"What are you doing?" she asked, furious at the catch in her breath.

"Listening to your heart—asking it a question."

"My heart can't answer; ask me."

"Who is Laurence Morland and what is he to you?"

There was a long pause, almost a hiatus in the march of the stars, before she answered: "The one person on earth I love above all others."

He drew erect, and then sank back in his chair, seized by a strange inertia—yet not strange, for during the last twenty-four hours he had been tossed up and down the emotional scale. He felt all washed out and sorry for himself. He wished he had never set foot in Red Lion Square or heard of Laurence Morland.

Only last night Matogada had brought undeniable confirmation—the white marauder, not satisfied with going native, had gone completely berserk. The old chief, though now a conquered subject, came from a long and proud line; his kingship might be a joke to the casual outsider, but to himself and his people it was as fixed and presumably as ancient as the solar system. Outwardly he bowed to the inevitable, but the thin blood in his hardening veins boiled whenever he thought of the huge sum of tribute paid annually by his tribe under the guise of hut tax. As a consequence never would he run to the authorities for help, however monstrous the need, but the news that Mallory was back in the land had come as a godsend—to him he could pour out his heart.

WHEN his tale was told Ballard arose from the midnight conclave dedicated to a double resolve. Whenever and wherever he came up with Morland he would deal with him unhesitatingly as he deserved. But in the meantime another matter, no less important, demanded solution—Josephine. An idea had leaped to life in his brain, dazzling him with its brilliancy—make her fall in love with him, a genuine head-over-heels affair! That had been the second string to his bow. He had laughed silently and long at the thought of bringing it into play, but now, lying back in the long chair, looking up at the stars, he wondered if he would ever smile again.

He would have been astonished could he have looked by some miraculous alchemy of sight inside her head and watched the workings of her mind. To her, at this moment, he was nearer than ever before, nearer than when his head had rested on her shoulder, for the scales had fallen from her eyes and a locked book had fallen open. She could read him from cover to cover, see him more clearly than in the light of open day. This man, nameless otherwise in her innermost thoughts, loved her. The knowledge did not come along the stepping-stones of reason; it was born full-fledged, as completely rounded and as sudden as a bullet. Was she glad or sorry? She was glad. She tried to fool herself into believing it was only because she was now sure of molding him to her purpose, but her honesty forced her to admit that, purpose or no purpose, she would still be glad. She rose and stretched, stifled a yawn.

"I'm getting cold," she said, without looking down at him. "Good night."

Strangely, her casualness acted on his brain like the jab of a spur. He neither stirred nor answered, for his thoughts were already hurrying along a fresh trail. In the blank wall of the future a tiny door had opened, daring him to enter. He took his decision. If she could be casual after what had taken place, so could he. Who knew what might happen between now and a dozen tomorrows? At least there would be an interim during which he could continue at her side, reveling in the boyish companionship which he now knew to have laid the foundation upon which the edifice of his love had so suddenly risen.

In this mood he started out on the following day, and to his delight she met him halfway. What could have suited her book better? Though he could not know it, no longer did any question trouble her mind. She was free—free both of worry as to the future and of all her girlish wonderings. Not only on that day but through three more, boy to his man, she rode in his company, followed where he went, grew hungry and ate, grew tired and slept. But always, through every vicissitude of travel or the chase and even in their short talks before sleep laid its heavy hand upon her eyelids, she was conscious of a tremendous fact. In reality she was neither boy nor girl; she was a woman—the one woman who in her own time and at the crook of her finger could have Ballard Mallory at her feet.

Only because he realized the danger to himself of trying to tell her what he believed the man she loved to have become did he hold back, but sooner or later it must be done. He dared not open cold with the revolting picture, but he could at least make a start by paving the way toward eventual revelation. To this end he back-tracked and resumed the half-bantering tone of a day that now seemed long ago—the day when he had likened her to a pale and unknown flower, cupped in the black chalice of her frock. Recalling some of the things he had said, he was startled to find how well they fitted a newly arisen situation. "Solitude is a sensation, and it's only once in a blue moon that by a paradox it can be shared. You're the paradox. We're together, though divided on two worlds."

Was that last still true? Deliberately he shortened the day's march with the sole object of tiring her less in order that drowsiness might not cut the evening hour quite so short. By day she was a boy in dress, bearing and spirit, a wholesome and invigorating sight, yet scarcely lovely. But at night, bathed, powdered and nested in silk at his side, she seemed to have stepped into another body.

"Jo," he murmured into the silence without preliminary warning, "please love me a little. Forgive me for all the things I'm going to say, because I'm drunk. I'm not looking at you, I can't see you, but you're like wine in the air. The smell of you is so faint it hasn't a name, but it goes to the head. It makes me stumble over my words like a blundering bumblebee, drunk on too much honey. Please love me a little."

"You're not stumbling at all," she answered, her voice low and controlled. "It gives me a queer feeling when you talk like that. Please go on."

"What sort of feeling? Can you describe it?"

"More or less," she replied. "It's like watching a golfer shoot a dozen holes in par and wondering if he can keep it up for the other six."

BALLARD laughed aloud and out of the night came a stupendous reverberating answer. Josephine came erect in her chair, her feet already planted, her hands gripping its arms.

"O-oh, o-oh! Wh-what was that?"

"It's a lion. I'm surprised we haven't heard one before."

The sound, incredible in its volume, came again; she sprang to her feet. "I can't stand this. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," said Ballard. Taking her hand, he drew her down to sit across his knees, but the tension of her trembling body made him relent. "I'd like to let you stay scared," he continued immediately, "but you might hold it against me later. That old fellow is a couple of miles away, telling the game he's had all he can eat. I doubt if he comes much nearer, and even if he does, he'll keep well outside the ring of our fires."

Her body went soft and promptly became twice as heavy. "What a fool I was to be frightened; it never helps—never. But he sounded so terribly near."

"Lions are queer beasts," continued Ballard conversationally. "At one end of the scale you have the man killers of Tsavo tearing their way into a barricaded railway car night after night and carrying off even the men who were waiting to kill them; at the other there's Martin Johnson's families of pets lying around waiting to be photographed."

"A half-time king of beasts."

Ballard chuckled and then frowned. "No; he's king all the time. The very fact that you can never tell what he'll do constitutes an element of greatness. Crocs are queer too. At some fords the natives know they can pass through them with safety, while at another crossing only half a mile away they're almost sure to be taken."

"I DON'T think I'd mind shooting crocodiles by the dozen," she said in a tone of discovery.

"There you are! What did I tell you? Some things you're willing to kill for what seems to you good and sufficient reason, others you won't at any price—and that goes for everybody. Where did you learn to shoot?"

"My cousin taught me."

"He did a good job. I suppose you rode to hounds as well?"

"Of course."

"There's a brutal pastime, if you like! Next to bull-fighting or a pole-axing competition in a slaughterhouse—"

"Please!" she interrupted, turning her head and leaning with her hand on his chest. "I know it's cruel—all of us know it is. But there's something else we know—that it's a school of courage. The fox dies, but we learn to ride straight."

"There's something in that," he admitted, "and in your case I think the end has justified the means."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you do ride straight. I can't imagine you stalling at any jump."

She flattened her hand against his chest and pressed. "Aren't I getting awfully heavy?"

He stared up at her, bewildered for an instant by her act and the manner of the question. It did not surprise him that the blood should start pounding in his veins; what got him was the sudden conviction she had meant it to. He twirled her off his lap to the ground and stood up. She let herself go and lay flat on her back, her arms outthrown.

"You little devil!" he shouted down at her. "What are you up to? You try that sort of thing on me again and I'll break your neck."

"Not so loud, please," she murmured. "The servants."

Stooping, he caught her beneath the shoulders and dragged her to her feet. But, loose as a sack, she could not be made to stand and he was forced to a choice between letting her fall or holding her up. He wrapped his arms around her, kissed her lips, eyes and throat. She neither helped nor hindered, every bone and sinew apparently dissolved in an inaction so complete she was like a sleeper comfortably afloat on a warm tide. He shook her without avail, dropped her into the chair, and stalked off toward his tent. He could not be sure but he thought low laughter followed him. He stopped short and half turned, clenching and unclenching his fingers. No, he wouldn't go back; he needed time to think things out.

(To be continued next week)

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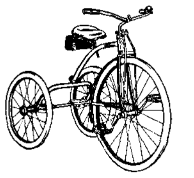

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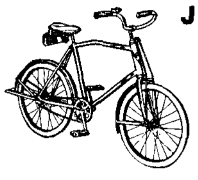

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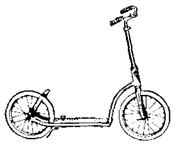

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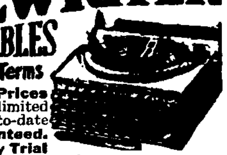

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Take it Easy

Continued from page 11

appointment with a Mr. Lafferty on Wednesday.

When he phoned Wednesday they said the appointment would have to be moved up to ten-thirty Friday morning, if that would be convenient to him. He said it would. It was the second day of the qualifying round, but he could get them to give him an afternoon starting time.

He had nothing else to do that morning so he drove over to Aldershot's Body Works to see about the roadster. It was done. The crumpled fenders, the door, had been rolled out beautifully and the paint precisely matched.

"Want us to deliver it?"

"Well, no," Ed said. "I'll take it. Just have someone follow to bring me back. He can use my chariot."

HE WAS silly, he reflected, as he rolled out Wilham Drive. He probably wouldn't see her; if he did, what of it?

He swung into a curving drive that led up past a long house with white pillars and big porches, set far back in a big lawn dotted with shrubs and flowers and things. He stopped in the large cemented space before the six-car garage.

A chauffeur came out of the garage.

"Brought Miss Jervis' car back," Ed said. "It's okay."

The chauffeur nodded. "I'll take care of it."

"Er—uh—you don't suppose she wants to see it or ask me anything before I go?" He couldn't help that.

"I guess not. You can give me the bill, or mail it."

Ed nodded. "I'll mail it." He went down the drive.

She came out to the end of a porch and looked down at him.

"Hello. I saw you come in. Everything all right?"

"Good as new," he assured her. "Want to see it?"

"I'll take your word for it. How's the golf?"

"All right. I hope. I—I'm playing in the open."

"How nice!" She smiled at him. "Er—don't you want someone to take you back to town?"

There went his feet again. Every time she smiled.

"No, thanks," he said. "I've got my car down there."

She nodded toward the curb where the man from Aldershot's had parked Ed's vehicle. "Is that your—uh—car?"

"Listen," Ed said, "it'll do things yours won't."

"Really?" Her eyebrows went up a little in faint amusement.

"Yes," he said, just a little shortly. But she smiled again and made him forget it. Anyhow, she didn't know about the fuel feed.

"Good luck in the tournament."

"Er—thanks," Ed said, still somewhat groggy from the second smile. "Uh—goodby."

He went on down the drive in a trance.

THE clock over the "Information" desk said ten-twenty.

Ed leaned over the rail and said, "Guess who I am?"

She looked completely puzzled and he gave up.

"Ed Hamm. Appointment. Mr. Lafferty. Ten-thirty."

"I'll have to confirm it," she told him.

"I confirmed it yesterday by phone."

"Oh, but we *always* confirm them again." She plugged in.

Ed crossed his fingers and held his breath. But in a minute she beamed up at him and said he was to go right in.

"Thanks. Where is his office?"

She referred to a notebook. "Three-ten, Building J."

Ed went out into the large yards, where he got lost a time or so. But he found Building J—and Mr. Lafferty.

"I've got a fuel feed for your motor," Ed said.

Mr. Lafferty was a youngish, thin man who seemed a bit bored with it all. He was also a nephew of the president, though this may have been a coincidence.

"Blueprints?" he yawned.

"Right here." Ed spread them on the desk.

Mr. Lafferty had been to schools and knew all about theories and things. He could read a blueprint just like that.

He did. He sighed and handed them back to Ed.

"Not practical. Cost too much to manufacture. Also, increase fuel consumption. Theory's all wrong. Wrong principle."

"But listen." Ed's voice was rising a little. "It *doesn't* increase fuel consumption. I know. I've got one on—"

Mr. Lafferty sighed again.

"I'm quite busy today," he said in martyred tones.

That got Ed. He scooped up the blueprints and stalked out and down the street and got into his car, paying no attention to the old duck with the mustache who stood beside the car, gazing at it with mild curiosity. He kicked the starter.

ED DROVE an hour and a half and covered an incredible number of miles. He was so mad you could have fried an egg on him. Now and then he would mutter to himself.

He turned in at Twenty Hills more by accident than design. He had just happened to be passing and remembered the tournament. He walked around gritting his teeth and seething and when it was his time to tee off he hit his drive, thinking about Mr. Lafferty, which, since the shot was straight, made it go two hundred and eighty yards. He got on with his second.

He played as though he hated the ball. Out of the first six holes he had two birdies, one eagle and went over par on the other three holes, leaving him one under for the six. He was cooling down a little.

Suddenly, for the first time he became aware of his score. Rapidly he calculated. He might qualify. His eighty-one, and a sixty-nine today. If he cut one more stroke off par—

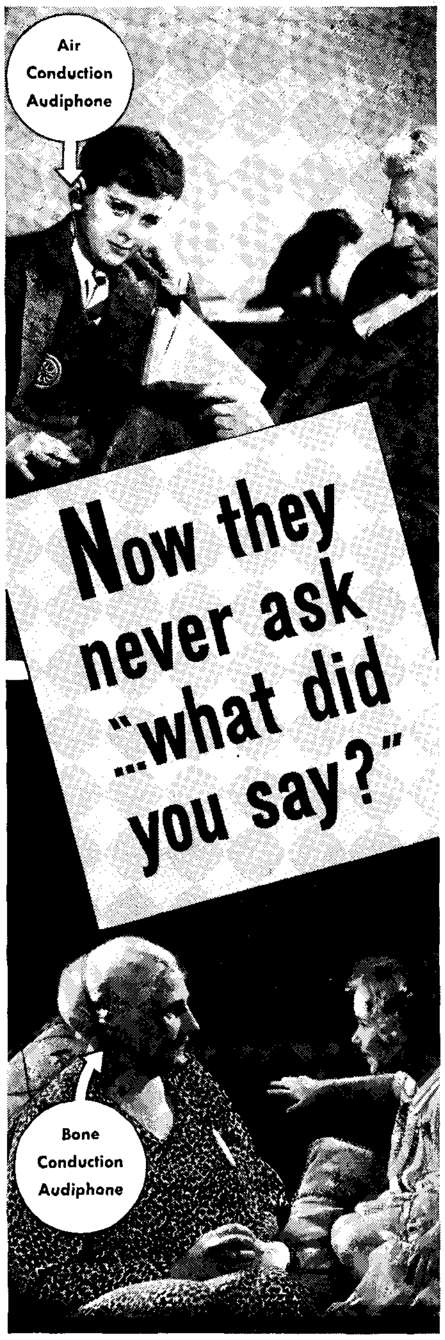
His ball was lying behind a log in tall grass, at the edge of the rough. Maybe if he just took it easy now and was careful he could hold this edge, even cut the other stroke off.

He studied the shot. He could pitch out to leave a simple chip shot to the green. Of course it was possible to get on but it would be very risky and foolish to try.

For a long moment he stood there. Then his lips shut in a thin line; he took his stance. He didn't waggle. He hit at the ball hard enough to kill a tough ox and nearly cut the ball in two. He had been shooting for the green. He got a six on the hole and didn't change expression.

When he came to the eighteenth tee he had eleven people in the gallery biting their nails, including a slender girl

(*Continued on page* 48)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(Continued from page 47)

with black hair. He needed a birdie three for a sixty-nine.

His tee shot was a screaming hook that hit a tree and bounced out and back into the fairway, still two hundred and seventy yards from the green. He didn't even hesitate when he came up to it. He took his driver.

Crack! The ball started low, whining savagely. It kept going up. It drifted down, rolled towards the green and then across it onto the apron. A driver off the fairway is a pretty tough shot; but he had made it look simple.

Ed walked across the green to his ball. He lined his chip quickly, brought the club-head back almost casually. The ball lifted across six feet of grass, rolled onto the green. It caught a slope, speeded up, curved toward the cup. It slowed and stopped four inches from the hole. Ed stood there looking at it until his partner had sunk, and then tapped it in for a seventy, and a one hundred and fifty-one, which might qualify or might not. But he didn't think about that because he was very busy thinking about something else.

THEN, as he moved toward the clubhouse he saw Anne Jervis ahead of him. She was walking with some others of the large gallery. He frowned a little and looked away, following listlessly. Some day, in three or four years, he thought sourly, when he had— Abruptly his scowl deepened and he then and there completely and finally derailed that train of thought.

"*What the heck!*" he muttered darkly and walked faster.

He caught up with her. She wasn't walking very fast.

He touched her shoulder and she turned around. She didn't seem surprised to see him.

"Come here." He took her hand and led her to one side of the path. "Look," he said, scowling furiously, "that first day you came in the garage I thought you were swell. The other day I thought you were sweller. I still do. I think you're the swellest thing I ever—"

"Don't scowl," she said. "Life is but a game."

He skipped over that. "—saw. I want to be around where you are all the time. And so forth. What are you doing this afternoon? Tonight? Any night? This afternoon?"

"Did you qualify?"

"Quit dodging. What about this afternoon? Tonight?"

A smile hovered near her lips. "What would we do—this afternoon?"

"Well—well, we might go riding."

"In—your car?"

He guessed you couldn't have everything. "We—I could rent one. Or we could use yours," he added reluctantly.

The smile settled to a landing. "We go in yours," she said, "or I don't go."

It didn't affect his feet this time. It was his head. It got loose and sort of floated around. A dandy sensation.

"I drive," she stated, slipping behind the wheel.

Ed climbed onto the seat beside her. She went from low to second, from second to high. There wasn't even a click.

They came out onto the highway. She touched the accelerator. The car leaped so suddenly it snapped their heads back. It skipped over forty, sneered at fifty, brushed lightly past sixty and did seventy with a sort of nonchalance. Ed just sat and watched her face light up. She handled the car deftly and without hesitation, sitting with that sort of listening air that good drivers who appreciate motors always have. The wind blew her hair back and made looking at anything else seem perfectly idiotic.

She slowed, surely and smoothly. She looked at him.

"It will!" she said. Her eyes were wide, shining a little. "It'll do lots of things mine won't. What have you done to it? What is it?"

"It's my fuel feed," he began happily. Then suddenly he remembered something. "Say! Do you mind—I mean, we're just riding around. Would you mind if we went by a place?"

"Of course," she agreed. "What is it?"

"I just want to talk to a man. Just a few minutes. That's all," he said a trifle grimly. "Just a *few minutes*.". . .

Old J. D. Welsh sat in his office with his feet on his desk, which is what he used it for. When he worked he had coveralls on, usually. In the outer office his secretary thought it was a cyclone coming down the hall, but it turned out to be a young man.

"Is the president in there?" he asked.

"Why—why, yes, but you can't—"

"Watch me!" Ed said and banged the door open and looked at the little man behind the desk. "Oh. You. Where's the president? Old J. D. Welsh."

The little man tugged his mustache, leaving his feet on the desk, and said, "I'm old J. D. I was thinking about you."

Ed swallowed, but didn't let it slow him down. "You better think fast, then. I've had about enough of—"

"Wait a minute, son. Wait a minute. Sit down. Take it easy." He wondered why this should turn the young man slightly purple.

"Take it easy!" Ed nearly yelped. "Listen: I've got a fuel feed for your motor. I've got one on my car. If you want to see it, all right; but if you make one crack to me about theory or anything like that, I'm leaving. See? And I can adapt this to the Crown motor, too. If I do they'll have a better car than yours. Want to see it or not?"

"I bet you talked to my nephew. I bet that's it."

"Huh?"

"Lafferty." Old J. D. nodded understandingly. "He does me that way, too. Someday he's going too far." He sighed. "Well, his mother is a fine woman." He looked up at Ed. "Sure, son, let's see this thing."

"You mean—you mean you really want to?"

"Sure, why not?" He was coming around the desk.

"But here. Here's the blueprints. Right here."

J. D. waved a hand. "You can leave 'em on the desk," he said casually. "Won't anyone bother 'em."

"You—you don't want to see them? *At all?*" He felt dizzy.

"Gosh, no," J. D. said mildly. "Let's go see the gadget."

Ed followed weakly.

"Anyhow," J. D. said a bit fretfully, as they came out onto the street, "I never could understand those damn' things."

WHEN they came to the car, before Ed could say anything, J. D. said, "Hello, Anne. How's Wel? Start the motor, will you, honey?"

"He's fine," Anne said, stepping on the starter.

Ed guessed you couldn't introduce people that knew each other already, and lifted the hood off onto the sidewalk.

Old J. D. leaned over and listened. He said, "Hmmmm," and poked around sort of excited and said, "Hmmmm," again. Anne speeded the motor and slowed it and old J. D. listened and said over his shoulder to Ed, "Fuel consumption?"

"About fifteen per cent less," Ed said.

Old J. D. nodded and straightened up and began fishing around in his pockets. Finally he hauled a battered wallet from his hip and thumbed through it.

"Here," he said. "This is for an option. Just so you won't get to thinking about that young idiot of a nephew of mine and go do something silly."

Ed took the bill groggily. He knew there were bills that large. He had read about them. "I—" he said, "I—that isn't necessary. It's all—"

"I'm not taking any chances," J. D. told him. "You come around tomorrow. You got a lawyer?"

"Why, no," Ed said, "I haven't got one but it—"

"You get you a lawyer," J. D. advised solemnly. "You better get a good one. I got a dandy. He'll have your eyeteeth if you don't get you a good one."

Ed grinned. "Okay," he said. "I'll get me a regular fox."

"That's right," J. D. said. "Well, I'll see you tomorrow. . . ."

THEY drove about half a mile before Ed finally recovered complete consciousness and realized that everything really was this way; that, except for a few details, it was all fixed up. Just like that.

It was about that time that Anne said, "I'm hungry. I want a hot-dog," and swung off the road and in behind a little green and white lunch stand and parked there.

"Hot-dogs," Ed told the boy when he came out. "Large, luscious, succulent, extra special hot-dogs with everything"—he looked a question at Anne and she nodded—"everything on them. No ordinary hot-dogs, see? Double high-powered sure-fire hot-dogs, if you get the idea."

"Sure," the boy said. "Two hot-dogs!" he called as he moved back toward the lunch stand.

Anne laughed at that and Ed laughed at it too and also laughed because whenever she laughed it made him feel like laughing.

"Successful young inventor," she murmured, looking at him.

"What about tonight?" he said.

"Oh—the outlook is—propitious, I'd say. Just offhand. Did you qualify?"

"I don't know. Maybe. It doesn't matter. I found out something."

"What was that?"

"Oh, just something," he said vaguely. "Something that. . . ." His voice trailed off. She wasn't sitting very far from him. Her face wasn't more than twelve inches, say, from his. For just a moment he hesitated. Then he took a deep breath, put his hand under her chin and raised it a little and rather carefully but quite definitely kissed her. . . .

"Gracious!" She was looking at him with more surprise than anything else. "You *are*—impulsive. Aren't you?"

"I sure am!" Ed said, a bit foggily, because she had made no effort to keep him from kissing her and he had discovered that what happened when she smiled at him had just been a sort of warm-up exercise for this brand-new, super-elegant effect that made him feel like he was going up in an elevator.

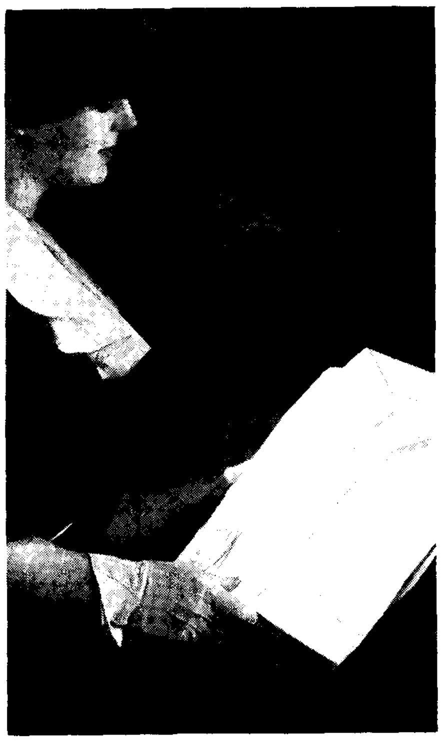
"It—it looked like a swell idea at the time," he added.

She had been regarding him thoughtfully. Now she said:

"Well—well, you may be . . . right at that. It—maybe it will—uh—save some time. Or something." Then quickly: "No, no. Not again. Not . . . now. There's such a thing as being *too* impulsive, you know. Anyhow," she added, "the boy's coming."

It all made Ed feel just like he had one time when he was going to grammar school. He woke up thinking it was Tuesday morning and then found out it was Washington's birthday, instead.

Your wife is never wrong...



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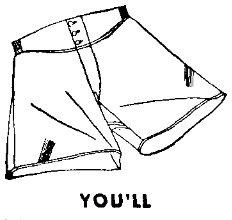

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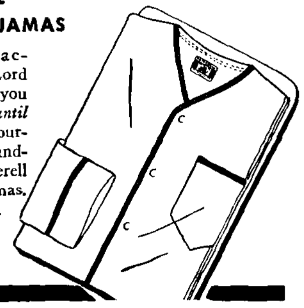

It's a Living

Continued from page 17

when he saw a young man coming into the restaurant.

"Do you see that fellow?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Brown," said the Yes Man.

"Do you know who he is?"

"Yes, Mr. Brown; he's an actor named Gable. We have him under contract."

"Ask him to come over."

"Yes, Mr. Brown."

So Gable got the part. A Free Soul was released in June, 1931; it was a terrific success and the Hollywood experts concluded that Clark was in large measure responsible. This young actor with large ears, a half-irritating and baffling smile, the thick, black, unruly hair, had convinced the feminine customers that he was, to use an ancient bromide, naughty but nice.

But it all added up to a living, as he soon began to reiterate. Until then a living, as distinct from a bare existence, had been something of a novelty to William Clark Gable. He is a graduate of the kick-in-the-pants school and he has no love for his alma mater. He was born on February 1st in the year—I should guess—1900. His home town was Cadiz, Ohio, and his father was an oil contractor; not too successful. His mother died when he was seven months old and the youthful Gable—he was called Bill until he became an actor—was raised by his grandparents until he was five. Then his father remarried and the family moved to Hopedale, another Ohio village.

Bill Gable went to school at Hopedale and was a fair athlete. Otherwise he did not shine. He had grown too fast and was both awkward and shy. Girls, particularly, baffled him; he envied other youths who could engage these mysteries in light and airy conversation. He went to Akron to prepare for medical school and support himself. He landed a job in a rubber factory and began the routine of night courses. But one day he met two young actors from the local stock company and they invited him to watch the show from backstage. For a good many years Gable was to wonder whether that meeting was not the most unfortunate of his life. He became badly stage-struck. He threw up his job and scrapped medicine for a non-salaried post as a call boy with the stock company.

A Determined Young Man

It was the usual story; a youth with no particular talents in the most competitive business on earth. He played small bits and was out of work a good deal of the time. Then his father persuaded him to try the oil business and Gable worked for almost a year in the Oklahoma fields. He hated it, despite the $12-a-day wages. So he went to Kansas City and attached himself to a traveling troupe. He stayed with it for two years, playing in tank towns in the Middle West and the West.

The company was nearly always broke and in the winter of 1922, at Butte, Montana, it finally collapsed. It was bitterly cold. Gable had only a few cents in his pocket. The other actors began sending telegrams for help and he went as far as to write out one to his father. He tore it up, however; anything was better than the oil fields. He had heard that it was warm on the Pacific Coast, so he hung around the Butte yards until he found a freight that was headed west. Hours later, weary and dirty and hungry, he climbed out of the car at Portland.

Gable was lucky. Instead of being arrested as a vagrant he got work with a stock company at Astoria. This was a coöperative venture and the largest cut he received from the box office take was $10. One week he received $3.70. He slept in the theater at night and dug clams on the beach in order to eat. After ten weeks he headed back to Portland and months of discouragement followed.

The only bright spot of those years was a Little Theater movement in Portland which put on amateur shows. It was run by a girl named Josephine Dillon. She became interested in Gable and taught him a great deal about acting. In the fall of 1924 they were married and went to Hollywood to try their luck.

A Wife's Problems

Mr. and Mrs. Gable lived in a $20-a-month bungalow while he got two or three days' work a week; at $5 a day. He carried a spear in a Lubitsch picture. He soon concluded that being an extra, without influence, was merely an unpleasant way of starving. He was about to quit Hollywood when Jane Cowl arrived for a Los Angeles production of Romeo and Juliet. Gable got a job with the company, again as a spear-bearer. The same producer offered him a small part in What Price Glory? He had his first stroke of fortune; the actor playing the important rôle of Sergeant Quirt left, and Gable, almost sick with nervousness, got the part.

He contrived to have a screen test taken and was rejected because his ears were too big and his teeth crooked.

So he left Hollywood, toured with a Texas stock company and managed to reach New York. He had letters and recommendations by this time. Arthur Hopkins put him in Machinal and the days of near-starvation were over. He got work fairly steadily. One May, after several years, he returned to the coast to do Killer Mears in The Last Mile.

This was a minor triumph. The producers who had scorned him in 1924 made new offers and again there were screen tests. Gable saw one of them and groaned.

"I look lumpy all over," he said. "Even my knuckles stick out. And my ears!"

But now the producers were interested enough to give careful attention to lighting and camera angles. They found that a three-quarters shot of Gable softened his face and minimized his ears. In June, 1930, he was hired for a good part in The Painted Desert.

Next came a small rôle in The Easiest Way. Joan Crawford had seen him on the stage in The Last Mile and got him for her picture, Dance, Fools, Dance. This started the barrage of letters from the ladies.

In the interim Gable had been divorced and married again; to a Mrs. Langham, who had helped in the production of The Last Mile. Mrs. Langham found that being the wife of a brand-new celebrity required wisdom and tact. She was to hear her husband described as "the caveman with dimples," "the new Valentino," "the charming menace." Dizzy blondes, more or less important in the picture world, made passes at him. Hollywood can be an excessively nasty place. For a time the gossips spread rumors that Mr. and Mrs. Gable would soon be separated. They made Gable very angry. Their untruth is demonstrated by the fact that they are still together. Today Hollywood beams upon them and points to their ideal marriage.

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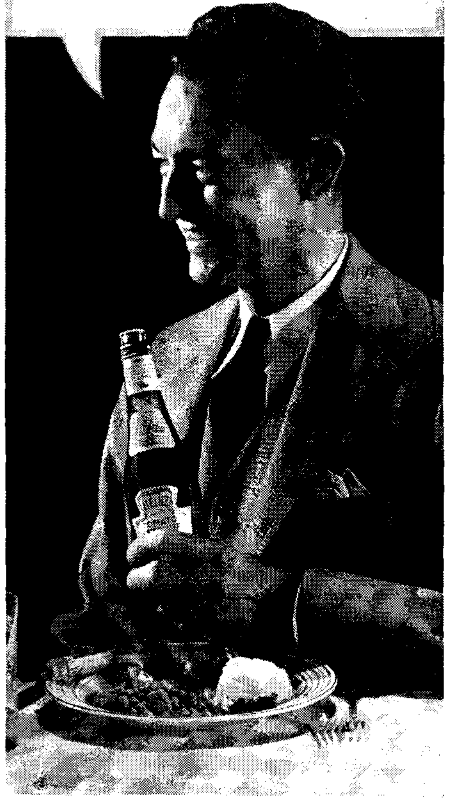

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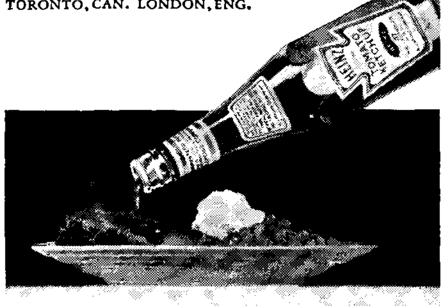

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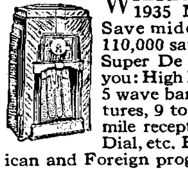

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Pigeon-Wise

Continued from page 20

around there where that lady would keep pigeons?"

We went back to headquarters. They had Norcot there and some cops were questioning him. He was in his late twenties, with a pleasant, sun-tanned face, and he seemed apprehensive and worried.

"What time was it you went to the hotel?" one of the cops asked him.

"I didn't go to the hotel. At the time you speak of I was at a night club."

"Miss Trenir with you?"

"No; I went there alone to meet some friends. I didn't meet them, though."

"What for did you search Enlock's room?"

"I didn't search the room. I wasn't there."

"What was the trouble between you and Enlock?"

He wouldn't answer.

"He did it, O'Malley," I asserted unhappily. "What a pity! His alibi is no good because that night club is close to the hotel."

"Them cops think that."

"Don't you?"

"I don't know, without I know what the trouble was between him and Enlock. He won't tell that. This Norcot was known along Broadway some years ago, when he was a kid. He had money then; he ain't got much now, but Miss Trenir has plenty. Him and Enlock might have had some trouble then."

"Can't you find that out?"

"Sure; I figure I'll ask Miss Trenir's pigeons."

"You're a great kidder," I said.

I waited to see what he would do, but he didn't do anything. The next morning's papers said very little about the murder. I was surprised until I realized that they did *not* know about the side of it that I did. They only gave Norcot's name among the persons who had been questioned, and Miss Trenir wasn't even mentioned.

"Have you found out yet why Norcot killed Enlock?" I inquired of O'Malley.

"Not yet. I got to go to the West Side."

I WENT along. We went almost to the river, to a dingy neighborhood and a gloomy-looking building, and I couldn't see it very well because it was getting dark. A plain-clothes cop let us in and another was waiting in the hallway. We all went upstairs. The place was a rooming-house and the rooms I saw were squalid; but on the top floor we found three rooms luxuriously furnished. The two plain-clothes men went into a room across the hall and O'Malley and I went into the inner one of the three rooms and he switched off the lights.

About two o'clock we heard someone come up the stairs. He came into the outer one of the three rooms and moved around there and, after a while, he came into the middle room. He didn't turn on the lights; he had a flashlight. Then O'Malley reached his arm in through the door and switched on the lights, and a little rat-eyed man stared blinking at us with a pistol drawn halfway from his pocket. When he saw who we were he ran toward the door, but the two plain-clothes men were there and took the gun away from him.

"Well, buddy," O'Malley told him, "I guess you are the one we want."

"What *is* this, O'Malley?" I demanded.

"I don't know how it is myself yet. We'll find out tomorrow at headquarters. See you then."

Next morning I was at headquarters when O'Malley came in. The two plain-clothes men were there with the venomous little man and a pretty, hard-eyed girl, who had been crying.

"Did this guy talk?" O'Malley asked one of the officers.

"Yeah, some." He gave O'Malley a typewritten paper.

Then Norcot, looking disturbed and anxious, came in with Miss Trenir, who seemed nervous, and O'Malley gave me the typewritten paper to read, and the inspector came in. I was reading what O'Malley had given me.

"My name is Eddie Daler," I read. "I worked with Jeff Enlock and Irene Magan. Our graft was blackmail. Irene worked with other people before she worked with us. They framed Norcot when he was a kid and trimmed him for $15,000 for some letters and some pictures. Irene held out some of the stuff on him. When we learned he was going to marry Miss Trenir, we figured we could trim him again and asked twenty grand. He paid some of the money to Enlock. Irene found that out and I went to the hotel and saw Enlock, and he said he hadn't received no money; so I shot the double-crossing rat. —Signed, E. Daler."

"HOW come, Eddie," O'Malley asked the little man, "that you said you was Norcot over the phone at the hotel?"

"I knew the rat would tell Norcot to come up," Daler answered sullenly, "but he was holding out on us and he wouldn't see me alone; so I made my voice so he wouldn't know it and told him I was Norcot."

The inspector took the paper I had been reading and tore it up.

"This is a murder case," he said. "I guess, Miss Trenir, we can prove murder without bringing you into it. Daler confesses he killed Enlock because of a disagreement over money matters, and we've got other things on him and this girl to show what their business was."

Norcot and Miss Trenir looked as if the inspector had given them a million dollars. She took his hand and cried a little.

"We're very grateful!"

"I don't understand much of this, O'Malley," I said later. "These three people were blackmailing Norcot and Enlock double-crossed his partners and Daler killed him for it?"

"Sure. They knew Norcot didn't have much money but Miss Trenir did, and they figured she'd pay rather than have a scandal just before her wedding. But Norcot didn't want Miss Trenir to know about it; this was something he had got into when he was a kid and he tried to settle it himself. This was a smart Broadway mob and they worked without letting the blackmailed guy know who they were. The time Norcot had the fight with Enlock in the restaurant was when he found out Enlock was one of 'em. Afterward, Norcot raised five thousand, which was all he could get, and give it to Enlock. Enlock couldn't play square with nobody and Eddie and Irene had suspected other times that he was holding out on 'em. Eddie went to the hotel to even up with him, and he shot Enlock and searched the room and found the dough Norcot had given him."

"All right," I said. "But these police and I and you yourself all believed that Norcot had killed Enlock, and halfway through the case you suddenly stopped believing it."

"Sure—after I heard them cops questioning Norcot. He didn't act to me like a guy that had done murder. And

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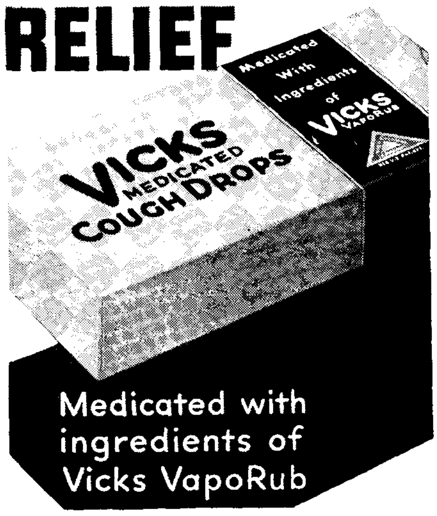

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before I had seen the pigeons. Pigeons is a way of sending money without ever being able to prove afterward who gets it. To most people pigeons is just pets, but to a cop pigeons mean blackmail—or else ransom. Well, it was blackmail in this case. Eddie Daler was the guy that handled the pigeons. Carrying out their program, Eddie had sent the pigeons to Miss Trenir and had sent a note with 'em, telling her to hitch the blackmail money to 'em and turn 'em loose. He done that before Irene told him Enlock had already got money from Norcot. Miss Trenir didn't know nothing about Enlock, but the note had told her this was blackmail. When we seen her, she didn't dare tell us nothing about it because that was all she did know and Norcot was involved in it. Of course, I seen she was lying when she said she'd bought the pigeons."

"PLAIN enough—so far," I told him, "but there's more that I can't see through. We went to that place on the West Side and you pinched Daler for killing Enlock and you didn't even know who he was."

"Why, if Norcot hadn't killed Enlock, I figured someone that Enlock was working with had done it. Plenty cops beside me were on this case, and we tried to find out who Enlock worked with, but Enlock and Daler had been careful never to be seen together. So we couldn't learn nothing. But them pigeons knew. If we let one of 'em loose, he'd go to whoever was expecting him. But there wasn't no use letting a pigeon loose and trying to find who he went to, because New York cops have tried plenty times following pigeons with airplanes but they never done anything yet but lose the bird. But by now I knew enough about this case so that I was able to get the truth about it out of Norcot, and I figured we might make the killer come to us.

"Some cops working on this had found that Enlock had that place on the West Side for a hideout; he lived there when he wasn't at the hotel, and whoever was working with him must know about it. I had Miss Trenir write a note saying she wouldn't pay no more because she and Norcot had already paid the full amount to Enlock, and we hitched the note to one of the pigeons and let it loose.

"The guy we were looking for had searched Enlock's room after he killed him; I didn't know then if he had found the dough there or not, but that didn't matter, because it was fifteen thousand less than they demanded. The West Side place hadn't been searched. I figured that, for that amount, he'd take a chance and search it. We went there and waited and he come there as I expected. After we got who he was, we went and got the girl and the stuff she had on Norcot and I give it to him."

"It was neatly done," I told him.

"Sure, and it gets me in society. Miss Trenir asked me to the wedding, but I guess whoever sees me there will think I'm there to watch the presents."

Hero's Son

Continued from page 9

and he can't get over it. He had a good job for a while as an engineer but lost out when the Baranto Chemical Company shut down. Mrs. Mahaffey says his pride won't permit him to appeal to any of his old schoolmates or fraternity brothers."

My father kind of grunted.

"Pride with his kid not getting enough to eat and his wife threatening to leave him?"

My mother said: "Well, he's just lost his nerve—like poor Mr. Kaley. And Mrs. Mahaffey says he's taken to drink."

I felt pretty darn' sorry for Archie; but I didn't feel sorry for him very long. The very next day he got the team into an awful jam. He bragged around the school grounds on what a hot team we were. And Gypper Lonsdale, who had just got up a team called the Wydown Forest Typhoon, went and challenged us to a game. He challenged us right in front of just about the whole school.

"We'll play you Saturday morning on Lyons' lot," Archie said, "and we'll beat you by about eight touchdowns!"

I said: "I'm captain of this team, Archie, and my men aren't in any condition to play an important game Saturday. We've only started to practice."

Gypper Lonsdale said: "You're scared to play us, that's why. It's just an alibi."

Archie said: "Dan's just spreading a bear story on the eve of the game. We're in plenty good condition and my pop is coaching us. He starred for Michigan and he's giving us some plenty slick plays, too!"

I still tried to back out, but Archie got the other guys into it and they didn't like Gypper Lonsdale or any of the Wydown Forest guys. So they said sure, we'd play the Typhoons Saturday morning.

I sure was sore at Archie.

"Where do you get that stuff?" I said to him, during folk-dancing period in the gym. "Those guys will romp over us and break down our morale."

Archie just wrinkled up his pug nose and looked fierce out of his eyes.

"We can take it," he said.

All the guys were pretty serious that aft when we met on the lot to get ready for the Wydown Forest Typhoon. It was lucky for Archie that his dad showed up to coach us.

Mr. Westlake looked all right this time and his breath did not smell of alcohol mouth wash or anything. He must have read up on the new rules, too. He sure did a swell job of coaching us and gave us some nifty signals. But he still did not think Archie should play quarterback.

"Think you can stand the gaff, son?" he asked Archie, when we chose up sides to scrimmage.

Archie talked right up to him.

"I'm just like you, Pop," Archie said. "I'm little but I got lots of spunk and guts."

Mr. Westlake's eyes kind of watered.

"Let's see you get in there, son," he said.

ON THE very first play, Archie ran right into their line and gained four yards. Fat Fulton and Jonas Larrikine fell smack on top of him, but Archie did not bawl. He needed football pants and cleated shoes bad, though.

All the men realized what a tough schedule we would have starting with the Typhoons, and even the guys that played on the line listened to what Mr. Westlake told them.

Even Gilbert Parsons had to admit that Mr. Westlake was a real college coach and would give us the edge in skill and science over the Wydown Forest guys.

The next day was Friday afternoon and our crucial practice. It was not so good. Mr. Westlake was late and when

(Continued on page 52)

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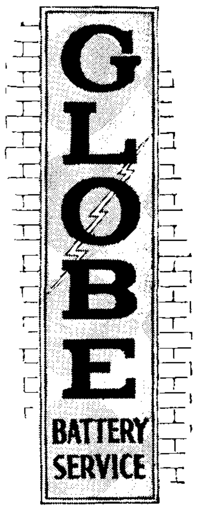

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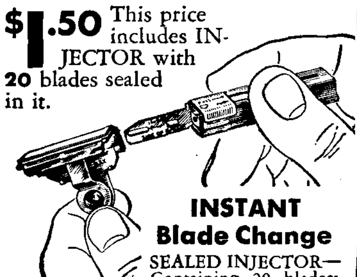

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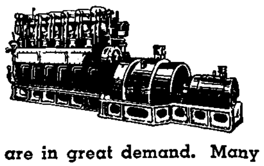

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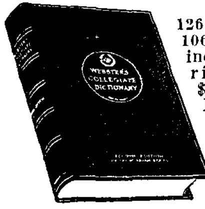

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(Continued from page 51)

he showed up, he looked kind of sick and dizzy.

"Do you kids remember your signals?" he said. "Do you remember the signals? Remember the signals. Can't play football without signals. Not without signals."

He talked like that. We all looked at Archie, but Archie didn't seem to see anything screwy about it. We lined up and Mr. Westlake began picking on Archie. He said Archie would never make the grade. He said the world was against Archie and so was fate and Archie would be a bust. Archie's feelings were hurt bad, but he kept saying: "I'm like you, Pop. They can't stop me. Didn't you see me side-step Gilbert and straight-arm Leonard?"

Mr. Westlake kind of teetered on his feet and said: "If you're like me you'll be a bloomer. Hear me? A bloomer, a bust, a washout, a false alarm. Don't be like me, son. Don't any of you kids be like me."

IT WAS not so good. This was our crucial practice before our first game. We had to win our first game by a decisive score or the whole school would razz us. I had had Jimmy Woerhide scout the Wydown Forest Typhoon and he had reported they were plenty good. They had a kid named McCartney who used to play on the Culver Military Midget team. Jimmy Woerhide said they had such slick signals you couldn't steal them.

"Now we'll practice the Minnesota shift," Mr. Westlake said. He said it so funny a lot of the fellows laughed. I could tell he didn't know what he was talking about and could not coach us this aft. I was captain and it was a big responsibility, so I passed the ditch sign.

"See you on the corner," I said.

We were supposed to be lining up for a kick-off. Jonas grabbed off Gilbert's headguard and ran off the lot. Two other kids ran after Gilbert. I saw Archie was getting on to the ditch sign. He said: "Aw, that's dirty. Don't do that, fellows." But we all ran off the lot. All except Archie and Mr. Westlake.

Skeets Milligan looked back.

"Archie's pop is sitting down," he said.

I stopped behind a tree and took a peek. Mr. Westlake was sitting all hunched up on the ground and Archie was kneeling beside him and putting one arm around his shoulders. We felt pretty mean about it and Skeets wanted to call off the ditch sign and go back. But I was captain and I said: "We've got to practice where Mr. Westlake won't bother us."

We all got together in Overbeck parkway and tried to practice. But it was not so good. Archie did not show up and he was quarterback and knew the signals.

When I got home I felt terrible. I thought maybe I would call up Gypper Lonsdale and say we could not play the Typhoons.

"May I see you a moment, Dan?" somebody said.

I looked up and it was Mr. Westlake. He looked like he was sick.

"Sure, Mr. Westlake," I said.

Mr. Westlake kicked some leaves and then he said: "I hope you boys don't blame Archie. He wants to play in the big game tomorrow."

"Sure, Archie can play," I said.

"I've neglected to buy Archie the right equipment," Mr. Westlake said, "and all the stores are closed by now. I was wondering if you knew of some second-hand football pants and a pair of cleated shoes that would fit him?"

I said Wilbur Dobson had a pair of extra pants he would sell for maybe a dollar and maybe one of the kids had a pair of old shoes, though Archie might have to use gym shoes.

Mr. Westlake took out some silver and counted it. He gave me sixty cents.

"I'm short of change, but you can pay this on account and tell the boys I will pay the rest tomorrow."

I said that would be okay. Just then a great big shiny car drove up near the curb. Archie was in the front seat with a tall, fat man. The man jumped out and said: "Spunkie Westlake! You old son of a gun!" Mr. Westlake said: "Pudge! Golly, I haven't seen you since . . . when was it? What are you doing in town?"

The big man hugged Mr. Westlake and said he had just driven in from Chicago and that Mrs. Westlake had asked him to stay at Mr. Westlake's house. Mr. Westlake said sure, he was awful glad to have old Pudge with him and they hit each other with their fists not very hard and climbed into the car.

"See you on the field at nine o'clock," Archie yelled out. "We got to beat those guys!"

Wilbur Dobson sold his old pants for fifty-five cents and I gave my cousin Tony a nickel on account for lending Archie the cleats I used to have and said I would get Mr. Westlake to pay him twenty cents more.

I felt in pretty fair condition the morning of the game. When I got to Lyons' lot the Wydown Forest guys were all there and most of our first-string men.

Mr. Westlake and this Pudge guy and Archie came in the big car. I told Archie about the pants and shoes. He said: "Oh, I guess the new ones Pop ordered didn't come," and put them on.

This Pudge guy turned out to be a horse's neck. He was all over the place and bossing and razzing everybody. "So this is the Crimson Tornado and that's the Forest Typhoon. Ha-ha-ha-ha," he said, "you kids slay me. I'll referee and no hitting in the clinches, kids. Hey, Spunkie, you be head linesman. Come on, you kids, and shake the lead out of your pants. Come on, you Crimson Tornado." Wisecrack stuff like that.

WE WANTED Mr. Westlake to referee, but he said Mr. Ostrander would do it. That was Pudge. Mr. Westlake looked awful pale and quiet and his hands were shaking so he couldn't lace up Archie's pants. Archie was in extra good condition. He kept hopping up and down and yelling: "Watch me, Pop. Watch me go through those guys." And he bragged out loud to Gyp Lonsdale and said he would throw their Culver Military midget team star on his ear.

"You take it easy, son," Mr. Westlake said to Archie. "I don't want you to get hurt. And quit bragging. You might not live up to your boasts."

"I'm a chip off the old block, Pop," Archie said. "I'll go through those guys like you went through Minnesota and Chicago!"

Mr. Westlake looked like he'd like to cry about something.

We kicked off to the Typhoons. They gave the ball to the kid from Culver. He started behind real good interference, but Archie made a wild dive at him and tripped him up. The Crimson Tornado sure was alert. We all piled onto the Culver kid and Archie.

This Pudge guy yanked Archie from under the pile and laughed.

"He tackles just like you did, Spunkie!" this Pudge guy said. "You kids better put two men on young Westlake. He's hot stuff."

"Wait till you see me run with it," Archie said.

Mr. Westlake did not say anything. He just kind of stumbled up and down the sideline, watching Archie.

The Typhoons got a lucky break on account of Jonas and Gilbert not watching for a pass and they ran over a touchdown. But that only worked up our fight-'em. A little later Archie made a fast, shifty sneak around their left end and made a touchdown.

"Nice run, Archie," Pudge said. "That's just the way your daddy used to do it. Remember the Illinois game your senior year, Spunkie?"

Mr. Westlake was staring at Archie real hard.

"Nice going, son," he said.

We kicked off to them and by this time our fight-'em was really worked up to a crisis and we were working like a well-oiled machine on account of Mr. Westlake's coaching. They did not gain in three downs. I sent Archie back to take the punt. He had been under so many pile-ups he was out of breath. He kind of fumbled and one of their men fell on it. Archie was so mad he started crying.

"Tough luck, Archie," Pudge said, "but don't bawl about it. Your dad never whined."

"I'm not whining," Archie said, "I'm just sore at myself. Watch me come back!"

Mr. Westlake walked over.

"Hadn't you better go out and rest a while, son?" he said. "These boys are all heavier than you."

"Rest nothing," Archie said. "Watch me hit 'em in there, Pop. I'm coming back."

THEN they fumbled, and we got the ball. Archie heaved a long pass and their big fullback reached up and gloomed onto it. He started up the field fast.

"I've got him!" Archie yelled.

He took a fast run and dived right at their big fullback. He spilled the kid on his ear. But then he kind of moaned and said, "Gee . . . oh, gee . . . oh, gee. . . ."

This Pudge guy called time out and picked Archie up. He said: "Where you hurt, kid?" Archie pointed to his shoulder. He was awful white. We were all scared.

Mr. Westlake sort of stumbled into us. He was shaking at first, then all of a sudden he wasn't shaking. He didn't say a word. He just looked at Archie while the Pudge guy felt of Archie's shoulder.

"Broken collar bone, Spunkie," Mr. Pudge said.

Archie was trying not to bawl.

"I stopped him, didn't I, Pop?" he said.

"You stopped him. You're a nervy kid. A chip off the old block," Mr. Pudge said. Then he said, "I'll carry him to the car."

Mr. Westlake didn't say anything. He kept staring at Archie. He followed us to the car. I climbed in to help hold Archie's legs. Nobody said anything all the way to the doctor's office. I and Jonas and Mr. Westlake and Archie were in the back seat. Mr. Pudge drove.

We sat the same way driving home to Westlakes. Archie was all bandaged up. Mr. Pudge looked around.

"Just like your daddy, kid," he said. "Lots of spunk and guts."

"Sure. You bet," Archie said, and tried not to bawl.

MR. WESTLAKE did not look around. All of a sudden, he said: "That's all wrong, Pudge. I haven't had any spunk and guts. Not for two years. The fact is I've been a cowardly heel." He kind of choked up. Mr. Pudge looked at him surprised and almost hit a truck. Mr. Westlake said: "You don't know it, Pudge, but I've been out of work for fifteen months. I've been too yellow to admit it. I called it pride. But it wasn't pride. It was just plain cowardice."

"Out of work? *You?*" Mr. Pudge said.

"Yes. Out of work and drinking myself into a stupor whenever I could cadge the drinks."

"Hell. I didn't know that," Mr. Pudge said. "If you need a job, why I could—"

"Yes, I do need a job," Mr. Westlake said, "and I'll take anything you have to offer."

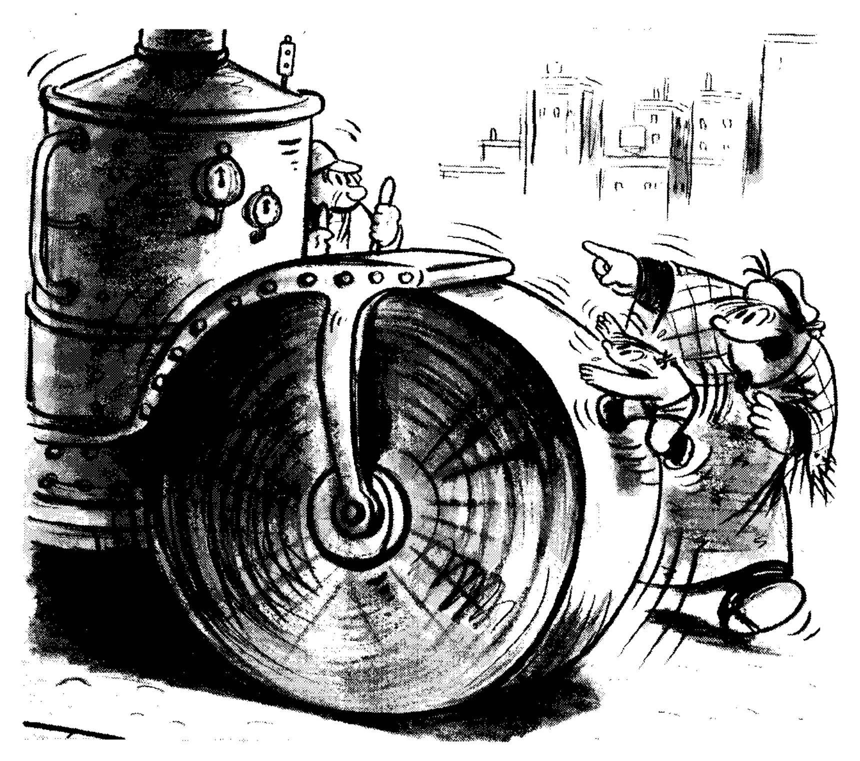
"I can fix that, all right, Spunkie," Mr. Pudge said. "But this boozing stuff, you know—"

Mr. Westlake looked around at Archie.

"That's out, Pudge," he said.

You could tell Mr. Westlake meant it. You could tell Mr. Westlake was at a crucial moment and he would crash through. Mr. Pudge looked at him and kind of grinned. He was not so much of a horse's neck.

"Good old Spunkie," he said.



"Keep holding your own, honey, until Mamma can go back and get the man to stop!"

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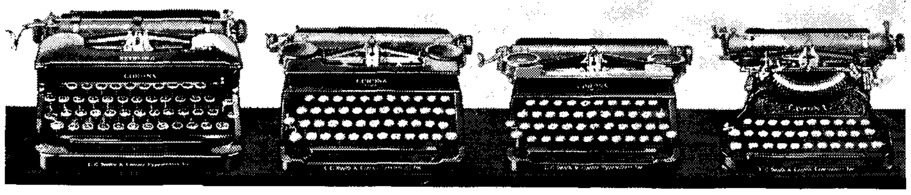

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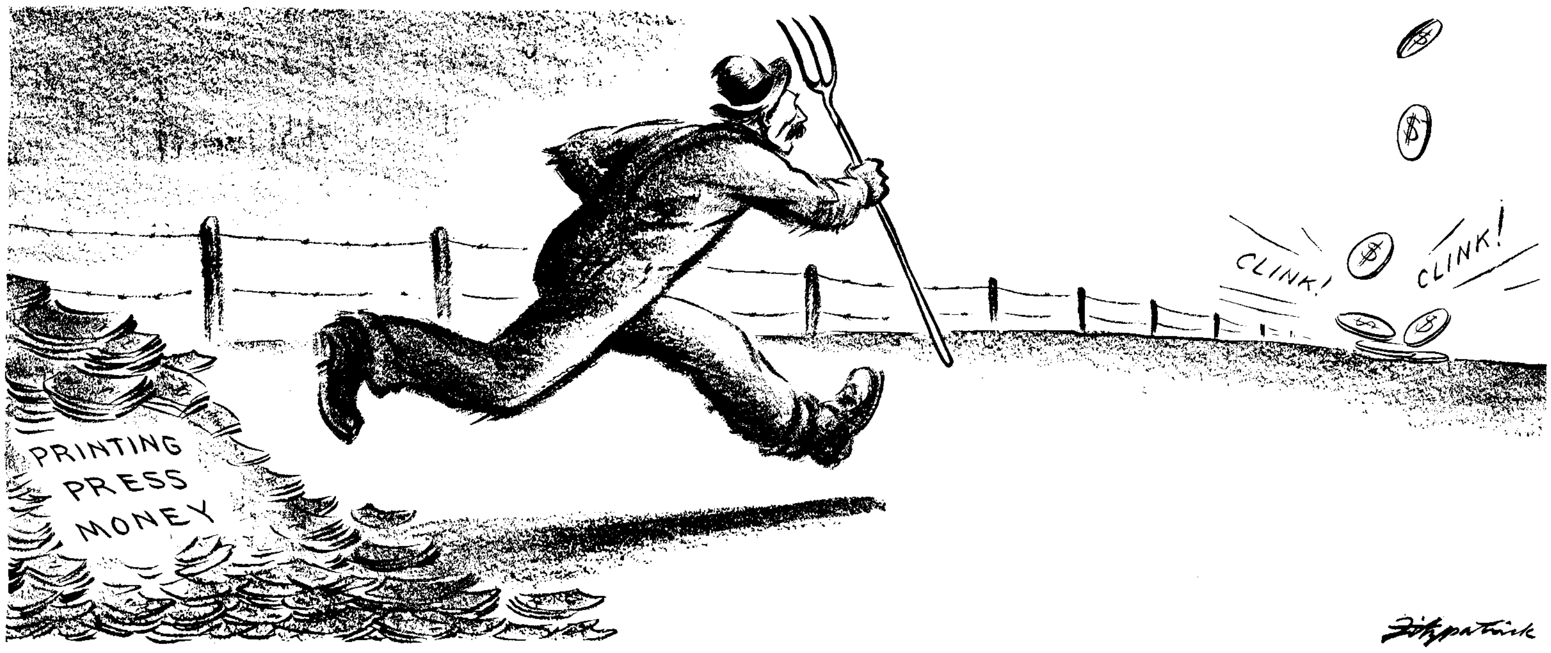
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The Farmer Steps Out

LAST summer's drought killed the popular western demand for inflation in this country. The farmers' interest in inflation was already dying. Better farm prices brought about by the federal government even then had begun to turn the crop growers against floods of irredeemable paper money.

This is progress, even though Senator Elmer Thomas doesn't know it. The Oklahoman, residuary legatee of the old Greenback Party, continues to rage at the thought of money with buying power. Fortunately for the country, he now leads a one-man crusade. The agricultural advocates of printing-press money are thinking about other things.

The significant fact is that the government's program has succeeded. The price tide definitely turned. In nearly every section of the country farmers are better off than they were a year ago. Farmers are paying their debts and putting money in the banks. Farmers are buying more freely. Retail trade is more prosperous throughout the country. Money is circulating more rapidly. Once more farms are being bought by farmers who intend to grow crops. Altogether the agricultural picture is more cheerful than it has been during the past five years.

Of course not all problems have been answered. Farmers are not getting prices relatively as high as they obtained between 1909 and 1914. But compared with recent years their situation is more favorable.

The federal government has collected more than a half billion dollars in processing taxes on agricultural products. Except for the small costs of collection and administration, this tax money has been paid and is being paid to farmers.

In effect, the farmers are getting a subsidy. The subsidy, or gift, comes, however, not from the general taxes but from the specific processing taxes levied on manufacturers and dealers in a limited number of agricultural commodities. Presumably, these processing taxes are added to the prices at which the processed products are sold to American consumers.

Naturally, this form of taxation increases the cost of living. It was intended to increase the cost of living. No informed person denies that before the Agricultural Adjustment Act became effective the prices farmers got were too low. Remunerative prices to farmers necessitate higher food costs to consumers. We can't have one without the other. Nobody thinks, however, that farmers are being extravagantly rewarded for their efforts or for their investment of capital.

In some middle western states private banks have resumed lending money to farmers. Last year the Federal Commodity Credit Corporation carried the load. In Iowa some private banks are making 90-day loans to farmers at 5 per cent interest on their corn. Many farmers prefer to obtain these private loans because of the red tape involved in getting a loan from a governmental agency.

The availability of governmental credit, however, is a factor in inducing banks to make the crop loans. Another factor is the growth of the bank deposits and the need felt by the banks to employ profitably the funds held on deposit.

These funds have grown remarkably in numerous areas. Within the first six months of this year deposits in Nebraska and South Dakota banks licensed by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation increased more than 68 million dollars. Iowa deposits increased 69 million, or more than 22 per cent within the same period.

The farm mortgage situation is also in much better shape. Values have been written down. Most of the mortgages based on the inflated land values of the late twenties have been foreclosed. Farm debts can now be managed. This is the reason that the demand for repudiation of farm debts has died down. It explains, also, the fact that during the recent congressional campaign inflation was one subject which candidates forgot to debate.

The next step in improving the farmers' situation is to recover the foreign markets which formerly absorbed so important a part of the crops raised in this country. Already a treaty with Cuba has been negotiated. This, in the words of Secretary Wallace, promises to reopen the Cuban market for pork and other agricultural products. If other such markets can be reopened, we shall be much better able to sell our normal production at remunerative prices.

As much as any other factor, this substantial farm recovery accounts for the busy retail trade so generally reported throughout the country. Contrary to expectation, agriculture is recovering more rapidly than other industries.

Agriculture, however, is basic and the buying power now being used by farmers is bound to stimulate other industries. Merchants must stock their shelves and manufacturers must work to supply the wanted commodities.

A little while ago a producer said that the motion-picture industry was suffering from nothing which could not be cured by popular pictures. More people at the box office would settle many questions.

Significantly, better farm prices have put a quietus on the crackpots and visionaries who a year and more ago were so vociferous in the agricultural states. As farm recovery advances, farmers become conservative and the wild men are forgotten.

Now, as so often before, agriculture seems to be leading the way back to economic stability. If we have really learned the lesson that no nation can permit its farmers or any other great class to be denied an equitable share of the national income, we shall have gone a long way toward building a stronger and a more stable industry.

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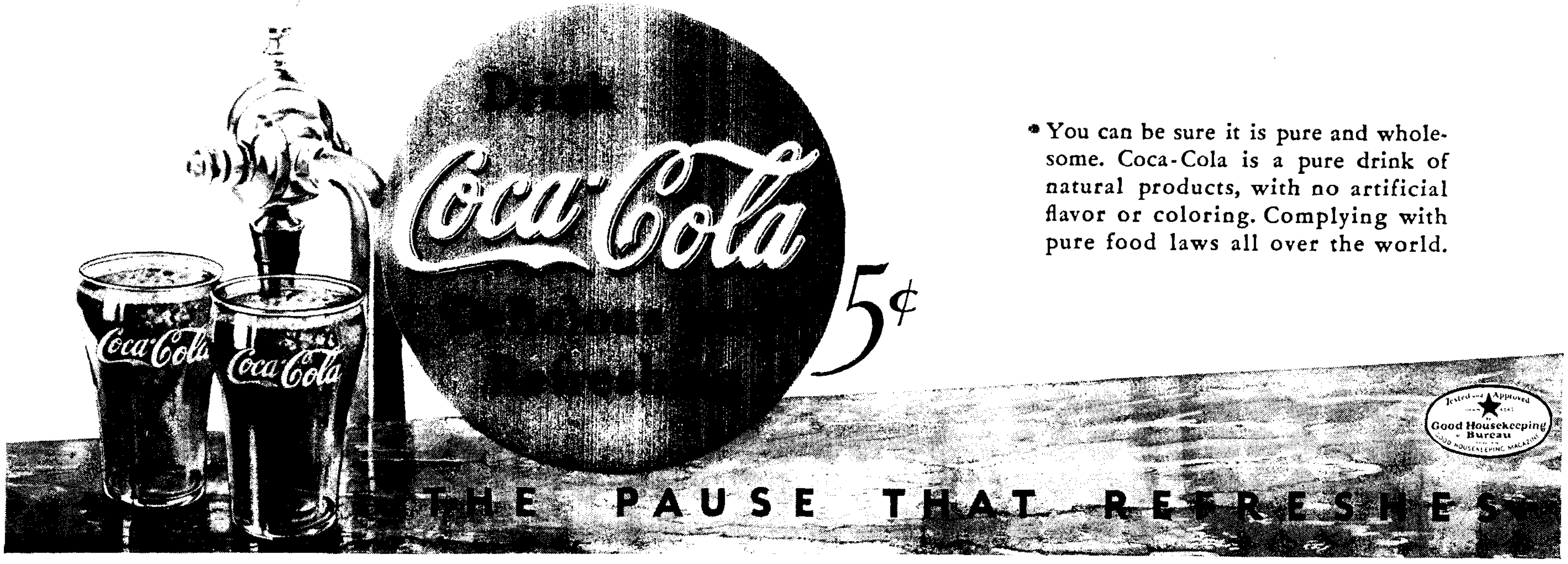
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